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VOL. XXII

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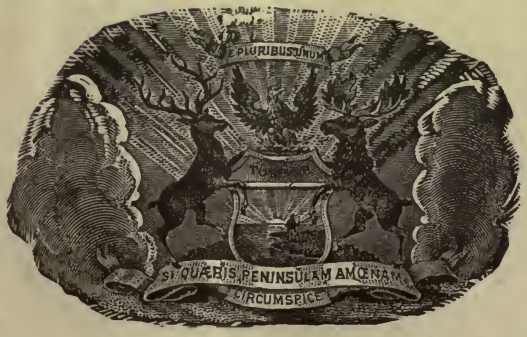

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PREFACE.

The committee of historians take pleasure in presenting to the public this, the twenty-second volume of Pioneer and Historical Collections, feeling confident that it will be found equal to any which have preceded it in the value and interest of the historical matter here gathered.

Let it be borne in mind that these volumes are not designed as complete histories of the whole or scarcely any one portion of the State. They are simply intended to serve as storehouses of history from which future historians can select appropriate materials for the construction of such finished historic edifices as may hereafter be required.

Our aim then is to "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost," and preserve them in our published Collections; and by disseminating them, to place them in the reach of all.

It is not always easy to foresee precisely what character of facts will hereafter be most wanted and consequently most sought for in our volumes. Probably all classes of information relating to our State will have their interest and value and to a far greater extent than we are apt to imagine. Therefore it is that our present volume will be found to contain quite a variety of subjects.

This volume contains the proceedings of the Annual Meeting of 1893 and the papers read at that meeting, together with other historical papers.

A valuable contribution to the history of Detroit will be found in

the article upon By-Gones of Detroit showing the changes there during the past fifty years.

The committee tender the thanks of the Society to all who have so generously assisted in preserving and presenting the valuable papers published in this volume.

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER,
HENRY H. HOLT,
L. D. WATKINS,
J. WILKIE MOORE,
GERRIT J. DIEKEMA,
Committee of Historians.
JENNIE B. GREENE,
Secretary of the Committee.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Preface	iii
Contents	v
List of officers elected June 7, 1893	vii
Errata	720
Minutes of Annual Meeting, 1893	1
Report of Recording Secretary	19
Report of Corresponding Secretary	22
Report of Treasurer	24
Report of the Committee of Historians	25
Report of the Memorial Committee:	
Allegan county—*Don C. Henderson*	36
Barry county—*Daniel Striker*	39
Bay county—*Wm. McCormick*	42
Branch county—*Harvey Haynes*	43
Calhoun county—*John F. Hinman*	45
Cass county—*George T. Shaffer*	65
Clinton county—*Ralph Watson*	71
Eaton county—*W. B. Williams*	77
Genesee county—*Josiah W. Begole*	79
Hillsdale county—*Wm. Drake*	89
Ingham county—*C. B. Stebbins*	92
Ionia county—*Albert F. Morehouse*	97
Jackson county—*Josiah B. Frost*	102
Kalamazoo county—*Henry Bishop*	116
Kent county—*Wm. N. Cook*	120
Lenawee county—*S. C. Stacy*	129
Monroe county———	133
Muskegon county—*Henry H. Holt*	138
Oceana county—*E. T. Mugford*	143
Ottawa county—*A. S. Kedzie*	143
Saginaw county—*C. W. Grant*	146
Shiawassee county—*Alonzo H. Owens*	162
St. Clair county—*Mrs. Helen W. Farrand*	166
St. Joseph county—*Hiram Draper*	175
Tuscola county—*Wm. A. Heartt*	186
Wayne county—*J. Wilkie Moore*	187
President's Address—*Alpheus Felch*	198
Memoir of Dr. T. C. Abbot—*O. Clute*	206
Memoir of Francis R. Stebbins—*Norman Geddes*	214
Memoir of Anson DePeny Van Buren—*Stephen D. Bingham*	217
Memoir of Charles M. Croswell—*Judge T. M. Cooley*	222

	Page
Memoirs of distinguished members of the Bay county Bar—*Judge A. C. Maxwell*	226
James Birney	227
Theophilus C. Grier	230
Hon. Sidney T. Holmes	232
Reminiscenses of Oceana county—*Hon. Enoch T. Mugford*	235
Reminiscenses of Oceana county—*Mrs. Nancy B. White*	240
Early French Missions on the Saginaw—*Fred Carlisle*	244
Sketch of John Tanner, known as the "White Indian"—*Judge Joseph H. Steere*	246
Poem—When I was a Boy with a Head like Tow—*U. B. Webster*	255
Settlement and Natural History of Manchester and Vicinity—*L. D. Watkins*	262
Fifty-two years of itinerant life in the Michigan Conference of the M. E. Church—*Rev. R. C. Crawford*	266
Progress in Transportation and Mails in the last fifty Years—*C. T. Mitchell*	281
Comparative Sketches of E. B. Ward, James F. Joy, Lewis Cass and Wm. Woodbridge—*Fred Carlisle*	283
Railroad History of Michigan—*James F. Joy*	292
Bygones of Detroit—*Hon. Geo. C. Bates*	305
Settlement of Oakland county—*John M. Norton*	404
History of Oakland county—*Hon. Thomas J. Drake*	408
Biographical Sketch of John Roberts—*Levi Bishop*	427
Some of the Benefits that accrued to Detroit from the devastating Fire of 1805—*C. M. Burton*	431
Battle and Massacre at Frenchtown, Mich., January, 1813—*Rev. Thomas P. Dudley*	436
Early Saginaw Constables—*Judge Albert Miller*	443
Pioneer Reminiscenses—*Mrs. Azuhah L. Jewett*	447
A Pioneer's Reminiscenses—*Contributed by Judge Albert Miller*	450
The Pioneer Schools of the State—*Judge Albert Miller*	454
Sixty-two Years Ago—An old map of the late Captain Marsac unearthed—*Contributed by Judge Albert Miller*	457
Recollections of a Pioneer of Early Michigan—*Judge Albert Miller*	461
Response to Dr. Wight's Anniversary Sermon—*Judge Albert Miller*	464
Laying of the Corner Stone of the New First Presbyterian Church, Bay City—*Contributed by Judge Albert Miller*	466
The Medical Profession in Michigan—*Dr. O. C. Comstock*	471
Fifty Years of Growth in Michigan—*Hon. Byron M. Cutcheon*	479
Pioneer History of the Settlement of Eaton county—*By early Settlers*	502
Personal Reminiscenses—*Rev. W. B. Williams*	526
Early History of the Township of Davison—*Goodenough Townsend*	542
Some Lenawee county History—*Judge Norman Geddes*	556
Some Lenawee county History—*A. L. Millard*	560
History of the Hastings M. E. Church—*Hon. Daniel Striker*	565
Fiftieth Anniversary of the First Congregational Church, Portland, Mich.	624
Sketch of Baruch G. Cooley—*A. F. Morehouse*	625
Historical Sermon—*Rev. L. P. Spelman*	629
A Biographical Sketch of Levi Hamilton Goodrich—*Enos Goodrich*	651
Story of the drowning of Dr. Douglass Houghton and sketch of Peter McFarland, the last survivor of the expedition	662

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES OF THE MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ELECTED JUNE 8, 1893.

PRESIDENT.

Ex-Gov. Alpheus Felch ..... Ann Arbor

RECORDING AND CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

George H. Greene ..... Lansing

TREASURER.

Merritt L. Coleman ..... Lansing

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Allegan	Don C. Henderson	Allegan
Barry	Daniel Striker	Hastings
Bay	Andrew C. Maxwell	Bay City
Berrien	Thomas Mars	Berrien Centre
Branch	Harvey Haynes	Coldwater
Calhoun	John F. Hinman	Battle Creek
Cass	George T. Shaffer	Redfield
Clare	Henry Woodruff	Farwell
Clinton	Ralph Watson	South Riley
Crawford	Dr. Oscar Palmer	Grayling
Eaton	W. B. Williams	Charlotte
Emmet	Isaac D. Toll	Petoskey
Genesee	Josiah W. Begole	Flint
Grand Traverse	Reuben Goodrich	Traverse City
Gratiot	Wm. S. Turck	Alma
Hillsdale	Wm. Drake	Amboy
Houghton	Thomas B. Dunstan	Hancock
Ingham	C. B. Stebbins	Lansing
Ionia	A. F. Morehouse	Portland
Iosco	H. C. King	Oscoda
Jackson	Josiah B. Frost	Jackson
Kalamazoo	Henry Bishop	Kalamazoo
Kent	Wm. N. Cook	Grand Rapids

Lapeer	John Wright	Lapeer
Lenawee	S. C. Stacy	Tecumseh
Livingston	Albert Tooley	Howell
Macomb	Chauncey G. Cady	Mt. Clemens
Manistee	T. J. Ramsdell	Manistee
Marquette	Peter White	Marquette
Menominee	James A. Crozier	Menominee
Monroe	Gouveneur Morris	Monroe
Montcalm	J. P. Shoemaker	Amsden
Muskegon	Henry H. Holt	Muskegon
Oakland	Mark Walters	Pontiac
Oceana	E. T. Mugford	Hart
Otsego	Charles F. Davis	Elmira
Ottawa	John V. B. Goodrich	Grand Haven
Saginaw	Chas W. Grant	Saginaw, E. S.
Shiawassee	Alonzo H. Owens	Venice
St. Clair	Mrs. Helen W. Farrand	Port Huron
St. Joseph	Hiram Draper	Findley
Tuscola	Wm. A. Heartt	Caro
Van Buren	Kirk W. Noyes	Paw Paw
Washtenaw	Wm. H. Lay	Ypsilanti
Wayne	J. Wilkie Moore	Detroit

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Judge Albert Miller	Bay City
Hon. O. M. Barnes	Lansing
Daniel Striker	Hastings

COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS.

Col. M. Shoemaker	Jackson
Hon. John H. Forster	Williamston
Ex-Lt. Gov. H. H. Holt	Muskegon
L. D. Watkins	Manchester
J. Wilkie Moore	Detroit

MICHIGAN

PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING, JUNE 7 AND 8, 1893.

The nineteenth annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, convened in the senate chamber of the capitol at Lansing, on Wednesday, June 7, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

The president, ex-Governor Alpheus Felch, called the meeting to order and the session was opened with prayer by Rev. Wm. H. Haze and singing of America by the audience.

The following officers were present:

President—ex-Governor Alpheus Felch, of Ann Arbor.

Recording and Corresponding Secretary—Geo. H. Greene, of Lansing.

Treasurer—Merritt L. Coleman, of Lansing.

Executive Committee—Judge Albert Miller, Bay City, and Rev. R. C. Crawford, Grand Rapids.

Committee of Historians—Col. M. Shoemaker, Jackson, Hon. Henry H. Holt, Muskegon, and Fred Carlisle, Detroit.

Vice Presidents—Hon. Daniel Striker, Barry; Ralph Watson, Clinton; Rev. Wolcott B. Williams, Eaton; C. B. Stebbins, Ingham; Albert F. Morehouse, Ionia; Hon. Henry H. Holt, Muskegon; Hon. Enoch T. Mugford, Oceana; Alonzo H. Owens, Shiawassee; and J. Wilkie Moore, Wayne.

There were also delegates from county societies as follows:

Allegan, Dr. Osman E. Goodrich; *Kent*, Thomas D. Gilbert and

Noys L. Avery; *Lenawee*, Alfred L. Millard and Norman Geddes, *Wayne*, Francis I. Clark, J. Wilkie Moore, David Parsons, Stephen B. McCracken and Fred Carlisle.

The reading of the minutes of the annual meeting of 1892 was, on motion of Col. M. Shoemaker, dispensed with.

The reports of the recording secretary, the treasurer and the corresponding secretary were then read and on motion each was accepted and adopted.

A quartette, "While the Years are Rolling On," was then sung by the Plymouth church quartet.

Col. Michael Shoemaker, chairman of the committee of historians, submitted his report for the committee, which was also accepted and adopted.

Geo. H. Greene, chairman of the memorial committee, called the roll of counties for a memorial report when the following counties responded through their vice presidents either in person or by letter, viz.: Allegan, by Don C. Henderson; Barry, Daniel Striker; Branch, Harvey Haynes; Calhoun, John F. Hinman; Cass, Geo. T. Shaffer; Clinton, Ralph Watson; Eaton, Rev. Wolcott B. Williams; Genesee, Josiah W. Begole; Hillsdale, William Drake; Ingham, C. B. Stebbins; Ionia, Albert F. Morehouse; Jackson, Josiah B. Frost; Kalamazoo, Henry Bishop; Kent, William N. Cook; Lenawee, S. C. Stacy; Livingston, Albert Tooley; Muskegon, Henry H. Holt; Oceana, Enoch T. Mugford; Ottawa, Rev. A. S. Kedzie; Saginaw, Chas. W. Grant; Shiawassee, Alonzo H. Owens; St. Clair, Mrs. Helen W. Farrand; St. Joseph, Hiram Draper; Wayne, J. Wilkie Moore.

C. T. Mitchell of Hillsdale read a paper on "The Progress in Transportation and Mails in the last Fifty Years."

A solo, "The Last Rose of Summer," was then sung by Miss Osborne.

President O. Clute, of the Agricultural College, then read a well prepared memoir of President Theophilus C. Abbott.

A paper entitled, "A Picture of Memory—Settlement of Oakland County," was then read by John M. Norton of Rochester, after which the chair appointed a committee of three, consisting of Col. M. Shoemaker, M. D. Osband, and Albert F. Morehouse to nominate officers for 1893–4.

Five minute speeches were then called for and responded to as follows:

Stephen D. Bingham, Lansing—I want to say a few words in regard to the best man the society ever had, A. D. P. Van Buren. I can say in

behalf of all the old members of this society, that they never had a man who has done more for the Pioneer Society than Mr. Van Buren. His intense interest in this society, and the place he filled, could be filled by no other man who ever belonged to us. I trust that there is some member of this society who will write a sketch of this man, who has placed on record the sketches of so many men of the original pioneers of Michigan. I can say, as we can say of many others, that his place in the society can never again be filled.

Judge Albert Miller, Bay City—I got married in Detroit the 6th of February, 1838, and the verse which I quote serves to give a description of the railroads at that time.

"The rails were of wood, but the coaches were fine,
For there were two seats in each on which to recline.
The horses then hied us with speed and much strength
Over that railroad which was twelve miles in length.
At the end of the railroad then we there found
A stage coach in waiting for Pontiac bound.
But I must confess that at that early day,
A stage coach was nothing but an open sleigh.
But in a day's journey we succeeded so well,
That before night-fall we reached Judge Bagley's hotel."

Judge Andrew Howell, of Detroit, was then called for and responded as follows: I came here to listen and not to make any remarks in regard to pioneer matters. I can say only a few words in regard to Lenawee county where my life has been spent. There in those early days our people settled in a thickly wooded country and heavy forests. They came there young men and young women from New York and New England, and filled up the county of Lenawee. They were young people, not rich, or not the poorest, but in those days when it took three weeks to journey from central New York to Monroe, and three or four days from Monroe back into the wooded portions of Lenawee county, it took a pretty sturdy set of young men and young women to do it. They were all alike, there were no idlers among them; when they got there together they were a moral, industrious set of young men and women. Their children grew up like them, and they were as good a population of people as ever existed in this country or ever will exist. They were all alike then. They were all good and industrious, and so it has been with a large portion of Michigan, but especially with the southern part.

L. D. Watkins, Manchester—I recollect when the circuit court was organized there was a judge from the eastern part of the State sent

out to organize the court in the county where I then lived. I happened to be on the grand jury, and he gave us a very voluminous charge on various matters that would need our attention, and among the rest, gambling, which was very common in our new counties. One evening I went into the office of a friend of mine and found the judge and half a dozen lawyers, that had congregated from the adjoining counties, and two or three citizens seated around the table playing poker, and my friend dragged me into the game. I did not know anything about it, and he told me to put up a little something, and we played until there was about five dollars in the pool; and the judge took all the good money I had in the world. I think if I would not have implicated myself I should have taught that judge a lesson.

Two choruses, one entitled "Fancies" and the other "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," were sung by the pupils from the central school, and the meeting adjourned until 7 o'clock in the evening.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The society met pursuant to adjournment and was called to order by the president. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. H. Beale.

A solo "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say" was sung by L. A. Baker.

The president delivered his annual address for which a vote of thanks was tendered him on motion of S. B. McCracken, followed by music "Softly now the Shadows Fall" sung by the high school ladies trio.

A memoir of Francis R. Stebbins, by Hon. Norman Geddes of Adrian, was then read by him.

The high school male quartet sang "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" and responded to an encore with "Tinker's Song" from Robin Hood.

A paper entitled "Reminiscences of Oceana County" was then read by Hon. Enoch T. Mugford of Hart.

Five minute speeches were then called for and responded to as follows:

The secretary announced that he had just received a letter from Hon. S. W. Fowler of Manistee, which he would read as a five minute speech from him, as follows:

Manistee, Mich., June 5, 1893.

Geo. H. Greene, Esq., Secretary of Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, Lansing:

DEAR SIR—Allow me to thank you for your kind invitation to attend the coming annual meeting of your society. I hoped to have been

present but unforseen events may prevent. I am interested in the early history of the state of my adoption. I first landed in Michigan at Detroit fifty-two years since, a boy twelve years old without an acquaintance in the State. Detroit was a small French settlement without a paved street or a sidewalk that I saw. The mud up Jefferson avenue was something fearful and if there were any carriages I failed to find them. The aristocracy of the place made their evening calls, went to mill and to market in small French carts that, to me, looked funny as they went bobbing up and down the streets. The Michigan Central R. R. was being built west. I first arrived at Lansing in 1848 in a stage coach from Jackson, and stopped at the Lansing House, then a wooden building located nearly opposite where the Hotel Downey is now located.

The constitutional convention was then in session, and there were few if any buildings between the capitol and upper and lower Lansing. The trees had just been cut down and a wilderness of stumps met the gaze in every direction.

The Battle Creek road had just been cut out but the logs prevented travel and there was not a house within ten miles in that direction and no possible way to go through except on foot, and as I was bound for Albion College I took to the woods afoot and alone, and after two days of the hardest and worst travel I ever had, I succeeded in reaching Albion. There was no house within ten miles of Albion in that direction, and the musquitoes were thicker, larger and hungrier than the celebrated Jersey musquitoes, and I was evidently the first morsel they had had in a long time, they improved their opportunities; while I, half crazed with pain, became lost and wandered miles out of my way.

I afterwards took my revenge, in part, by introducing a bill in the senate which became a law, improving the road from Lansing to Charlotte, making it at the time one of the best roads in the State. When I located in Charlotte in 1853 and commenced practicing law, the fourth Michigan Report had just been published, now there are about ninety-four volumes. Detroit has become one of the finest cities in the northwest, the wilderness around Lansing has been made to blossom like the rose, and Michigan has over 2,000,000 educated and thriving people. The pioneers of the State may well be proud of the progress made, and of the part they took in this advancement.

I would like to send greeting to the members, and hope this will be a very pleasant and profitable meeting.

Yours sincerely,

S. W. Fowler.

Hon. Enoch T. Mugford, Hart—When I settled in the place where I now live, it was a wilderness from the city of Grand Rapids to that place. I came there as a poor man. Cut my way through the woods and got my little family there, and we have lived there ever since. And today I feel proud of meeting you here as old settlers of this State. And feel proud of the county which I represent, Oceana county.

Albert F. Morehouse, Portland—Reference has been made to the sickness which was prevalent in Oceana county. I well recollect how it was in Clinton and Ionia counties, near that portion of Ionia county where I reside. It was a common opinion that when a patient was pretty well run down he must not have anything to drink but hot drinks. That was the professional cure, and when the fever went off the patients usually went with it. There was a man there by the name of Jesse Monroe, who had a different view of the case. There was an Irish family, which I well knew, lived about three miles from Mr. Monroe, and the father of the family was addicted to drink, and word came that he was very sick. The doctor was treating him. Finally he was so near dying that he couldn't possibly live twenty-four hours, and the neighbors were worn out with watching, and Jesse Monroe thought he would try a new course of treatment, and volunteered to sit up with the old gentleman. Taking with him a half pint flask of whisky, he told the family, who were pretty well exhausted, that they might retire to rest and when there came a change, as they all anticipated, he would call the family up. After they had gone he took a teaspoon and filled it with whisky and gave it to the old gentleman. He could hardly see it disappear between his lips, and in a minute or two he gave him another one, and then he saw some action. He tried the remedy again and again, when he began to revive and apparently dropped off to sleep. Finally Mr. Monroe heard a rustling in the bed, and he went to him and the old man said, "I want something to eat." He gave him another dose of whisky. The man got well, but it was chargeable to the whisky and not to the medicine.

Stephen D. Bingham, Lansing—I want to say a word about this picture of Lafayette. This portrait represents him at full length at his own height, six feet and seven inches. The ordinary idea of the French is that they are a diminutive race. This portrait was painted by Horace Vernet. His father was a celebrated painter. Horace Vernet was born in 1789, and died in 1863.

There has been many things said about this portrait, but I got my information from Hon. Townsend E. Gidley, who was senator and

representative here, perhaps oftener than any other man has been. Mr. Gidley commenced his mercantile business in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., at the age of seventeen. At the age of nineteen he was captain of the military company at Poughkeepsie. At the age of twenty-three Mr. Gidley finding his health failing came out and settled in Jackson, and the first year put in three hundred acres of wheat. He gave me the history of this portrait. He was personally introduced to Lafayette. He says this portrait was painted by Vernet at the request of Judge Lyon, who attempted to get him to paint this portrait for himself, but on his promise to give it to Michigan he painted it at the cost of $700. This picture is the most valuable perhaps of anything that the State of Michigan has today, and without doubt would bring twenty-five or thirty, and perhaps fifty thousand dollars.

Hon. Alpheus Felch, Ann Arbor—I take it that there is a written history of this painting somewhere in the proceedings of the legislature. I do not know whether it is so or not, but there must of necessity be some acknowledgment. The legislature could not receive as a gift one so valuable as this and make no acknowledgment to the giver. You all know that in the house of representatives there is a likeness of Stevens T. Mason. I had occasion to see how that came there, and I found that it was painted at the request and at the expense of some gentleman in Detroit. It was presented to the legislature and the legislature accepted it and ordered it to be hung up in the house of representatives. In looking over the records I was astonished to find that I was myself on the committee which received it, and made a report upon it. I mention this as showing that it is hardly possible that the legislature should have received a painting of that description without making some acknowledgment of the record. It would be worth while for some of us to look at the records to see what history could be found.

A duet, "Greeting," was sung by Misses Maud La Rose and Grace Lemon, and they responded to an encore.

The meeting then adjourned until Thursday morning at 9 o'clock.

THURSDAY MORNING.

The meeting was called to order by the president.

Prayer by Rev. Louis Grosenbaugh.

A solo entitled "Turn Backward, O Time, in your Flight," was sung by Miss Neenah Jones.

The committee on nominations made the following report, which was adopted:

The committee appointed to recommend names for officers of the society for the ensuing year, would respectfully report the following:

President.—Hon. Alpheus Felch, Ann Arbor.

Recording and Corresponding Secretary.—Geo. H. Greene, Lansing.

Treasurer.—Merritt L. Coleman, Lansing.

Executive Committee.—Albert Miller, chairman, Bay City; Orlando M. Barnes, Lansing; Daniel Striker, Hastings.

Committee of Historians.—Michael Shoemaker, chairman, Jackson; John H. Forster, Williamston; Henry H. Holt, Muskegon; L. D. Watkins, Manchester; J. Wilkie Moore, Detroit.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Lansing, Mich., June 8, 1893.

M. SHOEMAKER,
M. D. OSBAND,
ALBERT F. MOREHOUSE.

The secretary then called the roll of counties and Vice Presidents were chosen as follows:

Allegan—Don. C. Henderson, Allegan.
Barry—Daniel Striker, Hastings.
Bay—Andrew C. Maxwell, Bay City.
Berrien—Thomas Mars, Berrien Center.
Branch—Harvey Haynes, Coldwater.
Calhoun—John F. Hinman, Battle Creek.
Cass—Geo. T. Shaffer, Redfield.
Clare—Henry Woodruff, Farwell.
Clinton—Ralph Watson, South Riley.
Crawford—Dr. Oscar Palmer, Grayling.
Eaton—Rev. Wolcott B. Williams, Charlotte.
Emmet—Isaac D. Toll, Petoskey.
Genesee—Josiah W. Begole, Flint.
Grand Traverse—Reuben Goodrich, Traverse City.
Gratiot—Wm. S. Turck, Alma.
Hillsdale—William Drake, Amboy.
Houghton—Thomas B. Dunstan, Hancock.
Ingham—Cortland B. Stebbins, Lansing.
Ionia—Albert F. Morehouse, Portland.
Iosco—H. C. King, Oscoda.

Jackson—Josiah B. Frost, Jackson.
Kalamazoo—Henry Bishop, Kalamazoo.
Kent—William N. Cook, Grand Rapids.
Lapeer—John Wright, Lapeer.
Lenawee—S. C. Stacy, Tecumseh.
Livingston—Albert Tooley, Howell.
Macomb—Chauncey G. Cady, Mt. Clemens.
Manistee—T. J. Ramsdell, Manistee.
Marquette—Peter White, Marquette.
Menominee—James A. Crozier, Menominee.
Monroe—Gouveneur Morris, Monroe.
Montcalm—Joseph P. Shoemaker, Amsden.
Muskegon—Henry H. Holt, Muskegon.
Oakland—Mark Walters, Pontiac.
Oceana—Enoch T. Mugford, Hart.
Otsego—Charles F. Davis, Elmira.
Ottawa—John V. B. Goodrich, Grand Haven.
Saginaw—Chas. W. Grant, Saginaw, E. S.
Shiawassee—Alonzo H. Owens, Venice.
St. Clair—Mrs. Helen W. Farrand, Port Huron.
St. Joseph—Hiram Draper, Findley.
Tuscola—William A. Heartt, Caro.
Van Buren—Kirk W. Noyes, Paw Paw.
Washtenaw—William H. Lay, Ypsilanti.
Wayne—J. Wilkie Moore, Detroit.

Judge Albert Miller offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That Col. Michael Shoemaker, Hon. Henry H. Holt, and Geo. H. Greene, Esq., be, and they are hereby appointed, delegates to represent the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, in the department of literature at the World's Congress Auxiliary, to be held at the World's Columbian Exhibition of 1893, in Chicago, the week commencing July 10, and report the result of their observations at the annual meeting of the society in 1894.

David Parsons, of Detroit, offered the following resolution for S. B. McCracken, which after some discussion was lost:

Resolved, That a committee of three persons, members of the society, the chairman of which shall be an attorney at law, be appointed by the chair, to whom shall be referred any and all matters relating to the legal status of the society, with power to take such steps as may be requisite to cure any imperfections, should such be found to exist.

A solo entitled "Lovely Spring," was then sung by Mrs. J. D. Vivian.

Rev. R. C. Crawford, of Grand Rapids, read a very able paper on his "Fifty-two Years in the Itinerancy of the Michigan Conference of the M. E. Church," in which he related many interesting reminiscences.

L. D. Watkins, of Manchester, read a paper entitled "Settlement and Natural History of Manchester and Vicinity," showing considerable observation and research.

A very interesting article entitled "Sketch of John Tanner, known as the White Indian," by Judge Joseph H. Steere, of Sault Ste. Marie, was then read by S. B. McCracken. After the reading of this paper the Hon. Thomas D. Gilbert, of Grand Rapids, made the following remarks:

A daughter of the Rev. Bingham, who was a missionary in the vicinity of Fort Monroe from 1828 to 1855, told me yesterday, knowing that this paper was to be read, some incidents in connection with what was known at Fort Monroe as the Tanner year in 1846. Tanner and the fear of him dominated that town during that year until he disappeared. All the traits of character spoken of in that paper this lady confirmed. Speaking of his peculiarities she said he was for many years the interpreter at her father's mission, interpreting his sermons to the Indians, and the reason of his antipathy to some of the citizens there was this: He abused this white wife of his so terribly that she was forced to leave him, and a number of the citizens there, among them the Schoolcrafts, and the Rev. Bingham, and some others, contributed the necessary money to enable her to slip away and leave him. He swore vengence against everyone who aided her or sought to relieve her from his oppression. Henry R. Schoolcraft was the one whom he meant to kill, but for some reason he could not get a chance at him, and he supposed that he took his next kin, James Schoolcraft, against whom he had the same antipathy. It was well understood after this murder of James Schoolcraft that there were those who would be served in the same way, and the officer's post there kept a guard around the mission house, where the Rev. Bingham lived, for two months, thinking that he might return and finish his deadly work, but he never was seen afterward, as was clearly shown in that paper.

A solo was then sung by Arthur Carmer entitled, "Then You'll Remember Me," and the meeting adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

The society met pursuant to adjournment and was called to order by the president.

Prayer, by Rev. W. F. Dickerman.

Music—A solo, by Mr. John Daniels.

Fred Carlisle, of Detroit, read a paper entitled "Comparative Sketches of E. B. Ward, James F. Joy, Lewis Cass, and C. C. Trowbridge."

A violin solo entitled, "Airs from Orpheus," was then rendered by Mrs. Ella W. Shank.

A very interesting paper on "Railroad History," by James F. Joy, was then read by Geo. H. Greene.

The high school chorus of Lansing then sang a piece entitled, "Softly the Shadows Flitting O'er Us."

Five minute speeches were then called for and responded to as follows:

Hon. Henry H. Holt—Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I wish to say a word further in regard to this picture. We are here as historians as well as pioneers. It is a part of our duty to preserve the history of Michigan as well as the records of the pioneer settlers, and in this connection I wish to say something further in regard to this picture of Lafayette.

The time is past when we can do anything in a pecuniary manner, to recompense the officers and soldiers of the revolution, for the many hardships they endured in their struggle for independence.

This is particularly true as regards those of foreign countries who assisted us, of whom Lafayette is an especial example.

In fact, people generally do not fully realize the great obligations we are under to him for his services in the revolution. There are many, indeed, who are scarcely aware what he did for us, and how important his efforts became. We do not remember that at one time the troops were in such a condition, that, in order to keep them from perishing from lack of food and clothing it became necessary for Lafayette to borrow money from his own resources, to furnish these necessaries.

Historians frequently say, that had it not been for these efforts of Lafayette, it would have been doubtful if Washington could have succeeded in the revolution.

As representatives of this society, it seems to be our duty to keep these matters of history before the people and do all we can to preserve their recollection.

A few years since, while making a tour of Paris, I determined to visit the grave of Lafayette. After inquiring some time about its location, I started one morning to find it, and occupied nearly the whole day before I succeeded. When I did so, it was overrun with weeds and bushes and with nothing to mark it but a small tombstone. The grave of a private citizen in Paris would receive more attention than that of Gen. Lafayette.

I need not say that I was mortified to learn that Americans, visiting Paris, know so little regarding one who rendered us such valuable service.

I have been pleased to learn within the last few days that a number of our citizens in Paris, procured some flowers and placed them on his grave on Decoration day. I hope that this will be the custom hereafter.

Americans should do something more. A suitable monument ought to be erected at his grave, even if it is in an out of the way place, in Paris.

We have heard what Mr. Bingham says in regard to this picture of Lafayette, and I have no doubt it is true, and more than that, I am glad to be able to say so. It is only lately that people began to learn that we have such a picture, in fact, the best picture of Lafayette in the United States.

Although we have this, to show how little it is appreciated, I will say that I have several times inquired of different senators as to what picture it is—pretending not to know—I have usually found but few who knew whose picture it is. I was in the legislature for the first time in 1867 when the picture was in the library in the old capitol in a terrible condition, without any frame, covered with dust, and thrown upon the top of book shelves.

I was also here in 1869, '71, '73 and '75, when it was in the same place, and few knew there was such a picture in the library. It was taken out, on the building of the new capitol, framed and repaired and placed in its present position in the senate chamber, where I next saw it at the session of 1879.

We are unable to say who brought it from Paris, but Mr. Bingham told us yesterday that Mr. Gidley told him that it was procured by Lucius Lyon and brought to this country, we do not know how or exactly when, but think it was put in the library but never hung until this building was erected.

We certainly are under obligations to take care of it, and let people know that we have it. It might as well be hung in a cupboard if people do not know where it is and what it is.

It certainly should be understood and appreciated. The guards should call attention to it so that those visiting the capitol can see it if they wish.

We should be proud of it, and I hope you will go home remembering that the people of Michigan are the owners of this treasure, as in doing this we are showing respect to the memory of one to whom we are so much indebted.

Hon. Norman Geddes—Mr. Chairman, I wish to make a motion that this whole matter of investigation of the history of this picture, its origin, and how the State came into possession of it, be referred to a committee of which ex-Governor Holt be the chairman, with the request that he prepare a paper to be read before this society next year.

The above resolution was adopted, and ex-Governor Holt, Stephen D. Bingham, and Fred Carlisle were appointed as members of such committee.

Francis I. Clark, Flat Rock—I am greatly pleased to hear these gentlemen speak on this subject and of this individual. The portrait I have nothing to say about, but it is the man. It is not altogether what Lafayette did in this country for America, but you must be aware that he married a lovely woman for his wife in France, and he sacrificed her affections, and her love for the time being; and not only that, he left France against the orders of his king, and went to a seaport and boarded a vessel where he thought there would be no chance of being pursued and brought back. This was certainly a great undertaking to forsake a lovely wife and disobey the orders of his king, and come to America to lay down his life for a nation that he knew nothing about any more than that we were struggling for liberty. In the first instance of his landing—he landed I think in South Carolina—he hastened to the army where General Washington lay below Philadelphia. And there was the British army drawn up on the Brandywine for a great battle, and General Washington brought all of his forces and did the best that he could to keep the British army from taking possession of Philadelphia. And there they fought a great battle, and this young hero was wounded. General Washington, you know, received him as a son, and he always paid the greatest attention to him, and gave him high command, and he fought nobly and faithfully for a country he had no other interests in than out of a patriotic motive to help America gain her independence and become a free nation. I wish I had the power of a Daniel Webster, I would like to portray to you the grand sentiment of such a young hero.

Mr. C. B. Stebbins, Lansing—There was once a revolution in France. The king was deposed by the general voice of the people. The provincial government was partially established, and the call was "What shall we do?" Some were for proclaiming a republic. Others said, "No." And they agreed among themselves that it should be Louis Philippe. The next question was will the people sanction this election? And while that state of things existed, and they were debating that question in regard to the will of the people, Lafayette came out where they were congregated and advised them to go in for Louis Philippe, and I think that we may largely say that Lafayette elected Louis Philippe king of France. Well, what about this picture? I have known of that picture ever since 1857. I knew of its being in the library laid away as the Governor has told us. Louis Philippe naturally would be a friend of Lafayette's, and I have heard it said a great many times, by those who got their information from somebody else, that it was presented to this State by Louis Philippe.

Hon. Alpheus Felch—I was so much interested in the article which has been read here, that I can hardly refrain from saying some word about the railroad system of Michigan. Most of us remember that it is almost half a century since we first embarked upon the railroad system, and we all know that nothing very great, nothing that we have ever attempted to do has done more to promote the interest of the State of Michigan than the railroad system, and yet I can remember very well when there was some portion of it that was subject to great censure. We loaned $5,000,000, and it was a great loan. It was a poor State, and it was thought an extravagant idea that we should loan that amount of money. As I happened to be in the first legislature which adopted that system, my recollection of it is clear. I remember very well of hearing the first whistle of the locomotive that ever was heard in Michigan; it was at the depot in Detroit, the place where the city hall now stands. The machinery had come on from New York and arrived there one day, and by the next day the engineers were at work getting it into position and running order. We had one or two cars also. About three or four o'clock in the afternoon I remember of hearing the sound of that whistle. It was not the sound we get from the locomotive of the present time; it was about half way between a grunt and a groan. Whatever it was it made a great impression upon the people who heard it. I took a walk that evening and passed a good many people, and among them a good many boys, and every boy had that upon his lips, and he made exactly the same sound that that locomotive made. Let me say a word about the

passage of this bill as connected with the system itself. We got three railroads. Some of us thought that as much as we had loaned a large sum of money, we were too poor to make three roads. So while the committee on railroads reported one single road from Detroit through to St. Joseph, we, who were members from the south and north, thought that if we undertook to pay $5,000,000, we at the north and south ought to have some interest in this railroad business. The consequence was that when they were about to pass the bill I sent up an amendment which provided for three railroads across the isthmus instead of one. It gave them great alarm. The chairman of the committee at once thought, and so did the Detroit people, that we of the north and south had combined to defeat the railroad which was to lead to Detroit. Well, Judge Ely was so much alarmed about it that he immediately moved for an adjournment. We explained to him why we had proposed to have three roads. He thought we wanted to defeat the thing, but we did not. It was for the purpose of saving the road and not to defeat it that we sent up the amendment, and the consequence was that we all joined and voted for the three roads and the $5,000,000 loan, and it turned out very well. We got the road completed to Ypsilanti, and the Ypsilanti folks invited us to come there and celebrate the day of the arrival of the first cars, and we had a very good time on the way and very good entertainment when we got there, and we came back in very good spirits. But when we got around in the neighborhood of Dearborn our locomotive seemed to become very weak, and by and by we couldn't go at all, and the consequence was that the locomotive gave out entirely and we were left to take care of ourselves. We walked about ten miles and got into Detroit about four o'clock in the morning.

I had some further connection with these railroads. I have always thought that a man's memory, recollection of things that are past, were the best gems he ever had when he got to be an old man, and I think so now. In 1846 when the sale of the railroads took place, it was my duty (I was then in the executive office) to make some recommendation upon public affairs. I took the liberty of recommending to the legislature the sale of the railroads. We finally perfected the sale of the roads. The capitalists from New York and from Boston were there, and several things were presented by people who were opposed to it. I think you will find it in looking back to the journal. Somebody proposed that the railroad should never run a car on Sunday. Some one proposed that the railroad company should never be guilty of any breach of the ten commandments, and some one proposed that all the

railroad folks should go to church twice a day on every Sunday. Those things all went through, and we all cast our vote for them, but of course they all failed in the end. It became my duty to deliver over the railroad to the new company organized. We signed the deed in Detroit and then went over the road to deliver it to them. As we went along, I must confess, I was never more frightened in my life. I asked the engineer why in the world he went so rapidly. He said, "I am employed by the State, and tomorrow the State wont own the road, and I want to show the new capitalists how well I can run the cars." Railroads were made entirely within the lives of some of us here. When I came to this country the longest railroad I had ever seen was the one from Albany to Schnectady and I think that was the nearest road to Michigan at that time. Now all over the world, wherever there is any civilization, railroads have become the great power which moves civilization forward, and builds up the communities, nations and states, and interests of all kinds are built up by railroads.

Mr. Stephen Bingham—I have written a few words in regard to the life of Mr. Van Buren, which I would like to present to the society.

A. D. P. Van Buren, for many years a member of the historical committee of the State Pioneer Society, entered the other world June 27, 1892, at Galesburgh, Michigan. Born at Kinderhook, N. Y., April 21, 1822, and of Dutch descent. He came to Battle Creek at the age of fourteen in 1836, and has been a resident of Michigan since that time, except for a year or two as a young man, when he was a teacher in Mississippi. As a member of the State Pioneer Society his work has been invaluable, and such as no other man could have done. His biographical sketches, his papers upon the "Campaign of 1840," and the "Old Log Schoolhouse," and many others, all instructive and entertaining. The State Pioneer Society desires to place on record its high estimation of his valuable services as a member and especially able contributor to its public records. As a gentleman and scholar he won the esteem of all with whom he was connected, and has done very much to perpetuate the memory of the early Michigan pioneers. His place can never be filled.

The above contribution by Mr. Bingham was accepted by the society.

Dr. W. H. Haze—It is a little interesting to me, perhaps it would be to you, how I got my shirt dried years ago in 1838. I left the county of Oakland down here where my father lived, came out through this country, crossed the Grand river down here five or six miles, and took off into Eaton county. That day and night were the first I ever spent in Eaton county, and it did make an impression upon my mind.

It rained fearfully. I was alone. I had on my back a little knapsack that was made by my mother out of an old bag that the rats had eaten pretty thoroughly up. In it I had a few little things, and I traveled through that rain following marked trees all day long. Just as the sun was setting and the night was coming on I came to a house. It didn't rain, nor pour; the hoops seemed to have bursted off of the tank and the bottom had fallen out, and I was wet through and through. I had a wallet and in it I had seven dollars in small bills, and when I came to get out my wallet at night the bank notes were thoroughly cemented together. There were two women in the house which I came to, and they gave me something to eat and helped me to pick my bills apart, and said "If you can climb up the loft you will find a bed, and if you will do that and hand your clothes down to us we will dry them." And I handed them down and they dried them for me all up nice and then passed them up to me, and that is the way I got my shirt dried.

L. D. Watkins—I think there is a lady here who from her looks, knows all about the spinning wheel.

Mrs. Marion Turner—My father came to Michigan in 1836. I was quite a young girl then. When we moved into west Michigan we forded every river and stream, and several times in our lumber wagon we would just be afloat. And so I know a little of the early days in Michigan. My mother brought her large spinning wheel and small wheel with her. She knew how to spin both with a small and large wheel. There were five daughters and one son, and we moved into Clinton county in the fall of 1836. My father was ninety-three when he died, he was Jesse Monroe. I could relate a great many incidents but I prefer to hear from others.

The pupils from the Larch street school then sang a piece entitled "The Happy Spider" and the meeting adjourned until 7 o'clock in the evening.

THURSDAY EVENING.

The meeting was called to order by the president pursuant to adjournment and prayer was offered by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

A solo "The Sword of Bunker Hill" was sung by Ernest Sellers.

A poem, entitled "When I was a Boy with a Head Like Tow" by U. B. Webster of Benton Harbor, was then read by Dennis E. Alward.

A solo, entitled "Scotch Songs," was sung by Miss Irma Haight.

A paper on the "Early Missions on the Saginaw" by Fred Carlisle of Detroit, was then read by Geo. H. Greene.

A solo, entitled "Loves Old Sweet Song," was then sung by Mr. L. A. Baker.

Five minute speeches were then called for and responded to as follows:

Francis I. Clark, Flat Rock—Mr. President: I presume that Wayne county affords as many instances of history as any other county in the State. Wayne county has had a great many battles fought on her soil. You all well remember that after the battle on the plains of Abraham, fought by Generals Wolf and Montcalm, and the armies were about equal, that Montcalm did not want to fight the battle with the English but General Wolf brought his army up on the plains of Abraham, and in the morning Montcalm saw the British army in front of him, and there was no other way but for him to march out his forces and fight it out. All this territory went into the hands of the British and they came to Detroit and took command. Every Frenchman who inhabited the region of St. Clair down the Detroit River and around Lake Erie never was known to be molested or troubled by an Indian. They all seemed to work together, and to have one interest, and the French people were always spared to go out and till the soil.

Ralph Watson of South Riley—I remember that when General Cass was in Detroit that he and several others made a bargain with a young man by the name of Fox that they would give him a suit of clothes, a good Indian pony and twenty-five dollars if he would carry the mail through from Detroit to Grand Rapids, and return again to Detroit in nine days. Fox was a young man, quite an able fellow, and he undertook the job. He related the circumstances to me. He said that when he got to where Lansing is, of course it was all wilderness, he got onto those hills in the vicinity of the Grand river somewhere, and looked over the trees to the west as the sun was setting, and it looked wild in the extreme. He followed the Indian trail. When he got about half way between Lansing and Delta he heard a pack of wolves coming and he thought perhaps they might eat his pony up. So he took his mail bag and got up into a tree, and by that time the wolves had got even with him, and he found that they were on the other side of the river. After many difficulties he finally reached Grand Rapids, left the mail there and started back, and when he got to Detroit at twelve o'clock at night Cass told him he had done so well he would give him ten dollars. That is what Mr. Fox received for carrying the mail through to Grand Rapids.

Auld Lang Syne was then sung by the audience, after which Rev. Wm. H. Haze pronounced the benediction and the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY.

Lansing, June 7, 1893.

To the Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

Your recording secretary begs leave to submit the following report:

The eighteenth annual meeting of this society was held in the senate chamber of the capitol June 1 and 2, 1892, at which time some of the most valuable historical papers ever read before the society were read.

MEMBERSHIP.

The total number of names now enrolled on our membership book is eight hundred and seven. Of this number two hundred and seventy-eight have been reported as deceased, leaving a membership of five hundred and twenty-nine.

Since our last report there have been forty-one names added to the list, viz., John B. Clement, Blissfield; J. C. Blanchard, Ionia; Chas. W. Barber, Howell; D. L. Burgess, Portland; Edwin B. Winans, Hamburgh; Ralph Watson, Riley; Bethuel C. Farrand, Port Huron; Myron Abbott, White Oak; Frederick G. Bailey, Vernon; Charles W. Church and Sarah M. Church, Lansing; Fred Carlisle, Detroit; M. H. Bailey, Dimondale; Gertrude E. Morehouse, Portland; John M. Caldwell and Helen N. Caldwell, Battle Creek; John R. Price, Lansing; Melville McGee, Jackson; Geo. H. Hazelton, Elwood, N. J.; Gabriel Bissonette, Monroe; Charles A. Bissonette, Grand Rapids; William W. Peck, Frederick W. Willcox, J. Davidson Burns, Albert A. Holcomb, Richard A. Sykes, N. Chase, Edwin J. Phelps, Edward Woodbury, Wm. H. Buell, Romine H. Buckhout, A. J. Shakespeare, Dallas Boudeman, S. H. Wattles, J. B. Allen, and James Monroe, all of Kalamazoo (the result of the efforts of our vice president for that

county, Henry Bishop); Geo. E. Steele, Grand Traverse; Wm. P. Ainsley, Williamston; Frank Hodgeman, Climax; Charles S. Williams, Owosso; Charles V. DeLand, Jackson.

DONATIONS.

The following list of donations have been made within the past year:

AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE OF TEXAS:
Fifth annual report of the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station for 1892.
Bulletin No. 25 of the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station for December, 1892.

JUDGE CHARLES C. BALDWIN, Cleveland, O.:
Bethlehem and Ohio History, leaflet.

E. W. BLATCHFORD, Chicago, Ill.:
Proceedings of the Trustees of the Newberry Library for the year ending January 5, 1892.
The Newberry Library, Chicago—Certificate of Incorporation and Incorporation Act.

WM. H. BREARLEY, Detroit:
Genealogical Chart of the Brearley Family.

BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Annual report of the Board of Managers January 10, 1893, and the Society Proceedings.

CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Hartford, Ct.:
Putnam's General Orders, 1777.
Invitation from the Wadsworth Atheneum to the opening of the new Libraries and Art Galleries.

MRS. JACOB S. FARRAND, Detroit:
Tributes of the public prints setting forth the life and good works of Jacob S. Farrand.

CHAS. W. GRANT, Saginaw, E. S.:
A lot of old newspapers, pamphlets, etc.

GEO. H. GREENE, Lansing:
State Republican November 3, 1892, containing sketches and portraits of republican candidates for county offices, Ingham county.

KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Topeka, Kansas:
The Topeka Daily Capital of August 21, 1892, containing an address by Judge F. G. Adams.

WALTER S. LOGAN, New York City:
The Siege of Cuautla, the Bunker Hill of Mexico, by Walter S. Logan.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, St. Paul, Minn.:
Seventh biennial report of the society to the legislature of 1893.

J. WILKIE MOORE, Detroit:
Detroit Free Press November 2, 1892, containing an account of his fifty-nine years residence in Detroit.
An old bayonet and cannon ball from Fort Lernoult, afterward Fort Shelby, corner of Fort and Shelby Streets, Detroit, taken from eleven feet under ground.

NEBRASKA HISTORICAL SOCIETY:
Transactions and Reports of the Society, Vol. IV.

NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, Boston, Mass.:
New England Historical and Genealogical Register for July and October, 1892, and January and April, 1893.
Proceedings of the society at the annual meeting, January 4, 1893.
List of members of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, January, 1893.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY:
Volumes 1 and 2, Collections, Deane Papers.
The Fishery Question, by Charles Isham.

OLD COLONY CLUB, Boston, Mass.:
Fisheries Within the Territorial Limits of the States are not Subject to Congressional Control, by Hon. Charles E. Littlefield.

AMOS PERRY, Providence, R. I.:
An Official Tour Along the Eastern Coast of the Regency of Tunis, by Amos Perry, LL. D.
Carthage and Tunis, by Amos Perry: LL. D.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, Washington, D. C.
Two copies of the "Museums of the Future," by G. Brown Goode.
ROBERT T. SWAN, Commissioner, Boston, Mass.:
Fourth and Fifth annual reports on the custody and condition of the Public Records.
MRS. ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH, Editor:
Two copies of the American Monthly Magazine for December, 1892.
MRS BETSEY WEBBER, Lansing:
Original tax rolls for the town of Watertown, Clinton county, for the years 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841 and 1842.
WESTERN RESERVE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Cleveland, O.:
Tracts 73-84, Vol. III.
WYOMING HISTORICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, Wilkes Barre, Pa.:
Wyoming Memorial Medal in commemoration of the Battle and Massacre of Wyoming July 3, 1778.
MISCELLANEOUS:
Five copies of Gov. John J. Bagley's Thanksgiving Proclamation for 1875, and one for 1878.

COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

The executive committee and committee of historians have held two meetings in joint session since the last annual meeting, as follows:

One on April 25, 1893, just after the appropriation of 1893 had been granted, to decide on plans for future work and the judicious expenditure of this appropriation.

It was decided to proceed at once with the publication of Volume XXI, Pioneer and Historical Collections, to contain the proceedings of the annual meeting of 1892, together with such historical papers as had been collected up to that date.

The secretary was directed to have printed 1,500 copies of the constitution and by-laws in accordance with a resolution adopted at the last annual meeting.

A committee consisting of Fred. Carlisle was appointed to draft a circular for distribution, relative to the duties of vice presidents, and the necessity of county and other societies becoming auxiliary to this society.

The secretary was instructed to make the usual necessary preparations for the annual meeting on the 7th and 8th of June, such as providing for a place of meeting, securing a stenographer, music, etc.

The second meeting of the committees was held on June 5 and 7, 1893, for the purpose of completing the arrangements for the annual meeting of June 7 and 8. The program as arranged by the secretary was submitted, approved, and ordered printed.

Jennie B. Greene was appointed secretary of the committee of historians to continue until further action of the committees.

Mrs. Mary C. Spencer, State Librarian, made a proposition to the committees to set apart space in the State Library for the books, papers, etc., belonging to the society, classify the same, and publish

them in an appendix to her catalogue, which was accepted and a resolution of thanks for her generous offer was adopted.

The bills allowed and ordered paid will be found in the report of the treasurer and the balance of the work accomplished during the year will be found in the minutes of the annual meeting and the annual reports of the other officers of the society submitted at this date.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEO. H. GREENE,
Recording Secretary.

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Lansing, June 7, 1893.

To the Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

I herewith beg leave to submit my fourteenth annual report of the correspondence of the society together with the file of letters and communications received within the past year. These letters are all filed for easy reference and all requiring an answer have been promptly replied to, and all donations entrusted to my address have been duly acknowledged.

Notices of this meeting have been mailed to every member of the society together with a copy of the constitution, by-laws and list of members which has been recently printed in accordance with a resolution adopted at our last annual meeting, also a circular issued by the committee of historians with a view of securing a greater coöperation with county and other local societies, with this society and thereby preserve many of the historical papers read before these societies which might otherwise fall into careless hands and be lost. This notice and circular were also mailed to all the leading newspapers of the state, many of which have given notice of this meeting in a prominent place in their columns.

At the close of our last annual meeting, I sent a notice to each of the vice presidents informing them of their election and duties, and

another about a month since requesting them to make a memorial report at this meeting, of worthy pioneers of their counties who have died within the year.

The death roll of members of the society for the past year, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is as follows:

No.	Name.	Residence.	Born.	Died.	Age.	Came to Mich.
33	Ebenezer S. Eggleston	Grand Rapids	May 12, 1825	Aug. 8, 1892	67	1837
53	Betsey Fisk	Allegan	Sept. 22, 1810	July 7, 1892	82	1834
137	James I. David	Ecorse	Aug. 2, 1814	Oct. 13, 1892	78	1842
171	Jonathan Parsons	Kalamazoo	Oct. 7, 1820	Aug. 17, 1892	72	1835
211	Hiram Arnold	Kalamazoo	July 14, 1808	July 28, 1892	84	1836
262	Dr. Henry L. Joy	Marshall	Jan. 25, 1822	June 21, 1892	70	1850
309	John Rutherford	Centreville	June 26, 1814	Mar. 16, 1893	79	1835
311	Benj. F. Partridge	Bay City	April 19, 1822	Oct. 19, 1892	70	1822
415	Francis R. Stebbins	Adrian	Oct. 26, 1818	Sept. 29, 1892	74	1833
458	Alexander Chapoton	Detroit	Feb. 3, 1818	May 2, 1893	75	1818
542	A. D. P. Van Buren	Galesburgh	April 21, 1822	June 27, 1892	70	1836
610	Theophilus C. Abbot	Lansing	April 29, 1826	Nov. 7, 1892	66	1855
618	J. Huff Jones	Detroit	{ declined to give this date }	Dec. 16, 1892	72	1831
647	Geo. A. Smith	Somerset	March 8, 1825	Jan. 29, 1893	68	1839
668	Stephen F. Brown	Grand Rapids	Dec. 31, 1819	June 2, 1893	73	1830
683	Charles Shepard	Grand Rapids	July 18, 1812	Mar. 8, 1893	81	1835
782	John M. Caldwell	Battle Creek	Sept. 18, 1829	Mar. 8, 1893	63	1836

Also the following whose deaths have not heretofore been reported:

No.	Name.	Residence.	Born.	Died.	Age.	Came to Mich.
23	Orson H. Look	Lowell	April 12, 1830	——, 1881	51	1834
194	Celestia E. May	Kalamazoo	Nov. 20, 1800	Dec. 2, 1889	89	1834
512	Henry B. Lathrop	Jackson	July 6, 1808	Aug. 20, 1890	82	1834

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEORGE H. GREENE,
Corresponding Secretary.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

Lansing, June 7, 1893.

To the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

I herewith submit my annual report as follows: Merritt L. Coleman treasurer, in account with the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, from June 1, 1892 to June 7, 1893.

RECEIPTS.

To balance in my hands, June 1, 1892	$222 82
" amount received on account of membership fees	47 00
" " " " " " sale of Vols. 1 and 2	2 25
Total	$272 07

DISBURSEMENTS.

For binding	48 00
Balance on hand June 7, 1893	$224 07

APPROPRIATION OF 1891.

Amount on hand June 1, 1892 of the appropriation made by Act 33 of 1891, was as follows:

General fund	$1,000 00
Publishing fund	3,700 00
Total	$4,700 00

DISBURSEMENTS.

From the general fund:		
Postage, express and stationery	$41 33	
Expenses of committee of historians	85 60	
" " executive committee	31 45	
" " annual meeting, 1892	57 59	
Copying records at Ottawa, Canada	168 86	
Copyright, Vols. 17, 18, 19, 20	4 00	
Engraving maps and portraits	94 50	
Preparing printers' copy, reading proof and making indexes	516 67	
		$1,000 00
From the publishing fund:		
Printing and binding Vol. 17	$1,042 87	
" " " " 18	1,018 61	
" " " Vols. 19 and 20	1,638 52	
		3,700 00
Total		$4,700 00

APPROPRIATION OF 1893.

The appropriation made by Act 60 of 1893 can be drawn from the state treasury only on a warrant from the auditor general and a voucher approved by the president and secretary of the society, and is as follows:

Amount appropriated for 1893	$2,500 00
" " " 1894	2,500 00
Total	$5,000 00

DISBURSEMENTS.

Copying records at Ottawa, Canada	$152 04	
Preparing copy for printers, reading proof, making indexes, etc.	100 00	
Total		252 04
Balance available in state treasury		$4,747 96

All of which is respectfully submitted.

MERRITT L. COLEMAN,
Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS.

Lansing, Mich., June 7, 1893.

To the Pioneer and Historical Society of the State of Michigan:

The committee of historians would respectfully report that in the past year it has been quite successful in acquiring historical material relative to the settlement of counties in the northern part of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, and of those of the Upper Peninsula, with many items of interest relative to the industrial pursuits of the pioneers in the different sections of the State, particularly those relating to agriculture, mining, the fisheries, and the lumber interests.

The committee has also continued its investigations in the dominion archives at Ottawa, Canada, and has had copied twelve maps and 4,605 folios of matter found there in official papers relative to the history of Michigan during the Indian, French, and British occupation of the territory west of the great lakes.

The historical value of the papers which the committee has caused to be copied at Ottawa, Canada, through the courtesy of the dominion government and the active kindness of Douglas Brymner, Esq., Cana-

dian Archivist, cannot be placed too highly, since they constitute an official authority, made by reports of officers in the different departments to the French and British governments, on many points connected with the history of Michigan while under the government of France or Great Britain, and during the revolutionary war and the war of 1812, with the negotiations with Great Britain relative to the surrender of territory withheld after the treaties of peace which belonged to the United States. This valuable information could not be obtained from any other source.

The committee has also procured the publication of two volumes (19 and 20) of the Historical "Collections" of the society, which are now ready for delivery. Volume 21 is also in the process of publication, but will not be finished until after the close of the present meeting.

VOLUME NINETEEN.

Volume 19 is a book of 700 pages and is composed of copies of papers relating to Michigan from those on file in the archives of the Dominion of Canada at Ottawa, among which may be found:

Reports on American colonies from 1721 to 1762.

A copy of an Indian deed to the Island of Mackinac, dated May 12, 1781.

Military dispatches from 1758 to 1762.

The Bouquet papers (270 pages) being reports running from 1759 to 1765, made by and to Col. Henry Bouquet, at that time commanding British forces in Canada and the Northwest.

The Haldimand papers (400 pages), being official reports of every name and nature, including military, civil, and Indian affairs relating to Michigan and the Northwest, from 1773 to 1781, made by and to the British officials connected with the Canadian government.

The committee would call attention to the following as of particular interest and value:

"Copy of a Representation of the Lords' Commissioners for Trade and Plantations to the King, upon the State of His Majesty's Colonies and Plantations on the Continent of North America. Dated September 8, 1721."—Page 1.

This report covers 13 pages and is very comprehensive, relating as it does to the entire country east of the Mississippi; and treating of the intercourse and relations of the French and English with each other, with the Indians, and with the colonies.

The letter of "Thomas Gage, on the French in Lower Canada, dated March 20, 1762," will be found to be of interest.—Page 14. As also the

"List and account of the posts where trade with the Savages was carried on in the Upper Country. March 20, 1762."

These posts were situated on both the north and south shores of Lake Superior, at Sault Ste. Marie, on Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, on the St. Joseph, Wabash, and Miamis rivers, and at Mackinaw and Detroit.

BOUQUET PAPERS.

On page 29 of this volume, in the Bouquet papers, is a copy of a letter from Pierre Francois Vaudreuil, announcing the surrender of Montreal by the French to Gen. Amherst on the 8th of February, 1760.

On pages 212 to 219 inclusive is the copy of a letter from James MacDonald to Col. Henry Bouquet, dated Detroit, July 12, 1763, giving a detailed account of Pondiac's attack on Detroit and its defense by Major Gladwin.

Ensign John Cristie to Col. Henry Bouquet, 10th July, 1763. Attack upon and capture of Presque Isle by the Indians.—Pages 209–10.

Col. Henry Bouquet to Gen. Jeffrey Amherst, 5th August, 1763, and also 6th August. Battle at Edge Hill and Bushy Run, twenty-six miles from Fort Pitt; sixty killed or wounded.—Pages 219–23.

Gen. Thomas Gage succeeds Sir Jeffrey Amherst in command of British forces, 18th November, 1763.—Pages 243–4.

Distances from Fort Pitt to Wakatamicke and lower Shawanese towns, and names of fourteen Delaware and Shawanese towns.—Page 260.

Col. Henry Bouquet to Gen. Thomas Gage. Camp at the forks of the Muskingham, 15th Nov., 1764; Fort Pitt, Nov. 30, 1764. Relative to treaties with the Delawares, Shawanese, Mingoes, Mohikons, Wyandots, and Twighwees.—Pages 279–95.

HALDIMAND PAPERS.

In the Haldimand papers, pages 296 to 299, is a letter from Major Henry Basset to Gen. Frederick Haldimand, dated Detroit, 29th April, 1773, giving a description of the station; also 21st May and 4th June, 1773, to Gen. Thos. Gage. Relative to murders by Indians at Saginagh and St. Joseph.—Pages 300–1.

Capt. John Vattas to Gen. Haldimand, Michilimacinac, June 16, 1773. Indian trade with the Spaniards on the Mississippi.—Page 302.

Speech in Indian council at Detroit, 18th August, 1773; Miamis and Hurons.—Pages 308–10.

Trade in the Lake Superior country in 1778.—Pages 337 to 340.

Transportation of goods to the Upper Country in 1778. Muster roll of officers, carpenters, blacksmiths, employed in ship yard, Detroit, 1777–8. —Page 344.

St. Joseph's, 15th Sept., 1778. Louis Chevallier to Major Depeyster, commandant at Michillimackinac. Relative to Kikapous, Sakis, and other Indian Tribes.—Page 352.

Observations necessary for Capt. Brehm to make on his route between Lachine and Detroit. The instructions for observations number forty-nine.—Page 389.

Gen. Haldimand's speech to the Indians resorting to Michillimakinac and its vicinity, 2d July, 1779.—Pages 444–46.

Petition of 36 merchants of Detroit to Gen. Haldimand, 5th January, 1780.—Pages 492–3.

Charles Grant to Gen. Haldimand, 24th April, 1780, "Concerning the Trade carried on between the Merchantile people of this Province and the savages of the Upper Countries.—Pages 508–12.

Attack and capture of Fort Liberty and three other forts by the British and Indians, June 24, 1780. Report of Capt. Henry Bird, from Ohio, opposite Licking Creek, July 1st, 1780.—Pages 538–9 and 541–3.

Major Arent S. De Peyster to Col. Mason Bolton, Detroit, Aug. 4, 1780.

Arrival of Capt. Bird with about 150 prisoners (Germans who speak English) of 350 taken in the forts near the Ohio in June.—Page 553.

"Memorial of John Macomb, late of Hosack, in the County of Albany, province of New York, sheweth, that your memorialist in conjunction with his son-in-law, Lieut. Francis Pfister, deceased, engaged for His Majesty's Service upwards of five hundred effective men, that three hundred and eighteen did actually join General Burgoyne's Army, at the head of which on the fatal 16th day of August, 1777, at Bennington, Mr. Pfister was killed," etc., etc.—Page 582.

Capture of St. Joseph's (on the river of that name) in December, 1780.—Page 591.

Indian speeches, Piankishaws, Ouiatanons, Miamis.—Pages 593–7.

Indian deed for the Island of Mackinac, by Kitchie Negon or Grand Sable, Pouanas, Koupe, and Magousseihigan, in behalf of ourselves and all others of our Nation the Chippewas, * * * do surrender and yield up into the hands of Lieut. Governor Sinclair for the Behalf

and use of His Majesty, George the Third, of Great Britain * * * forever the Island of Michilimackinac, or as it is called by the Canadians La Grosse Isle (situate in that Strait which joins Lakes Huron and Michigan), etc., etc.—Pages 633–4.

VOLUME TWENTY.

The 20th volume contains 700 pages, of which 300 are copies of the Haldimand papers from 1782 to 1789, and there are 400 pages relating to Indian affairs in Michigan and the Northwest, from 1761 to 1800.

In it will be found the following maps which are of interest as showing the state of the country at that early day, with the route of the march of the army of Gen. Anthony Wayne from Fort Washington on the Ohio river, by the way Fort Hamilton, Fort St. Clair, Fort Jefferson and Fort Recovery, to the foot of the rapids on the Miami (Maumee) river, where the battle of August 20, 1794, was fought.

Map of the Miamis of the Lake (Maumee River).—Page 368.

Map of the Miamis Country, showing the line of Forts along Gen. Wayne's march.—Page 369.

Map of the Battle Field of August 20, 1794.—Page 370.

Map of Entrance to Detroit river, showing Fort Malden at Amherstburg, 1796.—Page 513.

HALDIMAND PAPERS.

The Haldimand papers in volume 20 have on pages 18 to 24, "Return of Prisoners of War sent from Detroit May 16, 1782," all taken by Indians, with other information, pages 25 to 35, of a somewhat indefinite account of the massacre of the forces under Col. Crawford in June 1782, by the Indians, with the death by torture of Col. Crawford and two captains who had been taken prisoners.

Maj. Arent S. De Peyster to Alexander Mc Kee, Detroit, August 6, 1782:

"That the Shawanese and Delawares push their relation to great lengths by putting all their Prisoners to Death, whereby if they are not prevented they will throw an odium upon their Friends the English as well as prevent their Father from receiving the necessary Intelligence of the Enemy's motions so essential to carry on the service for their mutual Interest." Pages 37–8.

On pages 49, 50, 51, is a letter from Capt. Alexander McKee to Major Arent S. DePeyster, from Shawanese Country, August 28th,

1782, giving an account of the battle of Blue Licks, Kentucky, in which he states, "On the 20th reached the Blue Licks, where we encamped, * * * expecting the Enemy would pursue, determined here to wait for 'em, keeping spies at the Lick, who on the morning of the 21st discovered them, and at half past seven o'clock we engaged them, and totally defeated them in a short time. We were not much superior to them in numbers, they being about 200 picked men from the Settlement of Kentucky, commanded by Colonels Todd, Trigg, Boone, and Todd, with the Majors Harlin and McGeary, most of whom fell in the action. From the best inquiry I could make on the spot there were upwards of 140 killed or taken, with near 100 rifles. * * * We had ten Indians killed with Mr. La Bute, of the Indian Department, who by sparing the life of one of the Enemy and endeavoring to take him Prisoner lost his own." * * *

On pages 117 to 121 will be found a very interesting letter from Gen. Allan Maclean, stating that the Indians were very indignant at what they understand to be the terms of the treaty of peace between England and the states. "The Indians from the surmises they have heard of the Boundaries, look upon our conduct to them as treacherous and cruel; they told me they never could believe that our King could pretend to cede to America what was not his own to give, or that the Americans would accept from him what he had no right to grant. * * * That the Indians were a free People subject to no power upon earth. That they were the faithful Allies of the King of England, but not his subjects. That he had no right whatever to grant away to the states of America their rights or properties, * * * and they would not submit to it. * * * That if the English had basely betrayed them by pretending to give up their Country to the Americans without their consent, or consulting them, it was an act of cruelty and injustice that Christians *only* were capable of doing, that the Indians were incapable of acting so; to friends or Allies, but that they did not believe we had sold and betrayed them." * * *

"Mr. Ball * * is a poor old Moravian, * * * that his son and daughter had been put to death in the massacre of the Moravian Indians at Fort Pitt by Col. Davidson, and that all those left alive, of these very unfortunate People, are now settled about twenty miles beyond Detroit, and their clergymen have joined them, and that he, old Ball, and his companion also a moravian, wish to go and remain in peace with their Friends and Brethren. * * * Col. Butler assures me, about 200 of the Indians and Moravians deserted from

about Bethlem after the massacre at Fort Pitt, and are settled at about 20 or 30 miles beyond Detroit." * * * —Page 127.

"Inventory of Indian Councils held at Detroit. Camp at Wyattatenong; St Dusky; Fort Pitt; Chicagou; Shawanese Village; Upper Shawanese; St Joseph's, from June 14, 1778 to July 1783."—Thirty Councils in number, with an interesting "Purport of Proceedings," the same being a brief of the action of each Council. Pages 133–5.

"Minutes of Transaction with Indians at Sandusky; from August 26th to Sept 8, 1783" relative to the terms and conditions of the Treaty of Peace between Great Britian and the States in its bearing upon the various tribes of Indians and the Indian country.

"At a Council held at Lower Sandusky the 6th September 1783. * * * Present Alex. McKee Esq. Depy. Agent; Capt. Chesne, Ottawa & Chippewa Intr; Capt. M. Elliot; Lieut. W. Johnson; Simon Girty, Interpreter; Capt. Joseph Brant with a Deputation from the Six Nations; T'Sindatton with a Deputation of the Lake Indians from Detroit."—Pages 174–83.

"Memorial of Geo McDougall relative to Hog Island" to be restored to the Heirs of the former proprietor.—Page 189.

"Indian Deed to Jacob Schieffelin" "of seven miles in front and seven miles in Depth * * * on the south side of Detroit, and directly opposite the Island commonly called Isle au Bois Blanc" &c &c.—Pages 193–5.

"List of Officers in the Indian Department at Detroit."—Page 213.

On pages 219 to 222 is a very interesting letter dated 19th April 1784 relative to the "Ambiguous Sence of the late Treaty of Peace, respecting the Line of Boundary between this Province and the United States, from Lake Superior to the Westward; * * * there is no such Thing as a *Long Lake*, as expressed in the Treaty, the only communication from Lake Superior is by * * * the Grand Portage, which leads to a very small River on the West side that derives its source from an adjacent Lake, and from thence to the extent of Lake La pluie about one Hundred Leagues * * *

If ever this country see the fatal moment of giving up the Upper Posts, * * * permit me to give you my opinion, which may be of some use, until a survey is made. * * * That is to have a Post so as to command the entrance into Lake Superior, either below the Falls of St Mary's or above them, with regard to the former I cannot point out any particular spot suitable for the purpose, but with respect to the latter I can speak with some certainty—I mean the place called Point Aux Pins where Mr Baxter who was sent out from England

some years ago in search for Copper Mines fixed his residence. It is situated on the East side about two Leagues above the Falls on a narrow channel that commands in the most effectual manner the entrance into Lake Superior, it has the advantage of a fine Bason formed by the Point where Vessels lay in deep water within a few yards of the shore equally secure in Winter as in Summer."

On May 6, 1784, Gen. Haldimand writes to Capt. Robertson relative to the selection of sites for Post on the Canadian side of the line, from which the following is an extract:

"There is no situation where one will be more necessary than at the Entrance of Lake Superior I wish to have early Information and to take measures for that purpose so as to have a small Garrison and Settlement established there on the shortest notice. *Point aux Pins*, about two leagues above the Falls of St. Mary's, appears by the map, and from Information I have received to be the fittest place, to sit down upon, it was formerly occupied by a Mr. Baxter, a Partner and Agent of a Company engaged in the Copper Mines. * * * I wish to have your opinion of any other that may strike you as more favorable for the intended purpose. I am just informed * * * that a place called La Traverse, about fifteen leagues from Michilimackinac is a very proper situation for the post I wish to take." * * *—Pages 226–7.

Gen. Haldimand's policy of delay in retaining possession of the Upper Posts, Nov 14, 1784.—Page 269.

List of Upper Posts prior to the war of the Revolution, page 272.

Names of Traders to the Upper Country, pages 279–80.

At the close of the Haldimand papers on pages 296–9 is a sketch of the life of Col. Arent Scuyler De Peyster, with a copy of verses by Robert Burns—"On the occasion of Col. De Peyster's sending to make some kind inquiries about his health, Burns replied in rhyme."

"He died as full of honors as of years, having held the king's commission upward of 77 years, and being probably at the time the oldest officer in the service."

He was born in New York 27th June 1736, and died at Dumfries, Scotland, in Nov., 1832.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Of the papers relating to "Indian Affairs," while all are worthy of recording we would call attention to the following:

List, Location and Number of Indians; with the part of the North West in which Each Nation is located. 1789—Pages 305–7.

The Tete de Boule Indians of Gens de Terre—about 600 men.

Lake Nipisin Indians.

Fond du Lac Huron Indians are the Missisageys; Chipways and Matchidash—about 500 men.

Detroit Indians—Hurons, 150; Ottawas, 100; Poudew, 150.

Miamis River Indians of the Twightwee Nation, 200; Onyaghtannas 100; St. Vincent, 50.

The Big Island Indians, the Chippway Nation, about 150; Ottawa Nation, about 300; Poudowadamy Nation, about 300; Sacks and Renards, about 200; Oyaway, about 400; Chippay, Sault St Marie, about 130; Chippway, Lake Superior, South side, about 150, Shagwamigon, about 500; West End Lake Superior Indians, Chippway, about 50, a parcel of Robbers; Caministicouya Indians in the Wasé Nation, a sort of Chippways, about 150; Lake Nipicon Indians, Wasé Nation, about 300; Mishipicoton Indians, North Side Lake Superior, Maskas, about 500; Lake La Plui Indians, Christino Nation, 80 leagues from Lake Superior, about 300.

Col. Alexander McKee's speech to the following Nations of Indians at the foot of the Miamis Rapids, 1st July 1791: Mohawks, Hurons, Delawares, Ottawas, Pottawatamies, Miamis, Shawanese, Munseys, Mingoes, Connoys, Moheekins, Nantikokes, Moravians.—Pages 310–11.

Indians to Gen. Washington.—Pages 314–15.

Information Relative to the Army of Gen. Wayne. Point Aux Chene, Miamis River 26th Nov. 1793.—Pages 323–4.

Col. Alex. McKee to Joseph Chew. Same subject 1st Feby 1794.—Pages 325–6.

Indian Speeches at Miamis Rapids May 7, 1794, at a Council, to the Wyandots, Ottawas, Mingoes & Munseys.—Pages 347–50.

Indian Speech, relative to the advance of Gen. Wayne's Army. At the foot of the Rapids of the Miamis. 25th May 1794, to the Wyandots, Ottawas, Chippewas, and Poutawatamies.—Pages 354–5.

Col. Alexander McKee to Joseph Chew 30 May 1794. Same subject.—Pages 355–6.

Col. McKee, 2d June 1794. Relative to the force of Gen. Wayne's Army. Indians collecting in force—Pages 356–7.

Battle near Fort Recovery 30 June 1794.—Pages 364–8.

"The Indians by attempting the Fort after Defeating Capt. Gibson's party met with a Repulse and some loss."

Gen. Anthony Wayne's defeat of the Indians, on the Miamis River on the 20th of August, 1794.

"Major John H. Buell congratulates the Federal Army upon their Brilliant success in the action of the 20th Inst. against the whole combined force of the hostile Savages, aided by the British Post and Garrison close in their rear, beyond which the fugitives fled, with disorder, precipitation, and dismay, leaving their packs, provisions and plunder in their encampment in the rear of that post. * * * their Villages and Cornfields being consumed in every direction, even under the influence of the guns of Fort Miamis, facts, which must produce a conviction in the minds of the Savages that the British have neither the power or Inclination to afford them that protection which they had been taught to expect," &c &c. * * * —Pages 369–70.

Capt. Alexander McKee to Joseph Chew. Camp Near Fort Miamis 27th Augt. 1794. Account of Battle of Indians with Army of Gen. Wayne August 20th, 1794, at the foot of the Miamis Rapids.—Pages 370–1.

Joseph Chew to Thomas Aston Coffin. 5 Jan'y 1795. Relative to purchase of lands by Indians. Sir William Johnson's methods.—Pages 387–8.

"Articles of Peace between Gen. Anthony Wayne, and the Indians" Shawanoes, Delawares and Miamis.—Pages 393–4.

"A Treaty of Peace between the United States of America and the Tribe of Indians called the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawoenoes, Ottawas, Chippewas, Putawatames, Miamis, Eel River, Weeas and Kickapoos." Signed by Gen. Anthony Wayne, and seventy Chiefs of the Tribes named.—Pages 410–19.

"Substance of a talk held at Amherstburg this day, June 30, 1797, between The Black Beard, Capt. Johnny, The Borrer, and the Buffaloe, four principal Chiefs and Warriors of the Shawonoes, on the part of their Nation, and Captain William Mayne, Commandant at Amherstburg."—Pages 519–21.

Island of St. Joseph, 19th October, 1797. "At a Council held with the Chiefs and Young Men of both Villages, of Arbre Croche Captain Drummond speaks to them—Ottawas Tribes. The Chiefs answer by Nibinassay."—Page 560.

Return of Indian settlers at the Chenail Ecarte and Harsen's Island —48 men, 61 women and 58 children—167 persons—Oct. 26, 1797.—Page 564.

Report of a Board of Survey, at the Island of St. Joseph, of sundry stores, 1st June, 1798.—Pages 604–6.

Number of Ottawa and Chippewa settlers at Chenail Ecarte, July, 1798.—Pages 617 and 641–2.

"Information given by a Western Indian who returned from Detroit 30th January, 1799, where he had been sent for the purpose of getting intelligence of what the Indians to the Westward were doing."—Pages 627–8.

Duke of Portland to Lieut. Gen. Hunter, Whitehall, 4th October, 1799. Extract: "Whatever credit is to be given Brandt for his loyalty and attachment to this country (upon which I am not inclined to place any great reliance) it is unquestionably evident that he omits no opportunity of consolidating the Indian Interest with a view to form an Indian Confederacy, and to place himself at the head of it—than which nothing can be more directly contrary to our interests, and to the Line of conduct which his Majesty's Governors in Canada have been directed to pursue in keeping those Interests and concerns as separate and disunited as possible." * * * —Pages 663–7.

The committee give these extracts to show the importance of the work of the society in a historical point of view of having, as is given in the "Collections," the official reports of the English officers and Indian agents, for comparison with the statements, official and otherwise, upon which the current history is founded, of that struggle for supremacy in the then Indian country west of the Alleghanies and the Great Lakes.

The committee have yet unpublished a large quantity of manuscript, obtained from the same source, which it hopes to be able to print in the "Collections" in the near future and which is of like historical value.

None of the matter copied at Ottawa for this society, and published in its "Collections," has ever been copied from the original manuscripts and published by any other society.

The legislature of this State at its present session has made the usual appropriation for 1893 and 1894, to enable this society to continue its work, and the committee hope to be able to publish at least two volumes of the "Collections" (volumes 21 and 22), before the next annual meeting of this society.

The committee would again urge upon all its members, and upon the officers and members of all county and local societies, the contribution to this society of the pioneer history of individuals, of townships, and of the counties of this State.

All such material for history will be preserved by the society and published in its "Collections."

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER, *Chairman*, Jackson,
JOHN H. FORSTER, Williamston,
HENRY H. HOLT, Muskegon,
FREDERICK CARLISLE, Detroit.

REPORT OF THE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

ALLEGAN COUNTY.

BY DON C. HENDERSON.

JOEL BATCHELOR.—Joel Batchelor died in Gun Plain, July 18, 1892. He was born in Orange, Mass., April 28, 1804, and came to Michigan in 1837, settling in Gun Plain and engaging in mercantile business until about 1843, when he married Miss Alzina L. Crittenden, February 14 of that year, who survives him. He then turned his attention to farming for a few years. About this period he was elected justice of the peace, and in 1845 or 1846, he had the first contract for carrying the mail from Kalamazoo to Grand Rapids, and carried the first mail through on horseback. In 1849 he went into the cabinet-making business in Otsego for a short time, but finally went back to Gun Plain in 1853 and again settled on a farm, where he remained until his death. Mr. Batchelor had four children—Irving J., now living near Lowell, Mich.; Alla L., deceased; Frank M., now living in Portland, Oregon; and Edward C., now living on the old homestead. Mr. Batchelor had a kindly disposition and courteous manner. He was honored and respected by all who knew him. His age was 88 years, 2 months, and 20 days.

MRS. BETSEY FISK.—Mrs Betsey Fisk died at Allegan, July 7, 1892. Betsey Davis was born at Hartford, Washington Co., N. Y., September 22, 1810. The family moved to Williamson, Wayne Co., N. Y., when she was a girl, where she married Joseph Fisk, January 12, 1832. They came

to Michigan in 1834, stopping first at Marengo, Calhoun Co., coming to Allegan in March, 1835. She was the mother of the first white child born in Allegan (William Allegan Fisk), in October, 1835, but who died in infancy. She taught school several terms in New York, previous to her marriage. Allegan was always her home, and she resided here from the time of its first settlement, except nine years, from about 1853 to 1862, when the family lived in Chicago. They lived happily together over 52 years. She was an exemplary member of the Baptist church over 60 years. Aunt Betsey, as she was called by all the old settlers, won and retained the affection and esteem of all with whom she came in contact. She was *aunt* to everyone and was really the kind friend to everyone whom she met. Her kindly hospitality seemed to know no bounds, and she would not willingly listen to disparaging remarks about anyone, covering the faults of all with the broad mantle of christian charity. Not only her children, but all who knew her, "rise up and call her blessed." Her age was 81 years, 9 months, and 15 days.

Alby Rossman.—Our community was greatly shocked on May 6, 1893, to learn of the death of our highly respected citizen, Alby Rossman, who departed this life at his residence in Allegan. In business he was a man of the strictest integrity; in politics a stalwart and uncompromising democrat of the school of Cass and Douglas, and in religion, a liberalist. Aurelius, Cayuga county, N. Y., was the place of his birth, June 14, 1812. George Rossman, father of the deceased, was a native of the state of New York, and his wife, Mary Wood Rossman, was of Connecticut origin. Mr. Rossman's father was a soldier of the revolution and by profession both a farmer and mechanic, removing to Ohio where his wife died in Madison county. His father returned to New York state and died at Morris, Otsego county. His son, Alby Rossman, the subject of this sketch, was but eight years old when he made his home with a sister at Springville, N. Y., where he remained but one year. After this he went to Auburn, N. Y., and was there apprenticed to a mechanic's trade where he showed much ingenuity, and worked in a furnace and machine shop for three years. He continued his trade as a journeyman until 1836, when he proceeded to Marshall, Mich., where he remained for about six months, during which time he ran a foundry and cast the first plow made in Michigan. Mr. Rossman in the same year (1836), came to Allegan where he started the first furnace ever erected here and made the first sled in our county. Later Mr. Rossman added a machine shop to his works

and for nearly thirty years successfully operated and carried on these iron works, accumulating a handsome property, giving employment in these years to a large number of first class mechanics. He built in 1838 the boiler and engine for the first steamer built in Allegan and the first that ever run on the Kalamazoo river. This steamer was named after C. C. Trowbridge, of Detroit, who was a large stockholder in the Boston company that founded Allegan village. When he first came to Allegan lumbering was the principal occupation followed here and Mr. Rossman's business prospered with the village's growth. For many years Mr. Rossman's foundry was the only one in our county. In those early days Mr. Rossman was associated with the late Hyman Hoxie who subsequently went to Chicago and died there. Mr. Rossman retired from active business some years ago but continued to improve his property in our village and vicinity, erecting an elegant residence for himself and several stores. He was one of the company who built the beautiful Chaffee block, one of the finest structures in this or any other village of our State. In 1869 he was burned out and suffered a severe loss of property. In the same year he removed to his farm which he had laid out into village lots, known as "Rossman's addition." Mr. Rossman filled with honor several responsible township and village offices such as justice of the peace, village trustee, marshal, and superintendent of the village water works. Mr. Rossman was first married in 1832 to Miss Angeline Dickinson, who died in 1848 leaving two children, William George Rossman, who was married to Miss Elizabeth Newcomb, of Ganges, and died January, 1889, leaving one daughter, Kate E., who has resided with her grandparents ever since her father's death. Miss Mary A. Rossman, the other child of the deceased, was married to Capt. Frederick Hart, with whom she resided in Adrian till 1877, when he died. Mrs. Hart has lived at her father's mansion ever since. The deceased, Alby Rossman, had a second wife, Mrs. Electa Dickinson, who has one child (now Mrs. Henry C. Smith). Mrs. Rossman has three grandchildren, Dr. Charles H. Smith, of Chattanooga, Tenn., Mrs. G. H. Buchanan, of this village, and Glenn D. Smith, of Springfield, Ohio.

We have thus given a somewhat extended notice of a man who was a walking landmark of our county's history and progress, a pillar of integrity and probity in all the walks of life, one who had contributed liberally for many years past toward churches, school houses, and all other good purposes. This patriarch will be greatly missed by his numerous friends and neighbors to whom he was always ready to

extend a kindly greeting and cheering word. Mr. Rossman was in failing health for five or six months and seldom appeared in public. But his neighbors frequently called upon him and cheered him up. He sat in a chair on the porch of his residence and walked out in his yard two or three times on the day of his death.

MRS. ELIZA WILCOX.—Mrs. Eliza Wilcox died in Trowbridge, June 5, 1892. Miss Eliza McMahon was born in Ireland, May 11, 1826, and came to America with her parents when quite young, settling in Livingston Co., N. Y., where she grew to womanhood. She married a Mr. Reynolds and moved to Ganges in 1855, where he died. Sometime in the 60's she married G. B. Wilcox in Monterey, and they finally settled on the farm in Trowbridge where she died. She was a kind and sympathetic friend and neighbor and her life was above reproach. Her age was 66 years and 24 days.

BARRY COUNTY.

BY DANIEL STRIKER.

MRS. JOHN TINKLER.—Martha Tinkler, wife of John Tinkler, died at Hastings, June 4, 1892, aged 53 years. Resident of Hastings in Barry Co. for 40 years.

MRS. JAMES SWIN.—Mrs. Olive Swin, widow of James Swin, died at Hastings, June 17, 1892, aged 82 years. Resided in Barry county 45 years, and came from Ohio to Johnstown in 1847.

MRS. IRA PENNOCK.—Esther Pennock, widow of Ira Pennock, died at the town of Barry in Barry county, June 19, 1892, aged 62 years. Had resided in Barry county for 56 years.

DAVID M. LAKE.—David M. Lake, died at Hastings July 17, 1892, aged 89 years. Former residence Ohio, resided here 30 years.

MRS. THOMAS HENRY.—Bridget Henry, wife of Thomas Henry, died at Rutland, Barry county, August 8, 1892, a native of Ireland, aged 68 years. Resided in Barry county 38 years.

JAMES N. HAWTHORNE.—James N. Hawthorne died in Orangeville,

Barry county, August 28, 1892, aged 76 years. Resided in Barry county 46 years; a native of the state of Maine.

SEBASTIAN KAISER.—Sebastian Kaiser died in Baltimore, this county, August 31, 1892, aged 72 years. Resided in this county 40 years. A German.

MRS. MALVINA P. MCLELLAN.—Malvina P. McLellan, widow, died at Allegan, September 8, 1892 (while visiting her daughter), a resident of Hastings, aged 67 years. One of the earliest pioneers; married here in 1844; resided here 52 years. Her maiden name was Alden.

RICHARD JONES.—Richard Jones, one of the early pioneers of Assyria, died at Battle Creek, where he had resided a short time, September, 1892, aged 87 years. Resident since 1848; was a member of the legislature in 1867,—an able farmer. His remains were buried at Assyria.

HENRY I. BARNUM.—Henry I. Barnum died at Nashville (being injured while attempting to board the train), October, 1892, aged 67 years. Resident of this county for the past 47 years; from New York.

FRANCES PECK.—Frances Peck died at Carlton, October 13, 1892. Resident of Barry county for 46 years, and of the State 55 years; aged 84 years.

MRS. DAVID L. HOES.—Mrs. Miranda Hoes, wife of David L., died at Rutland, November 6, 1892. Resident 45 years.

MRS. ALLEN JONES.—Hannah M. Jones, wife of Allen Jones, died at Hastings, November 10, 1892. Native of Tiffin, Ohio; aged 56 years; resident here 46 years.

MRS. CHARLOTTE GRAW.—Mrs. Charlotte Graw, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Richard Murray, at Baltimore, December 1, 1892, aged 92 years; a native of New York. Had resided in Kent and Barry counties for the past 56 years.

MRS. CAROLINE WARNER.—Mrs. Caroline Warner, widow, died January 3, 1893, aged 64 years. A resident of this State 56 years.

MARY J. WILLIAMS.—Mary J. Williams, formerly Sidmore, died January 10, 1893, aged 67 years. Resident of this State and county 41 years.

JOSEPH SHORES.—Joseph Shores (known as uncle), died at Woodland, January 20, 1893, aged 94 years. Been married 62 years; one of the oldest residents and early marriages.

IRA VIRGIL.—Ira Virgil, died at Hastings, January 28, 1893, aged 88 years. Resident of the county for 40 years.

CHARLES BUHLER.—Charles Buhler, whose residence was at Irving in this county, died at Woodland (while on a visit at his daughter's), July 18, 1893, aged 81 years. Resident 40 years.

MARY E. BABCOCK.—Mary E. Babcock, died at Baltimore, July 22, 1893, aged 79 years. Resident 41 years.

IRA STOWELL.—Ira Stowell, died at Woodland, February 26, 1893, aged 73 years. Resident 38 years.

MRS. J. M. RUSSELL.—Mrs. J. M. Russell, widow of Dr. Russell, died at Hastings, March 10, 1893, aged 79 years. Resident 38 years.

MRS. WM. EATON.—Hannah Eaton, widow of William Eaton, died at Baltimore, March 11, 1893, aged 92 years. Resident 40 years.

DANIEL FIFIELD.—Daniel Fifield, died at Hastings, March 21, 1893, aged 92 years. Resident 49 years.

MRS. I. N. KEELER.—Mrs. I. N. Keeler, of Middleville, died March 26, 1893, aged 61 years. Resident 43 years.

JAMES MCKELVEY.—James McKelvey, of Nashville, died April 12, 1893, aged 84 years. Resident 38 years.

MRS. OWEN HUGHES.—Mrs. Owen Hughes, of Prairieville, died April 5, 1893, aged 63 years. Resident 42 years.

DAVID L. HOES.—David L. Hoes, of Rutland, died April 14, 1893, aged 73 years. Resident 45 years.

WM. WILLISON.—William Willison, of Barry, died April 28, 1893, aged 74 years. Resident 56 years.

MRS. FLAVIA VAN DEWALKER.—Mrs. Flavia Van Dewalker, died April 15, 1893, aged 69 years. Resident 57 years. Adopted daughter of "Yankee Lewis."

A. J. PALMERTON.—A. J. Palmerton, of Woodland, died suddenly May 7, 1893, aged 66 years. Resident 45 years.

ARNOLD SISSON.—Arnold Sisson, of Hastings, died May 12, 1893, aged 69 years. Resident 39 years.

ROBERT CARLTON.—Robert Carlton, of Hastings, died May 12, 1893, aged 74 years. Resident 50 years.

MRS. CAROLINE NAGLER.—Mrs. Caroline Nagler, of Irving, died May 17, 1893, aged 67 years. Resident 34 years.

Between 60 and 70 years of age, 11.
Between 70 and 80 years of age, 9.
Between 80 and 90 years of age, 6.
Above 90 years of age, 5; the oldest was 94—4 being 92.
The longest residence in county, 57 years.

BAY COUNTY.

BY WM. MC CORMICK.

Mrs. Orrin Bump died May 8, 1893, in Bay City.

GEORGE LORD.—George Lord, the pioneer resident of Bay City, died April 30, 1893, at his home, 922 Harrison street. He had been ill for a long time and the end was hastened by his extreme age.

George Lord was born in Madison county, New York, March 17, 1815. He came to Bay City in 1854 and engaged in the lumbering business. A short time afterward, in company with J. P. Whittemore, he built the Keystone mill in what is now known as the first ward of West Bay City. After operating it for five years he sold it and entered the drug business at the corner of Center avenue and Water street. He continued there until the fire in 1865, when he was burned out. He immediately opened up another store, but sold out in a few days and entered the insurance business. He was also ticket agent of the Michigan Central, but most of his time from then on was devoted to his insurance affairs. Politically he was a democrat, and served the people in many different positions during his residence here. He was mayor of the city for one term and comptroller for five terms. He was also supervisor, justice of the peace and alderman at different times, and owes many friends to the honest and straightforward course always pursued by him, both in business and politics.

In 1840, Mr. Lord married Miss C. D. Fay in Hamilton. Three

children were the result of the union, which proved to be a very happy one. They are Mrs. H. W. Jennison and Wm. H. Lord, of Bay City, and Fred H. Lord, of Chicago.

BRANCH COUNTY.

BY HARVEY HAYNES.

WILLIAM ALGER.—William Alger died at his home in Mattison on March 20, 1893, of heart failure, at the age of 76 years. Mr. Alger was born in James, Seneca county, New York, July 4, 1816. He came to Branch county in 1836 and settled in Quincy. He was married to Miss Orpha Darwin in December, 1838, and moved into Butler, subsequently removing to Mattison which has since been his home. He was one of the hard working pioneers, carrying out the command of God to "subdue the earth and have dominion over it." Perhaps no one man has done more to clear up Branch county than the deceased. He leaves a wife and nine living children (his oldest son having died in the Union army) to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father.

Mr. Alger was the eighth in descent from Thomas Alger, who settled in Mass., in 1638.

EPHRAIM A. KNOWLTON.—Ephraim A. Knowlton died at his home in Coldwater, March 14, 1893, at the age of 80. Mr. Knowlton was born in Cape Ann, Mass., December 25, 1813. While an infant his parents removed to Vermont and here it was that he was reared to manhood. In June, 1834, he was married to Miss Jane Alvord and together they immigrated to the west, first settling in Ohio in 1844. Ohio was a new country then and the vast territory west was then unexplored, but nothing daunted, Mr. Knowlton and family moved farther west and settled in our then insignificant little burg in 1856. He was a cabinetmaker by trade and established and successfully conducted what was a pioneer institution in the west—the planing mill, sash and blind factory on west Chicago street, Coldwater, now owned by Ball Bros. In 1862 his first wife died. Four children were born to them of whom only one, Mrs. F. D. Marsh of Coldwater, is a survivor.

In 1864 he retired from the manufacturing business and purchased

a farm on Marshall street where he resided until 1884 when he removed to his present suburban home of sixty acres on east Chicago street. In 1865 he was again married, Mahala Halstead Fisk being chosen as his second bride and she survives him.

Coldwater was a small, unpretentious place when Mr. Knowlton first came there and he was identified with most of its early struggles for existence and growth. He has been an active and energetic worker, and it is only within the past two or three years that he has been obliged to give up the harder duties. The remains of this staunch christian man were interred in Oak Grove cemetery where so many of our early pioneers now lie and yet are not forgotten.

Lorenzo A. Rose.—Lorenzo A. Rose died at his home in the village of Bronson, March 13, 1893, the immediate cause being a fall on the ice a few weeks before, though his health had not been robust for some time. Born October 25, 1822, in Cambria, Niagara county, N. Y., he came with his parents to Bronson in 1835, where he has since resided, identifying himself closely with the interests of Branch county, and especially with those of Bronson. While Mr. Rose was not an educated man so far as books were concerned, yet he was possessed of a great fund of general information, always observant and fond of reading, he combined the essential qualities that go to make up a good citizen to an unusual degree. He was a railroad contractor, helping to construct several important lines, among them a section of the Grand Rapids & Indiana from Walton to Traverse City; built a part of the M. C. & L. M. from Monteith to Gull Corners; built a line from Petoskey to Long and Crooked Lakes, and also a line from Petoskey to Mackinac. Previous to this, in 1849, he entered the employ of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad, ballasting nearly all of the road between Bronson and Sturgis. In 1853 he contracted with the government to deliver quite a number of head of cattle purchased in Bronson to the Chippewa and Ottawa Indians at Little Traverse. This was quite a hazardous undertaking at that time, as the journey had to be made on foot, much of the way through pine forests and in a sparsely settled country, with many streams to ford, but it was safely accomplished in about six weeks. This was only one of the many instances in his pioneer life where he had undertaken and successfully accomplished hazardous and difficult undertakings. He was three times postmaster of Bronson, the first time under Van Buren, the second under Buchanan, and the third under Cleveland.

His first wife was Miss Amanda Weatherby, of Jackson, who died

in Bronson in 1860, and who bore him two children, one still living and a resident of Petoskey, the other dying when quite young. His second wife was Miss Mattie Dovendorf, who survives him, together with four children, Lorenzo E. of Petoskey, Mrs. Byron Rich of Ovid, Grace and Eddy. He belonged to the Masonic fraternity, and always occupied an enviable position as an upright, honorable man.

A. S. Rowell.—A. S. Rowell died at his home in Coldwater May 9, 1893, at the advanced age of 81. In his death Coldwater loses a faithful citizen and an honest man.

A. S. Rowell was born in Penfield, N. Y., September 25, 1812, and came west when a young man. Previous to residing in Coldwater he made his home in Hillsdale, where he was at one time sheriff. He afterward moved to White Pigeon and resided there a few years, after which he made Coldwater his home and has since resided there.

He came to Coldwater forty years ago, and in 1847 was married to Miss Eleanor Pratt, who died in January, 1892. To them were born four children, only two of whom, Frank Rowell, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Mrs. Stuart, of Coldwater, survive.

CALHOUN COUNTY.

BY JOHN F. HINMAN.

Name.	Residence.	Date of death.	Age.
James M. Abell	Battle Creek	June 7, 1892	51
Mrs. Delia Simmons	" "	9	58
George Cronk	Pennfield	10	68
Mrs. Thomas Reardon	Battle Creek	19	64
Mrs. Maria Clute	Fredonia	28	75
John Welch	Albion	28	69
Mrs. C. P. White	Pennfield	July 10	71
Isaac C. Mott	Battle Creek	27	68
John N. Farmer	" "	27	53
Hubert Sears	" "	27	55
Daniel Berger	" "	30	67
Mrs. Henrietta Drier	Homer	26	64
Mrs. Cordelia Curtis	Battle Creek	August 3	61

Name.	Residence.	Date of death.	Age.
Mrs. Louisa Dykeman	Bedford	August 10	64
A. J. Noyes	Battle Creek	14	71
Pearl Codling	" "	14	59
Harvey Lewis	" "	22	87
Michael Taffee	Homer	Sept. 20	81
Mrs. Francis Monroe	Le Roy	20	89
Richard Jones	Battle Creek	19	85
John Pratt	Tekonsha	16	89
Mrs. Sophy Almon	Rice Creek	27	73
Henry Andrus	Battle Creek	25	78
Henry Pierson	Emmet	25	60
Smith Woolsey	Albion	24	75
E. N. Edmunds	Marshall	October 4	80
Margaret Redmond	Fredonia	6	90
James Ferguson	Battle Creek	20	70
Mrs. Louisa Goodwin	Marshall	20	67
Mary J. Pringle	"	21	54
Mrs. Clarissa Roberts	Le Roy	25	80
James Toole	Pennfield	30	77
Mrs. Clarissa Roberts	Battle Creek	24	80
Horatio Perry	Clarendon	November 15	65
John Howlett	Battle Creek	15	96
Mrs. Henry Toss	Pennfield	25	56
Alonzo Taylor	Le Roy	27	90
Cornelius Bogardus	Lee	2	----
Mrs. Nancy Nichols	Battle Creek	26	78
Miss Elizabeth Finlay	" "	January 6, 1893	62
Mrs. John Potter	" "	9	70
Mrs. Barbery Erhman	Bedford	7	79
Mrs. Susan Robinson	Battle Creek	22	91
Wm. Laker, Sr.	Homer	19	70
Manlius Mann	Marshall	22	83
David E. Fero	"	February 2	53
Mrs. Caroline Conkey	Tekonsha	5	78
Mrs. R. Sunley	Battle Creek	13	69
George Smith	Eckford	17	83
Ira T. Butler	Battle Creek	19	70
Mrs. Lorenzo R. Peebles	" "	19	51
Nathan Rockwell	Athens	24	92
Mrs. Philanda Tenney	Battle Creek	28	87
Nathan Rogers	Pine Creek	25	92

Name.	Residence.	Date of death.	Age.
Mrs. Rhoda Beardsley	Homer	March 1	70
Mrs. Joseph Cook	Battle Creek	20	57
Mrs. Geo. W. Adams	Verona	21	62
Truman W. Williams	Battle Creek	21	77
Bartholomew Kellcher	Marshall	23	72
Joseph Judd	Le Roy	25	73
John Beers	Albion	8	86
Miss Sarah W. Wheelock	Battle Creek	25	74
Mrs. Ann J. Kellogg	" "	30	70
Andrew Herrick	Homer	April 1	79
Wm. Watson	Tekonsha	5	82
Benjamin H. Crandall	Battle Creek	5	70
Mrs. Margaret Sly	" "	4	62
Mrs. Elvira A. Pike	Albion	9	66
John Spaulding	Homer	8	71
Edson Hammond	Convis	12	79
Marvin Eggleston	Battle Creek	13	76
Mrs. John Spooner, Sr.	Newton	18	68
Dorastus Green, Jr.	Albion	17	72
Mrs. Esther Van Winkle	Battle Creek	23	82
Wm. H. Green	" "	25	78
Mrs. Ann L. Lapham	" "	25	52
Mrs. Dr. A. S. Johnson	" "	26	45
Mrs. Sarah L. Sackett	" "	26	76
Mrs. Helen Perry	Albion	11	65
Mrs. Susan A. Reynolds	Battle Creek	May 4	62
Mrs. Mary L. Fuller	" "	7	69
Mrs. Mary I. Hinchman	" "	8	69
Mrs. Mary C. Thomason	Albion	15	55
James Humeston	Homer	9	77
Mrs. G. W. Dryer	Marengo	15	62
Mrs. Daniel Crawford	Albion	21	76
Philemon Austin	Marengo	20	80
Jacob Mahien	Le Roy	28	63
Joseph Mercer	Bedford	13	65
Charles Scoon	"	18	67
Mary Swart	Le Roy	23	70
Mrs. Inman	Battle Creek	June 5	90

WILLIAM D. ADAMS.—William D. Adams died Friday, March 31, 1893, at Marshall, Mich., aged 53 years.

William DeForest Adams was born in Burlington, Calhoun county,

Michigan, June 5, 1839. His parents, William and Mehetabel Adams, were among the first pioneers of Calhoun county, coming from the state of New York to the territory of Michigan in 1834. His father, who was a man of intelligence and large influence, located the land and platted the village of Burlington, where William D. spent his childhood and performed the sturdy duties of a farmer's son in pioneer life, attending the district school and experiencing the privations and hardships of those primitive times in Michigan. He was a student of Coldwater high school and at Albion college and acquired a good education but did not complete a full collegiate course of study. He followed the calling of teacher for a time. He was married to Sarah M. Setford, of Albion, Mich., January 18, 1862, who now survives him. He leaves two children, Miss Lena, of Marshall, and Frank D., a classical student at Michigan University, one daughter having died in infancy.

Mr. Adams possessed a good mechanical talent and had a taste for machinery, but his love of study and intellectual pursuits led him to choose the law as the field for his life work. He commenced the study of his chosen profession in 1863, with Sidney Thomas, of Marshall, and completed his law reading as a student with Hughes and Wooley and was admitted to the bar on the 28th of November, 1864. He immediately commenced his career as a lawyer in Marshall, where he continued in active practice until his death.

Mr. Adams held the office of deputy commissioner of internal revenue and of United States commissioner under the federal government. He was four years justice of the peace and two years city attorney of the city of Marshall and was also circuit court commissioner of Calhoun county for six years. In these official positions he discharged the duties with great fidelity and marked ability, thereby reflecting honor upon himself and giving universal satisfaction to the public whose interests he so carefully served. His professional associates, who are the most competent judges, speak very highly of his judicial opinions and decisions, and credit him with judicial qualities of a high order.

As an attorney and solicitor, Mr. Adams has been connected with numerous important cases in the State and federal courts, and has filled responsible positions in the trials and determinations of these causes. Among the number we recall the Perrin-Kellogg cases, the numerous cases growing out of the Perrin and Sibley estates and the Wait-Kellogg cases, which attracted much attention at the time and were contested to the end by the leading lawyers of the State. He

had among his clients many prominent business men and concerns, which attest his standing and ability as a lawyer.

Mr. Adams was endowed by nature with a fine physique and a vigorous mind. He was self-reliant in forming his opinions, and independent in drawing conclusions. In short, he thought and acted for himself, and was not accustomed to allow others to think for him. He was studious in his habits and had a taste for intellectual research. In politics he was a republican but not a blind partisan. Though retiring in disposition and having no taste for formal society, he was genial and warm hearted to his friends and was esteemed most by those who knew him best. He was sincere and honest as a man and as a citizen and will be greatly missed in Marshall.

Mrs. Maria Dygert Arnold.—Mrs. Maria Dygert Arnold, the subject of this sketch, died at her home in Battle Creek, August 9, 1892. She was born in Verona, Oneida county, N. Y., in the year 1837, where she resided during her girlhood and until her marriage to Mr. A. C. Arnold, January 1, 1856. In the year 1857 Mrs. Arnold came with her husband to Battle Creek, Mich., and has lived in this city 35 years. The deceased was well known and very highly esteemed in this community. She was a woman of excellent judgment and good sense and in no way calculated to stimulate anything like malice in the breast of anyone with whom she came in contact. On the contrary she was constituted to win respect and gratitude from all who knew her. She had "malice toward none but charity toward all." She will be especially remembered as the friend of the poor and unfortunate whose interests were very near to her heart, and whose cause she unselfishly espoused. Her bounty quietly and unostentatiously dispensed, often cheered the heart that was ready to faint. Surely, considering her surroundings, her record should stand as a beacon light for others to follow.

Nathaniel A. Barney.—Nathaniel A. Barney, landlord of the Occidental Hotel, Muskegon, died October 31, 1892, of stomach troubles, aged 68 years. He was born at Silver Creek, N. Y., and with his parents moved in 1833 to Battle Creek. He came to Muskegon in 1868 and went into the hotel business, which he has followed ever since. In his service of nearly a quarter of a century he has seen Muskegon grow from a hamlet to one of the principal cities of the State, and step by step his business has grown with it. Last spring he commenced the erection of a four story stone structure, which is

nearly completed, and makes the hotel the largest and finest on the shore. Mr. Barney was most favorably known by the traveling public which he had served so long.

Mr. Barney's family was among the earliest settlers in Battle Creek. The old Barney hotel, two miles west of the city, is still standing, and goes by that name. The deceased will be remembered by all the older citizens.

Mrs. Louisa H. Bevier.—Another of the early settlers of Le Roy, Calhoun county, Mich., has passed from earth to heaven.

Mrs. Louisa H. Bevier died of old age, at the home of her nephew, Elon D. Bushnell, October 18, 1892. Twenty-three years ago the 15th of October, her husband, Wm. Bevier, entered into rest. Her marriage dates back to 1846. She was a New Englander by birth and a native of Connecticut, where she was born on June 11, 1804, and where she lived about 36 years. Her family were of French Huguenot origin, and her early ancestors came from England to America more than 250 years ago, being among the first settlers of Guilford and Saybrook, Conn. She was the daughter of Christian and Prudence Bushnell, and the last of several sons and daughters to depart this life. The family name included at least six ministers, of whom the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, Conn., was one. Her brothers, Rev. Asa W. and Deacon John H. Bushnell, and her sister, Mrs. Dudley N. Bushnell, have long been known to and familiar with the early settlers of Le Roy and adjacent towns. Dudley N. and wife came in the autumn of 1837 and were followed by John H. and wife the following autumn. Then in 1840 the remainder of the family came. Her brother Rev. Asa W. becoming the first regular pastor of the church then known as the first Presbyterian church of Le Roy, but since 1846 has been the first Congregational church of Le Roy.

For more than half a century therefore she has been identified with this church and with the community. Her life has been that of a quiet, consistent christian, a devoted daughter, sister, and wife, a true, trusty and much loved friend and neighbor.

Her money has been given with a liberal hand for the support of the church she loved so much for the various benevolent causes and to bless her friends and neighbors.

Since the death of her sister, Mrs. Dudley N. Bushnell, four years ago, she has made her home where she died, making frequent visits to her own house near by, where her things remained in position

just as she used them, so many years. At the ripe age of 88, blind and helpless, she quietly and peacefully "fell asleep in Jesus."

MRS. ANN THOMPSON BURLAND.—Mrs. Ann Thompson Burland, one of the oldest pioneers, died at the home of her son, William, in Eckford, February 7, 1893.

Deceased was born in Rickle, Yorkshire, England, November 28, 1808. She sailed from England June, 1830, with her husband and three little girls. Eliza, now Mrs. Henry Williams, of Whitewater, Wis.; Betsey (deceased), wife of Jas. Watrous, of Marshall; Ann, wife of Augustus Turner, of Stanberry, Mo.

After a long and tedious journey they reached Detroit, remaining there about a year, during which time a little son was born to them who died at that place. From Detroit they moved to the farm known as the Geo. Bentley farm in Marshall township, where their son, William, was born. They next came to Fredonia where Mr. Burland located a large tract of land, he being the first man to break a furrow in that township. Here were born Alice (deceased), wife of Wm. McCue, of Plainview, Minn.; Merenda, wife of John Brown, of St. Louis, Mo.

They endured the hardships incident to early pioneer life remaining at this home until the death of Mr. Burland.

Mrs. Burland was baptized in the Episcopal church of England and was at the time of her death a member of Trinity church, Marshall.

J. MARTIN CALDWELL.—J. Martin Caldwell died in Florida, where he had gone for his health, March 8, 1893, aged 63 years.

Deceased was born in Pennsylvania, September 18, 1829. He removed to Michigan with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Caldwell, in 1834, and located in Verona, which was then a rival of Battle Creek. Afterwards the family removed to Battle Creek.

When about nineteen years of age, Mr. Caldwell commenced his business career as a clerk in the drug store of A. T. Havens, where the store of E. R. Smith is now located. Mr. Havens came from Palmyra, N. Y., and had bought out the drug stock of Beach & Taylor. In 1843 Mr. Havens started another drug store across the street in what was known as the old checkered building, where Preston's shoe store is now located. The store was run in the name of Mr. Havens' brother-in-law, Franklin Smith, but Mr. Caldwell had charge of the business. When Mr. Caldwell left the store of Mr. Havens to take charge of the new place of business, Mr. Wm. Andrus took his old position and commenced his career as a drug clerk.

After running this business for several years Mr. Havens discontinued the new store.

In 1851, when the gold fever had seized upon the people of the country and all the young men were going to the new Eldorado, Mr. Caldwell made the trip by water. He remained in the golden state several years, engaged in mining, and then returned to Battle Creek. Upon his return to Battle Creek he was married to Mrs. Helen Parker, daughter of the late John Nichols.

He entered into the boot and shoe business in a building on the site of the store now occupied by James Geddes. The firm was Caldwell & Galloway. Charles Peters afterwards bought the interest of Mr. Galloway, and the firm became Caldwell & Peters. Subsequently Peters sold out to Mr. Caldwell.

When the old Battle Creek House was destroyed by fire the buildings on the opposite corner, one of which was occupied by Caldwell, were also burned. He lost his entire stock. He then moved into the store in the Andrus block now occupied by Jacobs.

In April, 1876, he moved into the store now occupied by Harbeck & Livingston and continued in business until May, 1891, when he sold out to the above firm and retired from business on account of his health.

From the above it will be seen that the deceased was not only an old pioneer but a prominent business man. He leaves a wife and one son, Ned Caldwell, two brothers, James T. and Josiah, of Battle Creek, and two sisters, Mrs. Al. Tichenor, of Battle Creek, and Mrs. W. B. Buck, of Fort Wayne, Ind.

Deceased was a member of the Athelstan Club and the American Legion of Honor.

Mrs. Betsey Crossett.—Mrs. Betsey Crossett died February 10, 1893, at the residence of her son, C. D. Crossett, Battle Creek, in the 100th year of her age. Mrs. Crossett was born in Washington county, N. Y., on July 9, 1793, and had she have lived until July this year she would have been 100 years old. It is very seldom that such age is attained by people whose faculties are unimpaired and who apparently enjoy their life in the last stages as did Mrs. Crossett. While young she married Daniel Crossett, and together they lived a pleasant and devoted life. For over fifty years Mrs. Crossett has been a widow. She was the mother of four children, and at the time of her death was a member of her oldest son's family. Her other children are Mrs. Betsey Ann Lynn, of Fredonia, N. Y., Mrs. D. L. Green, of

Chicago, and Benjamin Crossett, of Janesville, Wis. Deceased has been a resident of Battle Creek for over thirty years, and a member of the Baptist church for over eighty-three years. She was a great singer, and the old time hymns were on her lips most of the time while she was busying herself about her self imposed household duties. Her love of music was extraordinarily good, and her last years were passed in song. She had a remarkable voice for one of her age. In the summer, when the weather has been agreeable, she took her daily walk, and appeared to be greatly pleased and interested in all the improvements that came under her observation. She had a horror of war, having lived through the struggles of 1812 and 1861. Her declining years were truly a second childhood, and she looked forward to the future with all the pleasant anticipation that characterizes youth. She was kind, affectionate, and hopeful, and all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance will reverence her memory with love and respect.

Harvey J. Dubois.—In the death of Harvey J. Dubois, which occurred April 25, 1893, South Battle Creek loses its last old pioneer. He was born in Saratoga county, N. Y., on the 5th of January, 1825. His parents, Peter and Sallie Dubois, together with their three children, Harvey J., James G., and Esther M., moved to Michigan in 1836, and located on a farm in South Battle Creek, where five years later a second daughter, Anthenette, was born to them. Harvey was eleven years of age when he came to this place, and he has continued to reside here up to the time of his death. Fifty-seven years of life, full of lively interest known only to early days in Michigan, coming here among the first, he has noted the rapid development and its present high position among its sister states. All this goes to make up such a life.

At the age of twenty-eight he was married to Cynthia J. Stickney, of his native state. The 7th of April was their 40th marriage anniversary.

To Mr. and Mrs. Dubois were born three children, Charlotte E., L. Louette, and Cayton H.

Mr. Dubois was a successful farmer, careful and judicious in his calculations, keeping well the fertility of his farm, giving to his beautiful home a fruitful and prosperous appearance.

In politics he was not partisan. He might be said to be independent; governed always by what he thought was right. All his transactions in life were honorable and upright, even in temper, not

passionate or unkind, with none to point at a single instance where he did them an injustice.

He was interested in the welfare of his brother farmer, and was zealous in bettering his condition as a class. He joined the Grange organization at the first, and continued an active member up to the last few years, retaining unabating interest, but unable to attend on account of his blindness.

Of his family, his wife and daughter, Mrs. L. Louette Woods, her husband and four little grandchildren are all that remain. Of his father's family, James G. Dubois, of Battle Creek, and Mrs. Anthenette McCollum, who resides at Lawrence, are all that survive.

Mrs. William Goss.—Chloe A. Norton was born in Connecticut, September 27, 1819, soon afterward removing to New York state. In 1836 she came with her parents to Marshall, Mich., and on February 5, 1837, was married to Wm. Goss. The same year they located on a farm two miles north and east of Bellevue, and in 1839 purchased a large farm in Convis, where they have since resided. A large family of children came to bless their home, only one of whom, Mrs. I. D. Brackett, is now living. Mrs. Goss died February 15, 1893, aged 73 years, 4 months, and 18 days, having lived with Mr. Goss 56 years and 10 days.

James W. Hatch.—James W. Hatch, a Calhoun county pioneer of of 1836 type, died at his home in Fredonia, August 16, 1892, aged 63 years. Mr. Hatch was pretty generally known, having resided in the county ever since he first arrived, with the exception of three years which he spent in California during the gold fever. He was a veteran of the war, enlisting in the 9th Michigan infantry and was afterward transferred to the 18th Michigan. He was a prosperous farmer and a good man. His aged wife, nee Julia Austin of Clarendon, survives him, besides three sons, Jesse M. of Marshall, Geo. W. of Chadron, Neb., and Ernest of Fredonia; two daughters, Mrs. Z. Enos and Mrs. Stephen Smith, both of Fredonia, and two sisters, Mrs. E. Marble of Marshall and Mrs. Robert Starks of Fredonia. Another daughter, Mrs. Cobb, died in Dakota about a year ago. Mr. Hatch was a devoted member of the G. A. R.

Samuel J. Henderson.—Samuel J. Henderson died at his residence in Albion on Feb. 21, 1893, aged 74 years. This death, so sudden, so unexpected to nearly all our citizens, brought a shock to the community, and a feeling of deep sadness everywhere. No more familiar figure walked the streets of our city than Mr. Henderson. Bright, genial,

companionable, to meet him was always a pleasant incident of a walk down the street.

He was born at Royalton, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1819. At the age of twelve he followed the tide of emigration from the Empire state to the wilds of Michigan, and located at Jackson. At the age of twenty-five, a carpenter by trade, he came to Albion, and resided here continuously from that time until his death.

Always a man who participated in public affairs, he has steadily held some office or other during his entire residence in this city. For more than thirty years he was either sheriff, under sheriff or deputy sheriff. He was elected to the office of sheriff in the fall of 1880, and served one term. He was elected supervisor of the township of Sheridan several times before Albion became a city, and after that was continuously supervisor of the second ward. An old resident says that Mr. Henderson was a member of the Calhoun county board of supervisors, with scarcely a skip, for twenty years.

Mr. Henderson was married Nov. 30, 1850, to Miss Julia E., daughter of Dr. Packard. From this union three children were born. Two of them, Seward and Ellsworth, died at the ages of two and four respectively. The daughter, Dora, is the wife of J. Russell Sackett, of Saginaw. Mrs Henderson died June 30, 1874. May 25, 1883, he married Miss Anna Whapples who, with her little daughter Ethel, survives him. He also leaves a brother and sister in Oakland, Cal., and a sister in Jackson.

Mrs. Elias Hewitt.—The death of Mrs. Elias Hewitt, which occurred at her home in Marshall on Monday, March 6, 1893, removes a citizen who has been closely identified with Marshall since an early day.

Mrs. Hewitt was born in Cattaraugus county, N. Y., April 24, 1819, and was married June 10, 1841, at Berger, Genesee county, N. Y. Together with her husband she removed to Michigan in 1844, and settled in Leonidas, St. Joseph county. In November, 1846, she settled in Marshall and lived there up to the time of her death.

She was strictly domestic in her tastes and habits and deeply attached to family and home. She enjoyed the love of all who knew her and will not soon be forgotten. Her whole life was of a christian character and she tried to do good to all around her and especially to her family. She leaves to mourn her death, her husband, Elias Hewitt, Esquire, a daughter, Mrs. M. A. Blue, and a son, Chas. E. Hewitt, of Detroit.

Russell M. Howard.—Russell Marshall Howard, one of the early settlers of East Eckford, and a highly esteemed citizen of that locality up to a few years ago, when he removed to Redfield, S. Dakota, died February 18, 1893, of diabetes. The Redfield Journal-Observer says:

"An old and respected citizen, a kind and loving father has gone to his rest. Russell M. Howard was born in Schoharie county, N. Y., February 10, 1813, and was just 80 years and 8 days old at the time of his death. His boyhood days were spent in New York state and he removed with his parents to Oneida county, the same state, and lived there for a number of years. In 1849 he decided to start out into the world for himself and came west, locating in Michigan. He finally settled down in Calhoun county, that state. In 1850 he was married to Emeline Morse, who died here in October, 1889. He came to Dakota in January, 1883, and located in Redfield. Shortly afterward he took up a homestead in Faulk county, which he finally transferred to his only surviving daughter, Mrs. W. H. Smith, of Faulk county.

"Mr. Howard always took a great deal of interest in the political affairs of the nation. He was one of the original old line whigs, having been one of the first in the organization of the republican party in Michigan.

"He had been in failing health ever since the death of his faithful companion of many years, whose loss he keenly felt because of physical infirmities.

"As the junior member of Hatch & Howard, he has been in business here for some years, though not actively engaged about the store.

"He leaves a daughter and son to mourn his loss, the former, Mrs. W. H. Smith, of Faulk county, and Chas. T. Howard our honored townsman."

Mrs. Jane I. Hubbard.—Jane Ives Hubbard, wife of Deacon C. B. Hubbard, died at her home in Battle Creek, May 2, 1893. Deceased was born January 16, 1812, and was in the eighty-second year of her age. She has been a resident of this community since 1842. She leaves four children: H. H. Hubbard and Mrs. Mary Sherman, of Battle Creek; Dan. J. Hubbard and Mrs. T. B. Simons, of Chicago.

David Jeffery.—David Jeffery died at his home in Marengo, Mich., September 15, 1892, aged 67 years, 10 months, and 22 days. He was born in Warwickshire, Eng., October 22, 1824, came to New York in 1844 and to Marengo in 1845, where he has since resided. Mr. Jeffery was a man of sterling worth, honest purpose, and strong will, possess-

ing all the essentials of a good citizen, neighbor and friend, and as such will be greatly missed. He leaves a wife, one son, Allen D., and two daughters, Misses Ada and Silian G., to mourn their loss.

DR. HENRY L. JOY.—Dr. Henry L. Joy died very suddenly at his home in Marshall, June 21, 1892.

Dr. Joy was born amid the beautiful Swiss scenery of western New York at Ludlowville, on the shores of Cayuga lake, January 25, 1822. He came of sturdy New England stock, his remote ancestor, Thomas Joy, emigrating from Hingham, Norfolk Co., England, with Winthrop in 1630.

His father, Arad Joy, was a leading citizen of western New York, a man of very marked traits of character, who gave to all his children the highest educational advantages to be obtained in this country and at foreign universities.

Dr. Henry L. Joy was educated at the Ovid academy and at the celebrated school at Lenox, Mass., and took a four years literary course at Union college, receiving his decree of B. A. from that greatest of college presidents, Dr. Eliphalet Nott, in 1844. While at Union college he not only held a good rank in his studies but he was a prime social favorite, being elected to the highest office in the society of which he was a member. After the completion of his literary course he commenced the study of medicine at Bellevue Medical college, New York City, from which institution he went to the Jefferson Medical college of Philadelphia, at that time with a reputation by far the highest and a faculty the ablest in this country, where he took his degree of M. D., March 28, 1849. After practicing for a short time in what is now upper New York City, he came to Marshall in the fall of 1849, where, with the exception of six months in the winter of 1859 spent in study in the hospitals of New York City, he has continued since to practice with eminent success his profession.

On April 16, 1851, at St. John's church, Buffalo, N. Y., by Rev. M. Schuyler, he was married to Caroline Schuyler, youngest daughter of Anthony Day Schuyler.

Though unambitious for official place and of a most retiring disposition, Dr. Joy always took an active interest in public affairs, being elected to the office of alderman and mayor of Marshall and was for many terms and at the time of his death, health officer of the city.

He was also at different times president of the United States pension examining board, president of the Calhoun county Medical society and member of the State Medical society of Michigan, and the National

Academy of Medicine. Though not a communicant, he was during all his life in Marshall an active supporter of Trinity church and for some years a vestryman.

Dr. Joy was by nature gifted with a clear strong mind, and was always a great reader, student and thinker, not only in his own profession, but in all the fields of thought. He was broad, generous and ever charitable in his judgments of his fellow men, viewing with pain their weaknesses and loving to dwell upon the bright and good side of every man's nature.

Dr. Joy had five sons, of which Dr. Douglas A. Joy died in his bright promising young manhood five years ago. He leaves his wife and four sons, Clarence, Louis, Charles, and Philip, all of whom are living at the old home.

GEORGE E. LAWTON.—Died at his residence in the town of Pennfield, October 11, 1892, George E. Lawton, of general debility. Deceased was born in the town of Ledyard, Cayuga county, N. Y., October 19, 1814, where he lived until the fall of 1836, when he came to Ann Arbor, this State; was soon after married to Miss Sally Benham and settled on a farm near Ann Arbor; removed from there to Battle Creek in 1865. Soon after he purchased a farm in the town of Pennfield, where he resided until his removal by death to join the great majority.

JOSIAH LEPPER.—In the death of Josiah Lepper, which occurred at his home on September 10, 1892, Marshall loses one of the men that has been identified with its history since the early days of 1832. In that year Mr. Lepper arrived here and a year or so later settled on the land which is now the fine farm of J. R. Bentley, just north of the city. In 1835 he went east and married Miss Charlotte Haskin, of New York state, and in 1836 returned here with his wife. In company with Lansing Kingsbury Mr. Lepper bought of Sidney Ketchum a portion of the Rice Creek water power, including a half acre of land, between the present malt house site and the creek, for $750, and there they built the first furnace the county ever had, making a specialty of manufacturing castings for "breaking-up" plows. They hauled their coal all the way from Detroit. Mr. Lepper was in business in 1855 a few months with the late Geo. B. Murray and in 1858 with S. V. R. Lepper he engaged in the dry goods business, which was continued up to the time the firm sold out to H. M. & P. Hempsted some fifteen years ago. From an early day up to the fifties Mr. Lepper continuously

operated a brick yard, and was the first man to engage in that line in the county. The brick for the Baptist church, the Marshall House and other pioneer structures came from his yard. He was a whig up to the organization of the republican party, of which he became a member, and it was a matter of considerable pride to him that he never missed voting at a general election of any kind. Mr. Lepper was 83 years old.

Mrs. Ephraim Marble.—Mrs. Ephraim Marble died February 9, 1893, at her home in Marshall.

Mrs. Marble was a daughter of Y. M. Hatch, a native of Connecticut. Her grandfather, Timothy Hatch, was also a native of that New England state and was a soldier of the Revolution. He removed from Connecticut to Cayuga Co., N. Y., where he was a farmer until his demise.

Y. M. Hatch carried on farming in New York until 1837, when he brought his family to Michigan and bought land in Clarence township, this county, thus becoming one of its earliest settlers. He built in the woods and clearing the land around him, improved a choice farm and became one of the most successful farmers of his community. His wife, who bore the maiden name of Hannah Swift, was a very energetic woman and had much to do with his success.

Mrs. Marble was the eldest of five children and was born in the township of Wolcott, Cayuga county, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1825. She was twelve years old when the family came to Michigan and has been a witness of most of the growth of Calhoun county. She was given superior educational advantages, pursuing a good course of study in a select school at Marshall and later at Olivet institute. She was but sixteen years old when she began teaching and followed that profession some eight years. December 6, 1849, she was united in marriage with Ephraim Marble who one year before had returned from serving his country in the Mexican war. Five children were born to them all of whom have grown to manhood and womanhood.

Possessing true culture and refinement she understood the art of making her home beautiful and attractive. While her husband was fighting his country's battles during the late civil war, she was left alone with the care of four small children. In that trying situation she showed no small business ability in looking after the farm and financial interests, and bravely endured the constant anxiety for her husband. Her character and training united with a loving disposition

made her a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, and a kind and sympathizing friend and neighbor.

SAMUEL W. MCCREA.—Samuel W. McCrea died at his home in Battle Creek, March 14, 1893. Mr. McCrea was born April 18, 1819, at Ballston Springs, Saratoga county, N. Y. When 12 years old his father, who was a Presbyterian minister, moved with his family to Dover, Ohio, and afterward to Westfield, Medina county, Ohio, where his mother died. While the family were living in Ohio, Mr. McCrea was sent to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he received his schooling.

August 7, 1846, he was married to Miss Frances M. Porter, at Mt. Jackson, Pa. In April, 1847, he removed to Battle Creek and engaged in the manufacture of hats with a Mr. Winters. The next spring he bought out a stock of groceries of Charles Lyon and embarked in that business. Subsequently he bought out Wm. H. Coleman's interest in the dry goods firm of Coleman & Brinkerhoff, and conducted the dry goods in connection with the grocery business.

In company with George Morton, Mr. McCrea built a block in Decatur, Illinois, and started a grocery store, putting it in charge of Fred Parker. Subsequently Mr. McCrea went to Decatur, when his building and stock were destroyed by fire.

Mr. McCrea was for a time in St. Paul, Minn., and in Leavenworth, Kan. In 1859 he returned permanently to Battle Creek and bought Wm. Raymond's interest in the grocery store of Raymond & Sweet, located in a building on the site of L. Strauss' store. Subsequently he bought the interest of Lucius Sweet, and conducted the business alone. When the old Battle Creek House was burned the flames swept across the street and destroyed the building and stock of Mr. McCrea. After the fire he moved into the old Angell building where Trump is now located. From there he moved to South Jefferson street in the store adjacent to Caldwell & Baker's; thence into the store now occupied by Preston; thence into the store now occupied by Reynolds & Ashley. He continued in the grocery business for seventeen years in the last store.

On May 16, 1891, he retired from business permanently selling his grocery to two of his clerks, Reynolds & Ashley.

Deceased took interest in the welfare and prosperity of our city and in 1878-9 was alderman from the fourth ward, and during his term of office served the city well and faithfully.

He was a man of good business ability, sterling integrity and honesty, a worthy citizen and a kind and affectionate husband and father.

He leaves a wife and three children, John W. and Miss Ida McCrea, of Battle Creek, and Harry McCrea, of Denver, Col.

H. G. Monroe.—H. G. Monroe died April 8, 1893, at the home of his son in LeRoy, aged 83 years.

Mr. Monroe came from New York to Detroit 56 years before; from Detroit he went to Prairieville on horseback, and settled at South Haven, being the first white settler at that place.

Mrs. Orlin Putnam.—Mrs. Orlin Putnam died at her home in Eckford, March —, 1893, aged 78 years.

She was born in Rome, Oneida county, N. Y., June 6, 1815, her maiden name being Brown. In 1837 she came with her parents to Michigan, locating in Clarendon, and in the year following was united in marriage to Mr. Putnam.

Mr. and Mrs. Putnam resided in Clarendon until 1856, when they removed to the farm in Eckford where she lived to the time of her death.

She was the mother of nine children, six sons and three daughters, all of whom, with her husband, survive her. The children are Charles, Frank, George, Henry, John, Edwin, Louana, now Mrs. Griggs, Fanny, now Mrs. Van Buren, Eliza, now Mrs. Pandy.

Mrs. Fidelia Reed.—Mrs. Fidelia Reed, widow of the late Asa W. Reed, died at her home in Albion, on February 15, 1893, in her sixty-fifth year. Mrs. Reed came to reside in the township of Sheridan as early as 1836. She was married to Asa W. Reed nearly fifty years ago. They lived together in Sheridan until last August, when he died. She then moved into Albion. She leaves a sister, two brothers, seven sons and two daughters. One of the sons, Prof. M. O. Reed, is teaching at Deer Lodge, Mont.

Wm. T. Shafer.—Wm. T. Shafer, one of the pioneers of Battle Creek, died at his home, March 9, 1893, of heart trouble. He had been sick only three weeks and his death was entirely unexpected by his friends. He was born in the state of New York, September 19, 1822, consequently was in the seventy-first year of his age. He worked for Nichols & Shepard when that firm was located in Marshall and removed with them to Battle Creek in 1848, and has since been a resident of that city. He assisted in the building of the Nichols & Shepard shops on West Canal street now occupied by V. C. Wattles and worked for that firm for many years. For a number of years past he has been engaged in doing city teaming. He leaves a wife, one

daughter, Mrs. Ida A. Damoth, and one son, W. R. Shafer, both of Battle Creek.

JULIUS A. SQUIER.—Julius A. Squier died at his home in Battle Creek, June 2, 1893.

He was born in New York state and was 65 years of age.

He was a private in Co. I, eleventh Michigan Infantry and was an active member of Farragut Post No. 32, G. A. R.

For many years he was engaged in the ice business in Battle Creek, and was well known and highly esteemed. He leaves a wife and one son, Arthur.

WALLACE W. STILLSON.—Wallace W. Stillson died at his home in Battle Creek, March 6, 1893, aged 52 years.

Deceased was born in Keating, Pa., April 28, 1841, and moved with his parents at an early age to Michigan. February 18, 1862, he was married to Miss Amelia Nichols, and soon afterward enlisted in Co. C, 21st Michigan Infantry, and served three years honorably and meritoriously. He was in the employ of Nichols & Shepard Co. for twenty-five years, twenty years of which time he was foreman of the engine paint shop. He served in the old volunteer fire department of Battle Creek, being a member of Union hose company No. 1, and a member of the running team. He was a member of Farragut Post No. 32, G. A. R., Security Lodge No. 44, A. O. U. W., Battle Creek Lodge, Modern Woodmen of America, and the Vibrator Workingmen's Society.

Deceased leaves a wife and three children, Fred C., Helen, and Wallie W.

MRS. HENRIETTA C. THOMPSON.—Mrs. Henrietta C. Thompson was born in Lyons county, N. Y., April 29, 1817 and entered into rest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Odekirk, Homer, Sunday evening, January 22, 1893.

Her maiden name was Thorp. In 1837 she was united in marriage to James Thompson and removed with him to Port Gibson, New York. Six children blessed their union, three of whom survive. In 1866 they came to Homer where she has since resided. She was converted in 1836 and united with the Methodist Episcopal church, of which she continued a true and faithful member until transferred to the church triumphant. Fifty-seven years a christian, her faith grew stronger and brighter through all life's added years.

Her life work is done, but her influence still lives and the memory

of her consecrated life is embalmed in the hearts of her loved ones and friends.

Rev. Ira R. A. Wightman.—Rev. Ira A. Wightman, for the past six years presiding elder of the Albion district of the Michigan Conference, died at his home in Albion, December 10, 1892. The immediate cause of his death was heart failure.

Ira R. A. Wightman was born at Trenton, N. J., March 30, 1836. He was a well educated and self-made man, as shown by the fact that his school life was limited to six terms. He was converted and joined the M. E. church at Frankfort, N. Y., in September, 1854. He came to Michigan in April, 1855, and was licensed as an exhortor the next year. He obtained a license as a local preacher at Holly, June 15, 1856, and was ordained a deacon at Battle Creek by Bishop E. R. Ames October 6, 1861. He was ordained an elder at Hillsdale, September 9, 1863, by Bishop M. Simpson. He was married to Harriet A. Barnard, November 30, 1862. Three sons and one daughter resulted from this marriage, all of whom, with the mother, survive him. The deceased had made Albion his home for the past six years, coming from Niles, where he held a three years' appointment.

Edwin Williams.—Edwin Williams, an old resident of Homer, died December 29, 1892, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Albert Laker.

Mr. Williams was born at Great Barrington, Mass., November 25, 1814. When seven years of age he came with his parents to New York state, where he lived until he came to Michigan 43 years ago.

Two sons and a daughter survive him, Erastus, who resides at Allegan; Willard, whose home is in Butler, and Mrs. Albert Laker, of Homer.

A. J. Van Dusen.—A. J. Van Dusen, a son of Jacob Van Dusen, was born at Canajoharie, Montgomery county, N. Y., July 12, 1813. Death came February 25, 1893, at the age of 79 years, 7 months and 13 days.

In the spring when but 19 years old, Mr. Van Dusen came to Michigan, settling then at Augusta, Kalamazoo county, where he remained until he moved to Marshall 55 years ago. When but twenty years old he was married to Miss Hannah Austin, of Galesburgh, Mich. To this union was born their only son, Jerry Van Dusen, whose death less than a year ago was a great shock to his father. The death of his first wife occurred thirteen years ago.

He has owned, bought, and sold twenty-seven houses in the city of

Marshall. He was united in marriage to his second wife, Miss Cicely C. Perkins, of Beloit, Wis., September 17, 1882, who now is the widow; also of those to mourn, there are three grandsons, with their mother, the widow of the late Jerry Van Dusen. Two brothers of the deceased are yet living, residing, so far as is known, in New York state. Joseph Van Dusen is in the old home in Charleston, N. Y., where his father resided until death.

JOHN P. VANHORN.—John P. VanHorn, engineer on the Michigan Central railroad, who died at his home in Marshall August 16, 1892, was born in Marshall, Calhoun county, Mich., August 18, 1842, and was the son of John A. and Mary Ann (Clemments) VanHorn; father a native of Germany and a pioneer of Calhoun county; mother a native of Vermont. Mr. VanHorn was raised on a farm, working summers and attending school winters. When 17 years of age he went to Niles where he worked driving dray, and in 1863 commenced on railroad as fireman; in 1867 was promoted to engineer, which position he filled up to the time of his death. Since he took charge of an engine he never injured a passenger or pinched a brakeman's fingers. He married Miss Sarah Davis, daughter of William Davis, of Niles, Mich. There were two children, Charles, born November 21, 1868, and John R., born July 19, 1872. Mrs. VanHorn's parents were also early settlers of Michigan. Mr. VanHorn was a member of Jackson lodge No. 17.

MRS. CATHARINE W. VANTUYLE.—The subject of this article, Mrs. C. W. VanTuyle, finished her earthly career at her late home near Crowville, La., September 27, 1892, in her forty-eighth year. She was born December 18, 1844, in Scipio, Hillsdale county, Mich., and at seven years of age came with her father's (Wm. Minor) family to Battle Creek township, in the neighborhood now known as "North Le Roy," where she remained a citizen over forty years until in November, 1890, when they went south. Twenty-nine years ago she was married to James W. VanTuyle, who with four sons and two daughters remain to realize their loss. Her sons, James C., George C. and Wayne D., are in Battle Creek township and city. Mrs. Ruby Cole, Willie, and Irene VanTuyle are still in Louisiana. Her brother, E. H. Minor, of North Le Roy, now owns the old homestead where her childhood and school days were passed, and from which she went a bride, into a new home across the way. Her oldest child, Freddie, while in infancy, preceded her to the heavenly home. In early life

she embraced christianity, and was ever active in every good work. She was the founder of the North Le Roy Missionary society and a prominent member of the Farmers' Alliance and of the Methodist church.

CASS COUNTY.

BY GEORGE T. SHAFFER.

DR. LEVI ALDRICH.—Dr. Levi Aldrich died at Edwardsburgh, December 16, 1892, aged 73 years. He several times represented Cass county in the State legislature and was a member of the constitutional convention of 1867.

MRS. RACHEL BYRON.—Mrs. Rachel Byron died in Detroit March 16, 1893, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Julia Gates, in the 86th year of her age.

Mrs. Byron was the mother of our friend and townsman, John Tietsort (of whom a sketch is also found in this report).

She was first married to Abram Tietsort, Jr., in 1826. By this marriage she had six children, five of whom are now living, viz., John, Julia, Perry, Ira, and Wesley; and, so far as is known, Julia was the second white female child born in Cass county.

Mrs. Byron's second marriage, to the Rev. Joseph Byron, of the M. E. church, occurred in 1841. The offspring of this marriage was four children, viz., Melissa, Linnie, Elizabeth, and Joseph Edgar.

Few, if any of the pioneers of this county now living, can recount so many stirring events in the history of southwestern Michigan as could Mrs. Byron in her life time.

In 1831 she settled with her then husband, Abram Tietsort, Jr., on the east bank of Stone lake, but a few rods north of where the bowl factory now stands. Then the country was in possession of wild beasts and savages, who roamed at will through its forests, and over its plains, lakes, and rivers, claiming title direct from the Great Spirit. Then dense forests nearly surrounded Cassopolis and covered the site of this capitol of Cass county. Then the howl of the wolf, and the barking of the fox furnished music to the early settlers, as each day's

sun went down; and the fleet, timid movements of herds of deer as they came to view the settlers' cabins, were suggestive of juicy venison steak to eat with hominy, when the hard day's work was done. Too much cannot be said in behalf of those sturdy pioneers, men and women, who first settled in southwestern Michigan.

> "Their rough log cabins! in fancy I see them still;
> And old memories rush up to tell me, I always will.
> Many privations; trials, harrassing doubts and fears
> Came o'er them: tried their metal almost to tears;
> Who then believed this nursery of stalwart men;
> Would soon develop into a State so grand? No one, then."

As one of this class, Mrs. Byron performed her duties well and faithfully in those early days. Whether as wife, mother, or friend, she stood high in the esteem of all who became acquainted with her, or shared with her the hardships incident to pioneer life. All loved her for those high social qualities which go far to lighten the burdens of human existence; and now that she has gone from among us, we can do no less than reverently invoke God's blessings upon her, and those of her offspring she left behind.

Mrs. Minerva R. Dunning.—Minerva Reynolds was born November 13, 1803, in the township of Lansing, Tompkins county, N. Y. January 12, 1824, she was united in marriage with Allen Dunning, in the township of Scipio, Cayuga county, N. Y., who was the first white child born in that township. Immediately after their marriage they settled in Erie county, Pennsylvania, where Mr. Dunning had previously located land and erected a log house for the reception of his bride. There they passed the first twelve years of their married life, when attracted by the opportunities of the then far west they removed to Michigan, arriving at Edwardsburgh in July, 1836. This country was then enjoying what would now be called a "boom," and they paid $7 an acre to John Hudson for his location on section 11, which he had located and bought from the government in 1830. This is the same farm where her husband died on the 10th of December, 1869, and where she lived until her death. She was the mother of twelve children, five daughters and seven sons, four daughters and five sons survive her, all of whom were present at the funeral except one daughter, who is in ill health. The deceased in her early years was a member of the Christian church, but her husband being a firm believer in the final restitution of all souls, she joined with him in

opening their doors to that blessed doctrine. She died on the morning of the 31st of March, 1893, aged 89 years, 4 months, and 17 days.

The home was one of unbounded hospitality, and in an early day was known far and wide as a place from which none were ever suffered to go away hungry, disconsolate or uncomforted. It was especially known as an asylum and recruiting station for traveling Universalist preachers, and many of the most eminent divines of that church have found hearty welcome beneath its roof, where they frequently held services, proclaiming the everlasting and universal redemption of all mankind, to those who were tired of the narrow dogmas of partial salvation of the other churches. In a history of Cass county, published in 1882, the author speaks of the deceased and their large family, as follows:

"Mrs. Dunning laughingly recalls the time when numerous heads appeared at every available opening in the house to view the passing stranger; but on the same principle that many hands make light work, many happy hearts make a happy home, and this certainly was one; as much so in those early days, when deprived of the many now considered indispensable adjuncts of the house, as when in later years they became possessed of them. All who met Mrs. Dunning were charmed with her kindly manner and pleasantly beaming countenance, and it is no subject of wonder that their house was seldom without visitors, either friends or strangers."

Mrs. Julia Ann Hall.—Julia Ann Carr was born at Albion, N. Y., June 28, 1818. In 1835 she was married to Orville B. Glover, and with him came to Michigan and settled in Edwardsburgh in 1840, where she and her husband united with the Presbyterian church while the late Rev. Alfred Bryant was its pastor. She was the mother of five children, Harrison, who died about seventeen years ago, Lowell H., Jay, Tamerson, the wife of Geo. W. Merrill, and William. Her husband died in 1852, leaving her with these children, the oldest being but fifteen; but she cared for them and kept them together until they were old enough to care for themselves. In 1856 she was married to John Earle, who after two years left her again a widow. In the early part of 1861 she was married to Henry J. Hall, and went with him to his home in Buchanan, where she resided until her departure May 6, 1893. Mr. Hall died in 1885, and since that time she had lived with her daughter. She leaves two sisters, Mrs. Jane Jerome of Laporte, and Mrs. Nancy B. Noyes of Edwardsburgh, and one brother, John P. Carr, of South Bend, five grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

She was a plain woman and very domestic, caring more for home and family than all else. If she could make her children happy, her own happiness was complete. The children for whom she toiled during their infancy, having laid her to rest, unite in saying that her memory shall remain with them and that her precepts shall guide them.

CHARLES H. KINGSBURY.—Charles H. Kingsbury died at his home in Cassopolis, April 25, 1893.

The deceased was born in Massachusetts and was the oldest child of the well known pioneer, Asa Kingsbury, deceased. He was cashier of the first National bank from the time of its organization until a year ago, and had a large personal acquaintance. He was about 63 years of age. He leaves a wife and five daughters, one daughter having preceded him to the spirit land, and a number of brothers and sisters.

JAMES KIRKWOOD.—James Kirkwood was born at Beith, Ayrshire, Scotland, April 12, 1811. He received a common school education and at the age of 17 started in life for himself as a common farm hand. On attaining his majority he left the land of his nativity and came to the United States. He lived in the town of Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y., two years and from there went to Summit county, Ohio, where he remained until his removal to Cass county, Michigan, in February, 1836, when he purchased the farm in Wayne township on which he lived until the death of his wife eight years ago, since then he has resided with his daughter in the same township. He was married in 1840 to Isabel Brown, also a native of Ayrshire. They reared seven children, only two of whom are now living, Hon. John Kirkwood, now a member of the legislature, and Mrs. Elmer Hall. He was reared a Presbyterian, and though his views were somewhat broader, clung to that faith through life. He was ready to go when the Master called, and his last words were, "It is all right, the sooner the better." He was an uncompromising, faithful democrat and had been a subscriber to the National Democrat of Cassopolis since the day of its first issue. He was one of the best type of the sturdy, honest pioneers whose courage and industry have made Cass county what it now is. He died at the residence of his daughter, April 20, 1893, in the 82d year of his age.

JOHN KIRKWOOD.—John Kirkwood, who died at his residence in Wayne township, May 14, 1893, was born and reared on the farm where he died. He was a bachelor and in the fifty-second year of his

age. In this same report will be found a sketch of his father, an honored pioneer of the county.

John Kirkwood was a modest, unassuming man, well known in his immediate vicinity, and of late years his acquaintance had been somewhat extended on account of having been several times elected supervisor of his township, and last fall being the successful candidate on the democratic and people's tickets for representative in the State legislature. He was a man of good judgment, sincere in his attachments, and of unswerving honesty.

A committee of six of his fellow members in the legislature acted as pall bearers. On the day of his funeral his chair and desk in representative hall, at Lansing, was appropriately draped, and a page from the Legislative Journal of April 19, showing that on that day he was granted an indefinite leave of absence on account of his own poor health and to attend the bedside of his dying father, was surrounded with black crape and flowers and placed on his desk. The House also took a recess from noon until 7 o'clock p. m., covering the hours of the funeral, as a mark of respect.

Mrs. George Newton.—Mrs. George Newton died at her home April 21, 1893. Esther Green was born March 25, 1819, and was married to Hon. George Newton December 14, 1837.

Mrs. David G. Rench.—Mary E. Tharp was born in Jefferson township, Cass county, Mich., October 14, 1843. She was married to David G. Rench, December 1, 1866, and died at her home in Cassopolis April 10, 1893, aged 45 years, 4 months, and 13 days. She was the mother of five children, three sons and two daughters. She was converted in 1889, and united with the Methodist church of Cassopolis and has been a faithful and devoted christian.

Jacob W. Rumsey.—Jacob W. Rumsey was born in Monroe county, N. Y., on the 1st day of May, 1826, and came to Michigan when but a boy, settling in St. Joseph county when it was but a wilderness. He afterward moved to Newberg, Cass county, where he resided until his death, May 10, 1893, aged 67 years, 1 month, and 10 days. He leaves an aged widow, who is an invalid, and three daughters to mourn his loss. He was a kind and loving husband and father, an honest and upright citizen, generous to all, and quick to respond to the wants of the many. No one asked him for assistance but was willingly accommodated if within his power. His loss will be felt by the whole community.

MRS. EUSEBIA SMITH.—Eusebia S. Earl was born in Jefferson county, state of New York, in the year 1846, and moved with her parents to Michigan in 1852. They settled in Bangor, Van Buren county, where they remained until 1867, when they removed to Cassopolis. She was married to Thomas J. Smith in October, 1869, who died several years since. She died at her home April 7, 1893. She was a christian lady of much influence, being at her death president of the church Ladies' Aid society.

JOHN TIETSORT.—John Tietsort died at his home in Cassopolis April 29, 1893. He was born in Miltonville, Butler county, Ohio, November 22, 1826, and was the oldest son of Abram Tietsort. His father moved to Niles, Mich., in April, 1828, and from there to the location where Cassopolis now stands, in the spring of 1830, being the first settler on the site of this village, where John was raised and where he resided until his death, with the exception of two years spent in California, he being one of the forty-niners carried away by the excitement of the gold discoveries of that period. At the end of two years he returned, not having accumulated any fabulous fortune, but still somewhat better in purse than when he left.

He was at the time of his death the veritable "oldest inhabitant," having lived in the first house that was erected here, and for a longer time than any other living person. From the time of his return from California until 1873 he was actively engaged in mercantile business, most of the time in partnership with Charles G. Banks, the firm name of Banks & Tietsort being a familiar one in this locality for many years. The brick store now occupied by Read & Yost was built by them, and at the time of Mr. Tietsort's death was still owned by them.

Mr. Tietsort had been married three times. His first wife, with whom he was joined November 25, 1852, was Ellen Silver Sherman, daughter of Elias B. Sherman. She died August 26, 1862. He was married to Eleanor Robinson January 26, 1864. Her death occurred October 27, 1869, and upon July 17, 1871, Mr. Tietsort married Addie Silver Robinson. He had three daughters by his first wife, Blanche Goucher, now a resident of Clay Center, Kansas; Ellen Graham, now a resident of Chicago; and Miss Florence, who resided with her father, and one son, Ralph, by his second wife, now a resident of Grand Rapids. All of whom, with his wife, survive him.

John Tietsort was a public spirited, generous man, an excellent neighbor, careful and exact in his business, with a reputation without reproach. He was an ardent lover of music and to the promotion of

musical culture and study in the community, especially in church music, he devoted a large amount of time, not professionally or for reward. He said during his last sickness that he had sung at over 300 funerals. There was no singing at his funeral, all of the singers in the vicinity who are usually called upon on such occasion declaring themselves unequal to the task.

CLINTON COUNTY.

BY RALPH WATSON.

Date of death.	Name.	Age.	Date of death.	Name.	Age.
1892.			1892.		
Jan. 7	Martin Maier	64	Feb. 10	John Bradner	90
7	George Carlton	83	12	Silas Aldrich	79
8	Simeon Ten Eyke	56	16	Lucy Hitchcock	55
9	Wm. Wakoff	86	18	Mary Ann Kelley	81
15	Thomas Hugit	87	22	Lavina Keller	71
15	Isaac Holton	71	23	Bridget Porter	83
15	Agnes Slater	67	25	Maggie Simpson	72
16	William Bancroft	83	25	Olaf Ash	50
22	David Cutler	80	Mar. 11	Moses Tabor	83
24	Sarah Norris	78	16	Mrs. Hathaway	78
25	Mahala Powers	62	18	John Patterson	88
26	Thomas Healey	64	25	Geo. Stouser	75
26	Wm. Albertson	66	31	Arabella Huston	85
28	Huelson Compton	57	April 1	Samuel Manning	71
29	Luther Cleveland	50	9	William Gardner	72
30	John Smith	84	13	William Houch	57
31	Robert Pincomb	69	14	Sarah Swagart	74
Feb. 2	Edward Enest	72	16	Matilda Seymour	67
2	John Barrington	77	May 2	James Allen	61
2	Wm. Davis	71	3	John Thomas	61
4	Julia A. Enest	52	27	O. F. Williams	64
8	Ann M. McCutcheon	83	29	Henrietta Demoss	75
9	Richard Gay	66	June 1	Selah Van Sickle	80
9	Horace Phelps	50	July 1	Thompson Stearns	65

Date of death.	Name.	Age.	Date of death.	Name.	Age.
1892.			1892.		
July 17	Elizabeth Wymer	81	Dec. 1	Ellen Newsome	50
22	Mrs. Mary Way	70	4	John Bottom	70
29	Charles Lyon	52	9	Mahalah Norris	101
31	Lizzie Landenbarger	50	21	Catherine Bray	57
Aug. 2	Sarah Emmons	58	29	Margaret J. Tripp	70
25	Ann Amelia Perdew	51	1893. Jan. 1	Janette Bentley	72
27	Porter Welter	69	10	Daniel Hawkins	55
Sept. 17	Wm. Marshall	84	12	Mrs. Lester Teachout	60
27	Lucy Wilcox	79	21	Mrs. Rachael Hand	85
27	Michael Miller	85	24	E. Shoemaker	66
Oct. 7	Riley Rhines	85	26	O. P. Gilson	71
18	Jane A. Rall	66	29	Frank Faxon	50
28	Caroline Fish	85	Mar. 31	Mrs. Savinna Ingraham	89
Nov. 12	Catherine Helms	73	April 19	Wm. Downham	58
27	Hugh Boyd	94	May 2	William Sutton	80
27	Fannie Johnson	63	12	Mary E. Sraft	50

MRS. ADELIA BARTOW.—Mrs. Adelia Bartow, widow of the late Hon. Moses Bartow, died in Portland, January 18, 1893, in the 72d year of her age. She was a pioneer in this county, having come here with her husband about 1846 and settled upon a farm in Westphalia township, where they resided until thirteen years ago. They then moved to Pewamo, residing there about a year and from thence went to Portland. Mr. Bartow died eight years ago. Mrs. Bartow was the mother of three children, only one of whom, Mrs. C. H. Triphagen, of Portland, survives her.

QUARTUS E. BRIDGEMAN.—Quartus E. Bridgeman died at his home in St. Johns, February 8, 1893.

Mr. Bridgeman was born at Belfast, Allegany county, N. Y., January 20, 1822. He came to St. Johns in 1863, and had resided here continuously since that time. For many years he conducted a gun-smith shop, and was an adept at that trade. Some twelve years ago he was compelled to give up his business on account of rheumatic troubles, and for the past ten years had been confined to his invalid chair. He had been married forty-six years, and his wife, who had faithfully cared for him during the entire period of his suffering, and he was an intense sufferer, is the sole relative surviving.

MRS. LUCY FERDON.—Mrs. Lucy Ferdon died in St. Johns, January 16, 1893, aged 58 years. Her husband, the late Lorenzo Ferdon, died in Greenbush about five years ago, after which event Mrs. Ferdon made her home in St. Johns with her only child, W. C. Ferdon. She was a pioneer in Clinton county, coming into the wilderness with her father, J. D. Bradner, when 15 years of age. Deceased leaves three sisters, Mrs. Belle Tinkham of Elwell, Mich., Mrs. Francis Wykoff of Bingham, and Mrs. Caroline Chapman of DuPlain, also one brother, J. W. Bradner of St. Johns.

GRANDMA HAUSE.—Grandma Hause, who has been a resident of St. Johns for many years, died at the home of her daughter, Mary Barnes, of Olive, March 13, 1893, aged 94 years.

NATHANIEL HUNTOON.—Nathaniel Huntoon died at his residence in Olive, April 24, 1893. The deceased was an old pioneer 85 years old, coming from the state of New York to this State some thirty-nine years ago and settled on a farm near this village. He was born in Lemington, Vermont, July 11, 1810, and was married to Phebe Lusk, in Clarendon, New York, December 19, 1835. His wife and five children survive him, four sons and one daughter, Mrs. M. D. Brown, of St. Johns; Thurman and Alvin H. Huntoon, of Eagle; Alanson, of Lansing; the youngest son remaining on the farm with his father.

ALEXANDER B. KITTLE.—Alexander B. Kittle, one of the oldest residents of Watertown township, this county, died at the home of his son, George E. Kittle, near Delta, May 13, 1893, after an illness of but one week, aged 81 years. He leaves a wife, two sons, and four daughters.

DAVIES PARKS.—Davies Parks died March 28, 1893, aged 103 years, 5 months, and 12 days. He was born October 16, 1789, in Columbia county, N. Y., during the first year of the administration of George Washington, the first president of the United States.

New York state was also the native place of his parents. His father lived to the age of 110 years and his mother to the age of 106 years, while his grandmother reached the age of 114 years.

Davies Parks was the eighth child in a family of five sons and four daughters, and as his parents were farmers during his early life, he formed habits of industry and laid the foundation of a strong and vigorous constitution.

His advantages to obtain an education were very limited, but possess-

ing a remarkable memory and being of a studious nature he acquired a good education. By occupation he was a farmer, yet he practiced law as he advanced in years.

When nineteen years of age he was married in Albany county, N. Y., to Catherine Coon.

He belonged to a company of militia in New York state, and in 1814 was called into the service in the war, where he remained until the close of the war, being a drum-major. He remembered well the battle of Sackett's Harbor in which he took an active part.

In 1833 he moved to Sandusky county, O., where he remained about two years, when he moved to the territory of Michigan and settled in the township of Novi, Oakland county. In 1853 he moved to Dallas township, Clinton county, Mich., where three years later his wife died leaving him with eleven children.

In 1858 he was married to Mrs. Dennis Holmes, who survives him at the age of 87 years.

Mr. and Mrs Davies Parks moved west, living in Iowa and Nebraska, but in 1873 they returned to Dallas township, Clinton county, since which time he has resided in the village of Fowler.

Mr. Parks was the father of twelve children, ten of whom are living; forty-two grandchildren, of whom thirty-seven are living, one hundred and one great-grandchildren, of that number eighteen are living; and twenty-two great, great-grandchildren, of whom nineteen are living.

Davies Parks was always very liberal both in his religious and in his general views. His mental faculties were almost unimpaired; his bodily health showed the effects of his age, yet in mild weather he was on the streets in his extreme age; he enjoyed the fruits of his honest and faithful toil.

Intelligent, cheerful, and contented; only waiting till the angels open wide the mystic gate there to enjoy the fruits of an honest and faithful life.

Davies Parks and Peter T. Jolly were very intimate friends, and during a conversation between each other there was an agreement decided upon to this effect that, if Peter Jolly died first then Mr. Parks was to preach the funeral sermon, and if Mr. Parks died first then Mr. Jolly was to preach the sermon. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Jolly officiated at the funeral of his esteemed friend Davies Parks.

Mrs. Eliza Patterson.—Mrs. Eliza Patterson, of Bengal township, died at her home April 21, 1893, aged 80 years. Mrs. Patterson was

born in 1813, in Ireland, of English parents, and came to this country in 1841, settling in Rochester, N. Y., residing there fifteen years, and then came to this county and took up her residence in Bengal township, where she has since resided. She had fourteen brothers and sisters, all of whom lived to maturity, and of them four brothers and two sisters still survive her, the oldest being 83. Her father and mother both lived to a good old age. She was the mother of seven children, four boys and three girls, all of whom save two boys, the oldest and youngest, are alive. Mrs. Patterson was a lady highly esteemed and had been a member of the Methodist church fifty years.

Mrs. Searl.—Mrs. Searl, who was formerly known as Mrs. J. R. Tremblee, died at Bath, March 6, 1893, aged 82 years. She was born in Herkimer county, N. Y., in 1829, came to Michigan in 1838, and settled in Bath, near Pine Lake, on what is known as the Wesnar farm in 1846. Mr. Tremblee died in 1861, and she remarried in 1877. Her last husband survives her. She has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Sage, for some time. She was a firm believer in health reform and in religion was an Advent.

Mrs. Nancy A. Simmons.—Mrs. Nancy A. Simmons died at the residence of Thomas Krass, in North Lansing, March 14, 1893, aged 67 years. She was mother of Dr. R. Simmons, of DeWitt. The subject of our sketch was born in Clarkston township, Monroe county, N. Y., in 1826. She came to Salem, Michigan, and at the age of nineteen was married to John Simmons, March 18, 1845. In 1851 they came to Olive and purchased fifty acres now owned by E. H. Bedell. In 1854 they moved to Branch county, Michigan. In 1865 moved to Salem again, and in 1878 they came to Olive, purchased seventy acres of land, erected a comfortable home on the same and thought to settle down and spend their remaining days there in peace. But owing to the failing health of Mr. Simmons they moved to Colorado, where only temporary relief being secured they returned and in 1882 bought and settled in DeWitt. She was the mother of three children, only one of whom survives.

Mrs. Peter Ulrich.—Mrs. Peter Ulrich died at her home in Dallas township, January 29, 1893.

The deceased was born in Germany and came to this country with her parents when she was about ten years old. She was next to the youngest of six children, four girls and two boys, and had she lived until August would have arrived at the age of 58. She was married

in Westphalia township, when at the age of twenty, to her present greatly bereaved husband, Peter Ulrich, to whom thirteen children have been born, seven girls and six boys, eleven of whom survive their mother, the other two having died in infancy. Nine of the children reside in Dallas township; one daughter in Scranton, Pa., and one son in Baltimore, Md.

The deceased was an earnest and consistent christian, honored, loved and respected by all who knew her.

ROBERT YOUNG.—Robert Young died at his home in DuPlain township, February 1, 1893, aged 55 years.

Mr. Young came from Indiana to this county before the late civil war, and just as he was entering his manhood career.

Entering the union army in Company I, of the 27th Michigan Infantry in December, 1863, he went to the front, and at the memorable battle of the wilderness, in May, 1864, earned an empty sleeve.

On being discharged in October, 1864, he returned to the farm, and was known as the young man who could chop as much wood and do as much work with one arm as the ordinary man could do with two.

Twenty years ago, after having served the citizens of Olive township as supervisor one or more terms, he was elected register of deeds of this county, and at the expiration of his term of office he originated and managed a bank at Mt. Pleasant, this State, from which the First National bank of that place has since been organized.

Returning to St. Johns he was engaged with J. S. Osgood in the produce business, and with the firm of Osgood & Young, opened the era of conscientious prices for grain, which has resulted greatly to the advantage of our village and the surrounding country.

Retiring from this firm, he has given the last years of his life to the construction of buildings and farming.

In addition to several residences and other building, in company with Mr. Edward Brown, he erected three stores upon Clinton avenue, and has been greatly interested in farming, and was, at the time of his decease, carrying on about two hundred acres of land.

He has held the positions of superintendent of the county poor, commissioner of the soldiers' relief fund, president and treasurer of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance company of Clinton and Gratiot counties, and other offices of trust.

He did not ally himself with the membership of any society, but he was eminently a citizen possessing broad and equitable views, and embraced in his great heart every enterprise that looked to the improvement of his fellow men.

EATON COUNTY.

BY W. B. WILLIAMS.

[Furnished by Esek Pray, supplemented by W. B. Williams.]

DANIEL B. BOWEN.—Daniel B. Bowen, of the township of Kalamo, died July 2, 1892, aged 81 years. He claimed to have been the first settler in the township; settled on the farm where he died in the year 1836.

MRS. PHEBE CLARK.—Mrs. Phebe Clark, widow of John E. Clark, settled on their farm in Eaton Rapids township in the year 1837, and died July 10, 1892, aged 80 years.

JOHN S. MONTGOMERY.—Captain John Scoot Montgomery, of Hamlin, died July 27, 1892, aged 55 years—born in the township; son of the pioneer, Captain John Montgomery.

MRS. CHAUNCEY FREEMAN.—Mrs. Chauncey Freeman, whose maiden name was Ruth Ann Babcock, was born in Royalton, Niagara Co., N. Y., April 27, 1818. She was united in marriage to Chauncey Freeman, Sept. 17, 1839, and died September 17, 1892, on their 53d anniversary. Settled on their farm in Eaton township in 1842.

MRS. SALLY DE GRAFF.—Mrs. Sally De Graff, of the city of Charlotte, was born March 3, 1806, in Ira, Cayuga county, N. Y. December 16, 1832, she married Emanuel De Graff, and in 1842 moved to Calhoun and a few years later to Eaton county. She died October 25, 1892, aged 86 years, mourned by a large number of relatives and prominent citizens of the county.

MRS. SAMANTHA BAKER.—Mrs. Samantha Baker, of Charlotte, died October 19, 1892, aged 91 years. She was born in Herkimer county, N. Y., and was an early pioneer of the county.

DAVID KIMBALL.—David Kimball of Sunfield, died November 26, 1892, aged 88 years; a pioneer of 1853.

JOSIAH BOYER.—Josiah Boyer, of Roxand, died December 19, 1892, a resident of the township for 53 years.

JOHN A. RICH.—John A. Rich, of Chester, died at the old home December 25, 1892, aged nearly 93 years. He settled in Chester in 1838.

LORENZO FOSTER.—Lorenzo Foster, of Carmel, died January 8, 1893, aged 71 years; a resident of the township for fifty years.

JAMES M. PETERS.—James M. Peters, of Brookfield, a prominent pioneer, died January 9, 1893, aged 62 years.

MRS. LEANDER KENT.—Mrs. Leander Kent, of Kalamo, died January 20, 1893, aged 72 years. Mr. and Mrs. Kent were prominent pioneers of the township fifty years ago.

DAVID SCOTT.—David Scott, of Vermontville, died March 6, 1893, aged 85 years. Deceased was born November 9, 1807, at Alburgh, Vt., and moved his family to Eaton county in 1850.

PETER WILLIAMS.—Peter Williams of Brookfield died April 24, 1893, aged 79 years; an early pioneer of the township.

ROBERT NIXON.—Robert Nixon, of Oneida, died April 26, 1893, aged 76 years. A pioneer of 1836, and always has been a prominent citizen of the county. He was born in Otsego county, N. Y., May 25, 1817.

MRS. MARTIN BEEKMAN.—Mrs. Mary V. Beekman, of Chester, died April 29, 1893, aged 89 years Mrs. Beekman was born in New Jersey, May 2, 1804; married to Mr. Martin Beekman in the spring of 1840, and came to their home where she has since resided.

DR. JAMES HYDE.—Dr. James Hyde, of the city of Eaton Rapids, died January 26, 1893, aged 60 years. He came to Eaton Rapids with his parents when nine years old, and was born in Willsonburg, N. H., April 8, 1833.

MRS. HOMER G. BARBER.—Lucy Dwight Barber, wife of Homer G. Barber, of Vermontville, died May 1, 1893. A resident of the county since her youth.

MRS. JANE LAMB.—Jane Ball, born August 4, 1808, in Ovid, N. Y. In 1825 married Charles Johnson, who died a few years later, leaving a son who grew to manhood and died of consumption December 15, 1833. She married Richard Lamb, in Clyde, N. Y. They moved to Michigan in 1835 and settled in Linden, Genesee county, where he built the first log house in the village. By him she had one son and five daughters. On December 15, 1870, they moved to Charlotte, where her husband died April 29, 1886. She died in Charlotte May 25, 1893, leaving three

daughters, Mrs. Stone, of Fenton, Mrs. Klock, of Charlotte, and Mrs. Arthur, of Dowagiac.

STEPHEN DAVIS.—Stephen Davis was born in Pittstown, Rensselaer county, N. Y., April 3, 1799. When 15 years of age he moved to Pompey, Onondaga county, N. Y., June 4, 1823, he was married at Delphi in the same county to Maria Andrews. In 1836 they moved to Goguac Prairie, in Calhoun county, Mich., and in March, 1838, to Charlotte; later he bought some wild land in Benton and cleared up a farm there. Mrs. Davis died February 28, 1857, and for the last 28 years he has made his home with his son-in-law, Nathan Johnson, in Charlotte, where he died May 30, 1893, aged 94 years.

STEPHEN TUTTLE.—Stephen Tuttle was born near Dundas in Canada, November 26, 1807; he was left an orphan at five years of age; lived with a Mr. Fromon until 21 years of age; a year later he married Clarinda Parker, of Batavia, N. Y., where he soon removed; while there five daughters and four sons were born. In the fall of 1851 they removed to Eaton county, Mich., and settled on a farm two miles northeast of Charlotte. Mrs. Tuttle died in 1868; his second wife was Mrs. Conkrite, of Danby, who lived only two years. He then married Mrs. Eliza Ray, who still survives him. He was a member of the M. E. church until 1845, when he left them and joined the First Day Advent church. There being no church of that order in Charlotte, he again united with the M. E. church, of which he was a member at the time of his death, June 3, 1893. Eight of his children are still living: Wm. M. Tuttle, Batavia, N. Y.; Mrs. John Pixley, of Grand Rapids; John W., of Battle Creek; A. Clark Z., of Dimondale; Mrs. Philo Collins, of Grand Rapids; Mrs. Julia Daniels, of California; and Roby Strong, of Kalamazoo; Stephen N. Tuttle. All the above but Julia Daniels and Wm. M. were present at the funeral.

GENESEE COUNTY.

BY JOSIAH W. BEGOLE.

MRS. HARRISON G. CONGER.—Deniza, wife of Harrison G. Conger, died May 23, 1893, at her home on section 2 in Burton, of heart disease, after an illness of a year and a half's duration. Deceased, who was widely known and highly respected, was born in Kentucky

seventy-five years ago and was a daughter of Stephen J. and Betsey Seeley. She came to this county with her parents at the age of sixteen years, and fifty-three years ago was united in marriage to Mr. Conger. They took up their residence on a new farm in Davison and lived thereon for some years. Forty-three years ago they removed to Burton. Deceased was one of the pioneers of the county and was for many years a member of the M. E. church. Besides her husband she leaves three children and three brothers. The children are Mark D., of Burton; Mrs. L. G. Herrington, of Otisville; and Mrs. Holden Phillips, of Richfield. The brothers are M. D. Seeley, of Ludington; Judson, of Burton; and Norris, of Otisville. About three years ago Mr. and Mrs. Conger celebrated their golden wedding.

John Darling.—John Darling died at his home in Gaines, March 3, 1893, aged 89 years.

He was born in Onondaga county, N. Y., and came to Michigan forty years ago, removing later on to Gaines. He leaves five children.

Mr. Eggleston.—Mr. Eggleston died at his home in July, 1892.

Mr. Eggleston was born September 14, 1810, in Champlain county, N. Y. His boyhood days were spent in labor on the farm, and he had the educational advantages of the common schools of that time. January 10, 1836, he married, in Orleans county, Malinda Beecher, who survives him. In 1837, they settled in the woods near the Half-way House in Flint, remaining there two years. He then bought a farm on section seventeen, not far from the farm on which he died. He and his family had to be ferried across the river by the Indians to go to the new home. When they located in their little cabin their nearest neighbors were in what is now Flint city, one or two families at Flushing, and one or two at Swartz Creek. There were literally no roads, but he had to go to mill at Birmingham in Oakland county—a journey that required as much time as it would now to go to St. Paul and back. He and his faithful wife wrought out their destiny in the wilderness, and did their full share of pioneer work, and bore their full share of the hardships and privations of the time. They cleared up the forest, reared their children, gave them an education, instructed them in the principles of integrity and duty, so that when the sons grew up they became good citizens and the daughters good housekeepers. In time they changed the wilderness into a farm of broad acres, with a large and elegant house, ample barns, good orchards, and surrounded themselves with the comforts of life. When Mr. Eggleston died he had done his part of

the world's work and was gathered to his fathers like well ripened fruit. Mr. Eggleston had no church affiliations, but was a liberal supporter of religious institutions, and his example and voice were on the side of justice and morality.

Besides his wife the following children survive him: Lyman, Chauncey J., and Jasper; Mrs. J. H. Carey and Mrs. Robert Noble of Flint township, Mrs. Robert Knight of Maple Grove, Mrs. Wm. Goods of Flint, and Mrs. Charles Packard of Saginaw. The latter spent thirteen weeks in caring for her father, showing a filial devotion rarely excelled. Mr. Eggleston was buried in the Cronk cemetery beside his parents and two children who died in infancy. A good man has passed away but the memory of an upright and useful life survives him.

Dr. Isaac N. Eldridge.—Dr. Isaac N. Eldridge died at his home in Flint, January 18, 1893, of heart failure.

At the time of his death, Dr. Eldridge was the pioneer physician of Flint. He was born at Bergen, N. Y., August 5, 1818. When quite a young man he came to Michigan and settled at Ann Arbor, from which place he came to Flint about forty years ago and has since been a successful practicing physician here. Dr. Eldridge was a man of eminence in his profession. His success and skill as a practitioner won for him a wide reputation. To his efforts, probably more than any other one influence, was due the establishment of the School of Homeopathy as a branch of the Michigan State University, and for years he was connected with the school as a member of the board of examiners or in some other capacity. He was a man of character and education. He was a close student and although an old man, with a large practice to look after, kept thoroughly abreast of the times in all advancement made in his profession up to the present day. He was a manly man who had the courage of his convictions. It was his nature to be frank and honest, and in conversation he often expressed himself so frankly that it sometimes gave him the appearance of being inconsiderate of others' feelings; but such was never the case; few people possess a more sympathetic or sensative nature or delicacy of feeling than Dr. Eldridge did, and no man was ever more unwavering in his loyalty to a friend or a principle he believed in than was he.

He never sought office, but has at different times been called to positions of public trust, and always filled the place with credit to himself and satisfaction to the public.

He enjoyed the respect of the community, and the faith reposed in

him by most of his patients was something remarkable. He was a member of the Court street Methodist church since 1851.

Besides a widow he leaves four sons and two daughters, viz.: Dr. C. S. Eldridge of Chicago, John H., Monty, Fred A., and Mrs. F. H. Humphery of Flint, and Mrs. Woodbury of Detroit.

The physicians of Flint held a meeting and passed resolutions of an appropriate character.

Daniel Frost.—Daniel Frost of Flint township died February 13, 1893, of heart failure. He was about seventy years old, and was an old settler in this county. For a great many years he owned and lived upon a farm now owned by George Caldwell, on the Flushing road. From there he came to the city to live, but later bought and moved onto the "Wood" farm in Flint township where he died. He was a straightforward, upright man, who enjoyed the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He leaves a widow and five children, viz.; A. C. Frost of Flint, Arthur and Burt Frost of Flint township, Mrs. Reed Howland of Mundy, and a daughter who lives at home.

Mrs. Geo. J. W. Hill.—Mrs. Geo. J. W. Hill died at her home in the town of Flint May 28, 1893, of heart failure, aged sixty-five years. The deceased was born at Bath, New York, but had lived in Genesee county for nearly fifty years. She was well known and highly esteemed and respected in this community, where she and her husband resided so long. She was a lady of literary taste and culture, and was one of the charter members of the late Ladies' Library Association of Flint, and its last treasurer. The children who survive her are Frank B. of Denver, Arthur G. of Escanaba, Flora of Ann Arbor, and Harry, Sarah, Helen and Alice who are at home. The present address of Fred, who is in the west, is not known.

Adam C. Kline.—Adam C. Kline died in Grand Blanc September 18, 1892, after a long illness.

Deceased was born May 31, 1812, in the Mohawk Valley, town of Amsterdam, Montgomery county, N. Y. He came to Flint, Michigan, late in 1835, engaged in blacksmithing in 1836 in company with the late Daniel S. Freeman. For many years he engaged in farming in Grand Blanc. Besides a widow he leaves seven sons and two daughters, Samuel and Mrs. Darwin Forsyth of Flint, Daniel F., Richard, John, Levi, and Miss Carrie, of Grand Blanc; Charles of Shiawassee county; and Andrew of Nebraska. Also three brothers and one sister, Mrs.

Bradley, of Eldorado, Kansas; James, of Kingston, Minnesota; Joseph and George, of Flint.

JOSEPH KLINE.—Joseph Kline, a brother of Adam C. Kline, died at his home in Flint, on November 10, 1892, quite unexpectedly, having been upon the street only a few hours before dissolution took place. The deceased was born at Amsterdam, N. Y., August 20, 1823. He came to Michigan in 1836, and located at Grand Blanc, but soon afterwards came to Flint and settled. He had resided where he died for thirty-seven years. He was a man of quiet, unassuming character, and took little active part in public affairs, but was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was an honorable, upright, christian man. He joined the Court street M. E. church in 1847, and was a charter member of the Garland street M. E. church.

His family consists of a wife, one son, Louis T., of Alpena, and one daughter, Mrs. D. M. Eddy, of Flint, all of whom survive him.

JUDGE WARNER LAKE.—Judge Warner Lake died at his home in Flint, June 13, 1892, aged 82 years.

Judge Lake was born at Mt. Morris, N. Y., October 4, 1809. April 4, 1833, he married Elizabeth Butler, at Mt. Morris, by whom he had three children, Martin and Mrs. Chauncey Wisner, of Saginaw, born in Mt. Morris, and Charles, now of Coldwater, born in Genesee, north of Flint, on the farm now owned by O. D. Wager. The family came to Michigan in 1837. He settled in the village of Flint and built the Exchange hotel opposite the present court house, the second hotel in Flint. A number of years he carried on this hotel and ran a line of stages to Pontiac. Later, for a short time, he lived on a farm north of the city above named. In 1842 he removed to Hartland, Livingston county, and engaged in farming, returning to Flint in 1850. In 1852 he was elected judge of probate, which office he held eight years. In 1859 he was appointed trustee of the Kalamazoo asylum.

Soon after the war broke out he was made provost marshal of this congressional district with headquarters here. Soon after the close of the war he was appointed deputy assessor of internal revenue, which office he held for a number of years. Since retiring from that office he has been prominent in the insurance business, being a member of the local board of underwriters.

His wife died June 17, 1882. She was a woman of strong religious convictions, a member of the Baptist church, and a vigorous temperance worker.

Judge Lake was a man of warm heart and generous impulses, a

good citizen, loyal to the core, and in his prime was a man of much influence in the community. His death even at this advanced age will be sincerely mourned by scores of men who have known the genial kindness of his heart.

Besides the three children named, he leaves one brother in Mt. Morris, N. Y., also several grandchildren.

Judge Lake was not a member of any church, but was treasurer of the Baptist church in Flint many years, and he illustrated in his daily life the precepts of a correct christian morality.

Mrs. Hannah M. Hopkins.—Mrs. Hannah Miles Hopkins who was prostrated by a stroke of apoplexy Monday morning, passed peacefully away Saturday afternoon, June 18, 1892, at the residence of Frank E. Willett, where she had been making her home much of the time during the past few years. The deceased, whose maiden name was Miles, was born in Homer, Cortland county, N. Y., May 20, 1821. In June, 1839, she came to Flint, and on January 14, 1847, she was united in marriage to Henry Hopkins, who died in September, 1853. On April 18, 1864, she was married to Geo. S. Hopkins, and four years later she was again left a widow. Since that time she had occupied positions of trust in different households, and in an humble way she showed herself to be a true christian and by example taught many lessons of patience and self-denial. She was greatly esteemed by all who knew her and her death has caused sincere regret among a large circle of friends and acquaintances who had learned to respect and admire her for her many sterling qualities of character. She leaves to mourn her loss one son, Nelson, of Flint, and one granddaughter, Alice L. Hopkins, who is a member of the family of Wm. A. Miller.

Iretus Perry.—Iretus Perry died February 3, 1893, at his residence in Flint. Deceased was born in Grand Blanc in 1837, and was a son of the late George Perry. He was raised on a farm and on reaching manhood's estate was united in marriage to Miss Emma Adams, who with one child, Mrs. Elmer Halsey, survives him. After his marriage the deceased moved to Fenton and later to Byron, where he was engaged in the drug business for some time. He then moved back to Fenton and later to Flint township, subsequently removing to Union City and engaging in the hardware business. Six years ago he took up his residence in Flint.

Mr. Perry was highly respected by all who knew him, and besides his wife and child he leaves several brothers and sisters, among them

Ray of Grand Blanc, Robert and Oliver of Fenton. One of the sisters, Mrs. Frary, lives in Fenton, and the other two in California.

SEYMOUR PERRY.—Seymour Perry died February 6, 1893, of heart failure.

Deceased was born in Monroe county, N. Y., March 13, 1818. In 1826 he came to Michigan and settled with his parents in Grand Blanc township where he has lived continuously for 67 years. He leaves a wife and six children: Lee, Joshua K., Mrs. Henry Mason, Mrs. Geo. R. Mason, Ella, and Mrs. Frank Swift. Mr. Perry was one of the prominent farmers of his township and an ardent, life long republican. His work has been well done and his name, honored and revered, will live long in the memory of his fellows.

E. W. RISING.—E. W. Rising, founder of the village of Davison, died April 30, 1893, at his residence in that village from the effects of a stroke of paralysis received two weeks ago. His death has caused a gloom in Davison, in the upbuilding of which village he had been so greatly interested, and his death is a severe blow to the promising little town. Mr. Rising during his lifetime did more than any other person toward the upbuilding of Davison, erecting the Davison hotel, a brick block with four stores, Rising's hall and the New Era roller mills. At the time of his death he was engaged in the erection of two brick stores, the material for which was on hand, and the foundation had been completed for two other brick stores.

E. W. Rising was born in Franklin county, N. Y., on October 8, 1822, and was a son of Sylvester and Sally Rising. At the age of nine years he removed with the family to Niagara county in the same state, where he grew to manhood, and was united in marriage to Mary Ann Drake. In 1848 he came to Richfield, this county, with his wife and settled on a farm of 80 acres, which he added to and brought to such a state of perfection that for some years he was awarded the premium offered by the State agricultural society for the best farm in Michigan. He always took a great interest in the society and all things connected with agriculture, and was for many years a member of the executive board of the State agricultural society and was chairman of the Agricultural College board at the time the buildings were erected. Mr. Rising was also president of the Genesee county agricultural society for some years, and a short time before his death received an appointment as delegate to the agricultural congress at the World's Fair at Chicago the following October. He also served as postmaster at Davison under President Cleveland.

In 1872 he sold his farm in Richfield and moved to the present site of Davison and purchased a farm of 240 acres. With McQuigg & Hyatt he platted the village of Davison and a few years later purchased their interest. All his endeavors were concentrated toward the welfare and upbuilding of the village, which will prove an enduring monument to his industry and perseverance. The sites of the M. E. and Baptist churches at Davison were given by Mr. Rising to these church societies. He was a man highly respected by all who knew him, and his death is sincerely regretted.

Besides his wife he is survived by his father, who is now in his ninety-third year, his brother Henry C. of Davison, and three sisters all of Richfield. They are Mrs. Oscar Clemens, Mrs. John Moore, and Mrs. James Root. Mr. Rising was a member of Davison Lodge, 236, F. & A. M., and the interment was made with Masonic ceremonies.

Daniel H. Seeley.—Daniel H. Seeley, perhaps the oldest living pioneer of Genesee county, died at his home in Genesee township, June 28, 1892, at the age of 87 years. He was born in Bridgeport, Conn., April 13, 1805, and came to Flint in 1836 when there were only ten families and seven buildings here. Indians, however, were plentiful, and it was no unusual sight to see as many as four hundred braves with their families pass the home of this old settler. He was married in Brockport, N. Y., September 2, 1827, to Miss Julia A. Taylor. As above stated he came to Flint, bringing his young wife with him in the spring of 1836, building the eighth house erected in the city. He also built a tailor shop and store, the latter being the second business place erected in the city. The first court here was held in his shop and the first meeting of the board of supervisors took place in the same place. In 1843 Mr. Seeley moved on his farm in Genesee township where he has since lived. He was obliged to cut a road to the log shanty he found on the place before lumber could be hauled to it. Constant protection was required against the inroads of wild animals, of which there were plenty.

In more respects than one the late Daniel H. Seeley of Genesee, was a remarkable man. One of his chief characteristics was the love he bore his children and grandchildren. Although himself deprived of that advantage, he gave his children a college education, and has educated or was educating at the time of his death, each and every one of his grandchildren. Mr. Seeley possessed in a remarkable degree that virtue esteemed the greatest by the Great Teacher of Judea, and possessed in its true sense by so few—the virtue of

charity. No man was ever heard to utter one word of reproach against this honest old pioneer, and more remarkable still, no man ever heard him utter aught but good of his fellows. In his death the county has lost one of its most valued citizens, and his children one who was more to them than father.

Mr. Seeley was a prominent member of the Congregational church, and was a man of excellent character and much influence in the community. He was a successful farmer and stockbreeder. His farm was a model of good cultivation, neatness, and good order, and his home was elegant and even luxurious. He illustrated in his deportment and way of living how entirely possible it is for a farmer to be a gentleman, if it is in him to be a gentleman. He was courteous and polite in his manners, correct in his speech, affable but dignified in his intercourse with men, neat in his dress and personal appearance—a thing which is not necessarily beyond the attainment of any reasonably prosperous farmer. His aged wife survives him. Three sons and one daughter are also living. They are Hon. Marvin L. Seeley, who resides on the home farm, Dr. Frank T. Seeley of Iowa, and Theron V. Seeley of Mt. Morris village. The daughter is Mrs. F. A. Burroughs also of Mt. Morris. Another daughter was Mrs. A. R. Bray, now deceased, mother of Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Everett L. Bray.

Mr. Abel Seelye.—Mr. Abel Seelye, of Davison, died at his home in that township on Nov. 7, 1892, aged 74 years. The deceased was one of the fast disappearing pioneers of the county and was among the first settlers of Davison township. He enjoyed the esteem and good will of a very large circle of acquaintances, and with his, ends a busy and useful life.

Dr. A. A. Thompson.—Dr. A. A. Thompson, one of Flint's most respected citizens and foremost physicians died at his home August 23, 1892. Dr. Thompson was born at Richmond, Vermont, sixty-three years ago. He was a graduate of Oberlin college and of the Michigan State University. He was a successful physician and business man, and was prominent in social circles as well. He was surgeon of the Twelfth Michigan Infantry during the war. He was professor of anatomy in Olivet College, and represented the United States as her consul at Goderich, Canada, for some time, besides filling other places of public trust; he was a man of brains and high intellect. His manner was mild and pleasing; he was the soul of honor and was always an ideal gentleman under any circumstances. He stood high in his

profession, and the news of his death was met everywhere with expression of sincere regret.

GEORGE S. WOODHULL.—George S. Woodhull, a wealthy pioneer of Fenton township residing near Long Lake and the owner of Woodhull's landing at that place, died June 7, 1891, after a brief illness. Deceased was about 70 years of age and located in Fenton in 1843. He held various town offices in Fenton and for a number of years was president of the Genesee Union Pioneer Society. Deceased leaves four children, one son and three daughters, and ten grandchildren.

IRA D. WRIGHT.—Ira D. Wright died at his home on the Miller road, just outside the western city limits of Flint, May 7, 1893. He was one of the oldest pioneers of Genesee county and one of the founders of the city. The death of Mr. Wright marks the close of a long and eventful life. He was born in Washington township, Cheshire county, N. H., August 3, 1808. In 1814 he removed with his parents to Bethany, Genesee county, N. Y., where he was reared to manhood. In 1834 the subject of this sketch, together with Robert F. Stage and A. C. Stevens, came to Flint, then a small village, and purchased in Genesee county some three thousand acres of land, including a tract of two hundred acres which embraced what is now a portion of the city of Flint lying between Court street and the river, and east of Saginaw street. This land was then in a wild state. They at once set a force of men clearing this land and returned to New York. The next spring they returned and much of this land was then planted.

In October, 1835, they opened the first general store in the county at Grand Blanc. The goods were moved to Flint, where a suitable building had been erected, in June, 1836. In the second story of this building the pioneers, without regard to sect or creed met for worship. The deceased in company with Mr. Stage, also had the honor of erecting the first building for school purposes in this city. This was a board shanty twelve by sixteen feet, erected in 1836 on the east side of Saginaw street. Miss Philanda Overton was employed as teacher, and education was furnished free to the hardy children of the pioneers of Flint. The deceased and his partner, Mr. Stage, also built the first dam and first saw mill in the city. After running this mill for seven years, Mr. Wright engaged in the business of landlooking. He held the office of deputy United States timber agent for three years and during that time entered 50,000 acres of pine lands for one firm.

Mr. Wright settled on the farm where he has since lived and where he died, on section 9, Smith's reservation, Flint township, 1853. March

22, 1842, he was married to Miss Marietta Ingersoll, daughter of one of the pioneers of Oakland county, who died October 27, 1891. Mr. Wright at the time of her death told his children he would not long survive her. He leaves two children, Etta and Melvin W.

As highway commissioner Mr. Wright laid out the first road in Flint township and Genesee county. He has also held the office of deputy United States Marshal. In politics Mr. Wright was a democrat and cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson. There were only four families of white people in this city when he came. He was a member of the State pioneer association. Mr. Wright has always been a generous contributor to churches, benevolences and educational institutions. His hospitality was proverbial.

Detroit, May 9, 1893.

FRIEND RANKIN—A letter from a Flint friend today, advises me of the death of another old citizen—a veritable pioneer—Mr. Ira D. Wright.

One of the first men pointed out to me after my arrival in Flint thirty-five years ago, was "Ira Wright;" and the name was not unfamiliar to me. I had heard of Ira Wright long before I saw him, or had heard of such a place as Flint.

Like myself, but more than twenty years before me, he had come to Michigan from the same village in western New York; and it was from his former companion, Mr. John H. Stanley, in whose store I was for a time a youthful clerk, that I heard of the genial, fun-loving young fellow, who had determined to seek his fortune in the wilds of Michigan. This early friend of Mr. Wright had many amusing tales to tell of youthful escapades, wherein the jolly Ira was foremost and funny, amongst the young bucks of the village.

Mr. Wright enjoyed often to stop on the street, and ask concerning the men whom he left behind as young fellows, a half century before.

The familiar figure of this amiable old gentleman will be missed on the streets he had trodden so long; while words of kindness and respectful regard will always accompany a mention of the name of Ira D. Wright.

M. S. ELMORE.

HILLSDALE COUNTY.

BY WM. DRAKE.

ARTHUR H. CRANE.—Hon. Arthur H. Crane died June 4, 1892, of paralysis, aged 78 years. He was well known as a representative farmer in both Hillsdale and Lenawee, having served on the boards of supervisors of both counties. He was a member of the legislature from '69

to '72, and was esteemed as a gentleman of sterling character and strong intellect. He was married three times, a wife and children surviving him.

ISAAC ORCUTT.—Died in Warren, Idaho county, Idaho, Saturday, February 4, 1893, Isaac Orcutt, a native of New York, aged 68 years. Mr. Orcutt was one of the pioneers of Florence and Warren basins, and a better man never trod the footstool. Until within the last eighteen months he was possessed of extraordinary strength and physical endurance, but he finally was prostrated with dyspepsia and the end was expected for some time. The entire population turned out next day to pay the last sad rites over the remains of one who was the embodiment of all the virtues which belong to the fast departing race of pioneer heroes. No death has occurred in Warren within our recollection which excited such feelings of genuine grief.—*Idaho Free Press.*

We are indebted to N. W. Thompson of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, for the following interesting history in connection with the life of the deceased:

"Isaac Orcutt was a pioneer to Hillsdale county. His father, Amba Orcutt, moved into Florida (now Jefferson) in September, 1836, and his daughter (now Mrs. Phebe Jones, residing at 5221 South Halsted street, Chicago), was born in October, 1836, being the first white child born in the town of Florida, which at that time comprised the present townships of Jefferson, Ransom and east one-half of Amboy. Ike was the oldest of nine children, the youngest born in 1850. One child died in infancy in 1848. Since that time there have been no deaths of the children until Ike's death broke the circle.

"Ike went to California in 1852, in company with four of his uncles, Fred, George, Henry and Cornelius Duryee. He went to British Columbia in 1861, then to Florence, Idaho, in 1862 or '63, and since then has resided in the Salmon River mountains. He told me in 1888 that he had not seen a railroad train in 22 years, and had not lived in that time where you could get to him with a wagon only by mountain trails."

GEORGE ANSON SMITH.—Hon. Geo. A. Smith, of Somerset, died at his home in that village January 29, 1893.

He was born in Danbury, Conn., March 8, 1825, and was nearly 68 years of age.

Deceased was an honored citizen of Somerset and Hillsdale county, where he resided from the age of 14 years, leaving an honorable record

and respected family. Mr. Smith has long occupied a prominent place in public matters in the county and state. He was elected to the lower house of the legislature in 1863, and served two terms afterward as senator from the district composed of Hillsdale and Branch counties. He was also president of the county agricultural society, and served twenty years as postmaster in his own place. Public spirited and progressive, combining the qualities of the successful farmer and business man, he will be missed in his own home and in public life.

Mr. Smith leaves a wife, five sons, and three daughters: Fred S., farmer and stock dealer, farm adjoining homestead; Azariel, miller and banker, Addison, Mich.; Rev. Geo. Le Grande, Chicago; Stewart K., civil engineer, Seattle, Wash.; Frank R., at home in charge of homestead; Mrs. A. T. Daniels, Topeka, Kan.; Mary A., and Catherine B., at home.

Horace Turner.—Horace Turner died on September 6, 1892. He had lived in South Adams 43 years. Mr. Turner was born at Otisca, Madison county, New York, July 5, 1807; was married in 1829 to Deborah Terril, and moved to Michigan, living at Palmyra for a time. In 1849 he moved upon the farm four miles east of Hillsdale, then an almost unbroken wilderness. Here they endured all the hardships of a pioneer life. Six children were given them, four of whom are living, three daughters and one son, who with the aged companion, now 87 years old, are left to mourn. For 63 years they walked the rugged path of life side by side, rejoicing in the sunshine and sorrowing in the shade. He was a faithful, consistent, hard working, untiring christian and an honest man. His family, neighbors, and all who knew him best will unite in saying he has not knowingly taken one penny that belonged to others. In politics he was a staunch republican. Strictly a temperance man, he believed in the equality of man and that religious duties consisted in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make his fellow beings happy.

Hon. Robert Worden.—The remains of Robert Worden were brought to Hudson and buried in the Goodrich cemetery, in Pittsford township, where he first settled fifty-nine years ago, and where he resided until a few years ago. He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Post, in Owosso, May 2, 1893. Mr. Worden was elected treasurer of Hillsdale county in 1843, which office he held two terms. In 1852 he was elected to the legislature from the first representative district of this county.

The following is from the Hudson Post of May 6, 1893:

Mr. Worden was one of the pioneers of this vicinity, and but few of his comrades of early days remain on earth. He came to Michigan in 1834 and purchased a tract of government land, the old farm which he sold to Dr. Billings a few years ago, and which is located one mile north and one mile west of Hudson.

Robert Worden was honored in years gone by, having been elected to the legislature, and also to the office of county treasurer, and other positions of trust. In politics a radical democrat, he was always ready to advocate his belief, and in times of campaign was counted on as an active and effective political worker.

Mr. Wordon was very widely known and had many friends who remembered him as he was in days gone by. He was a true friend and bitter enemy. His memory will be kindly treasured, for he was one of the rugged pioneers whose life work was the clearing away of the forests and making productive a country which is the pride of the present generation.

INGHAM COUNTY.

BY C. B. STEBBINS.

1892.

June 15.—In Lansing, Henry S. Sleeper, aged 51 years. He was county clerk in Kalamazoo seven years, and deputy commissioner of the State land office twelve years.

June 17.—In Williamston, George Burchard, Sr., aged 70 years.

July 5.—In Lansing, A. M. Cheney, aged 55 years. He came to Michigan 38 years ago.

July 16.—Mrs. Kate E. Burr, one of the early settlers of Lansing, aged 73 years.

July 28.—In Lansing, Mrs. Mary A. Nash, aged 75 years. She had resided in Lansing 38 years.

July 28.—In Lansing, Francis R. West, aged 76 years. He helped survey the town of Lansing. In the latter part of his life he was totally blind.

August 10.—In Meridian, Charles W. Smith, aged 62 years. He had resided in Michigan 45 years and in Meridian 39 years.

August 19.—Russell Blair, 33 years a resident of Lansing, died at Hastings, aged 87 years. He was buried at Lansing.

September 10.—Mrs. Thomas Shipp, a resident of Lansing since 1856, aged 64 years.

September 15.—Nathan Welden, aged 72 years. He was a resident of Lansing from its organization.

September 18.—In Lansing, George W. Bliss, aged 54 years. He was born in Washtenaw county and came to Lansing in 1874.

October 9.—Mrs. A. Houghton, of Lansing, aged 87 years.

October 10.—Thomas Meagher died while sitting at the breakfast table, aged 62 years. He was a Canadian by birth and had resided in Lansing 27 years.

October 29.—Fred Bauerly, aged 59 years. He was of German birth, and had resided in Lansing 35 years.

October 31.—L. A. Torrance, aged 72 years. He had lived many years on his farm just outside of the city of Lansing.

November 7.—Dr. Theophilus C. Abbot, LL. D., twenty-three years president of the Agricultural College, aged 76 years. His biography will appear at large on another page.

November 14.—Mrs. Sally A. Williams, aged 68 years. She resided in Lansing since 1844.

November 15.—Charles Westcott, aged 72 years. He came to Lansing in 1848, coming from Warren, Ohio.

November 20.—Mrs. Mary Loftus, aged 61 years. She was born in Ireland and had lived in Lansing 27 years.

November 20.—James Ennis, aged 80 years. He was born in New York, and settled in Eaton Rapids in 1868, coming to Lansing in 1886.

1893.

January 18.—Mrs. M. R. Scammon, aged 81 years. She was a resident of Lansing since 1855.

January 27.—Daniel Searles, an early pioneer of Mason, aged 80 years. He resided fifty years on one farm.

February 13.—Miss Nancy S. Fuller, of Vevay, aged 52 years. She came to Michigan in 1856, and spent a large part of her life in teaching.

February 20.—Uncle Harry Grovenburg, aged about 83 years. He was one of the first settlers of Delhi, where he resided 49 years. He was buried on the sixty-first anniversary of his marriage.

March 9.—Hiram Johnson, aged 88 years. He had resided near Okemos many years.

March 19.—Luke Hazen, of Lansing, aged 80 years. He came to Michigan in 1835, was representative from Hillsdale county in 1848, supervisor in the town of Allen three terms, town clerk of Litchfield three terms, treasurer eleven years, and county clerk four years.

March 20.—Mrs. Emily F. McKibbin, aged 75 years. She came to Vevay from Vermont in 1836 and had resided in or near Lansing since 1838.

March 24.—John A. Clippenger, aged — years; one of the pioneer residents of Lansing.

March 27.—Mrs. Maria B. Pinckney, aged 65 years. She came to Lansing with her husband, Wm. H. Pinckney in 1850.

March 31.—Thomas E. McCurdy, aged 68 years. He had resided in the vicinity of Okemos over 30 years.

March 31.—Mrs. Mary P. Strong, aged 77 years. She came to Lansing in 1856 with her husband who was for many years foreman of the State Republican bindery.

May 2.—Bernard C. Kelly, a resident of Lansing for over 30 years, aged 56 years.

May 4.—Mrs. Rhoda Barnes, aged 56 years. She came to Lansing in 1848, was married to Mr. Barnes in 1855, and for 35 years had resided in Delhi.

May 11.—Mrs. S. M. Barrett, aged 83 years. She came from New York to Lansing in 1853, where she had since resided.

May 17.—Charles Foster, of Okemos, aged 68 years. He had resided in Lansing and vicinity 43 years.

May 21.—Jason D. Patridge, aged 86 years and seven months. He was born in Vermont and was an old resident in the vicinity of Lansing.

May 23.—Mrs. Sarah A. Bidelman, aged 60 years. She had lived in or near Lansing many years.

Edwin Reeves Osband.—Edwin Reeves Osband was born in Nankin, Wayne county, Mich., on Sunday, March 20, 1836, and died at Lansing, Mich., December 8, 1892, aged 56 years, 8 months and 18 days. He was the youngest of six sons born to William and Martha (Reeves) Osband. His parents were natives of New York state and settled in Nankin in 1825.

Edwin was reared upon his father's farm and educated in the district schools except a few months attendance at the then existing college at Leoni, and also at the opening of the Michigan Agricultural College

in 1857, he entered it with the design of completing the course, but after a few months ill health compelled him to leave.

He learned the carpenter and joiner's trade and worked at it till the summer of 1861, when he enlisted in Company H, 1st Michigan Engineers and Mechanics, and in the autumn went with his regiment to the front. He accompanied the advance of the army that steamed into Nashville in 1862 after the confederates evacuated it. Almost immediately after this he was taken sick and sent to the hospital at St. Louis, Mo. His sickness proving serious and protracted, he was permitted to return home to secure better care and medical aid. After a few months he again reported at Detroit for service. Here he was offered and accepted a detail, and served as hospital steward at Detroit till early in 1864, when he returned to his regiment in Tennessee. He was mustered out in front of Atlanta in the fall of 1864, just before Gen. Sherman started on his famous march to the sea.

On February 3, 1864, before he rejoined his regiment he was married to Miss Louise F., daughter of Daniel and Marcia (Ferris) Straight, of Nankin. After leaving the army he acquired a half interest in the farm formerly owned by Rev. Marcus Swift, of Nankin, and in connection with farming he ran a country store in his residence a few months. In 1866 he removed to Lansing, bought a lot and built a residence on block 63, at the corner of Lapeer and Seymour streets, where he resided till 1881. He then removed to a farm he had bought one mile west of the city on Saginaw street, where he resided till the time of his death. In 1886 he accepted the management of the coöperative (Grangers') store at North Lansing, which position he held three years, during which time his son, D. Gregory Osband, cared for the farm.

As a business man Mr. Osband was successful and left his family in comfortable circumstances. He was industrious, economical, intelligent, strictly temperate, and a man of integrity. He was honored and highly respected by his neighbors, among whom he had many friends. He was an official member of the Congregational church, with which he had been identified many years.

His last sickness was painful but brief. He had been ailing several weeks, but kept about his business till the night of Tuesday, December 6, when he became violently ill. The next day his physician pronounced his disease peritonitis of an aggravated form and advised him that if he had any business to do he had but little time to do it in. He had kept his business in such form that it was soon arranged.

The end came the next (Thursday) afternoon. He left a wife, a son, and two daughters to mourn his loss.

HELEN M. OSBAND.—Helen M., wife of M. D. Osband, died at her home in the city of Lansing, Mich., after a protracted and painful illness of twenty-one months' duration, on Wednesday, August 3, 1892, aged 56 years and 16 days.

Mrs. Osband was the daughter of Dr. Thomas and Lucretia B. Hoskins, and was born at Lima, Washtenaw county, July 18, 1836. In the autumn of that year her parents removed to Marion, Livingston county. From thence in the summer of 1838 they returned to Washtenaw and settled at Scio, where she was reared and received her education in the common schools of that locality, except a term of six months in a school of higher grade in 1852, at Leoni, Jackson county.

While in her teens she commenced teaching in the schools of the rural districts around her home. As a teacher she was eminently successful. She subsequently served a year as assistant in the House of Correction, as the Industrial School at Lansing was then called.

On November 15, 1859, she was married to M. D. Osband, of Lansing, and thenceforward Lansing became her home till her death, except a few years' residence in Frederic, Crawford county, in 1882–8.

In early youth she united with the M. E. church in Dexter, an adjacent village. Her religious nature was warm, broad and deep, and unfolded in all her subsequent years into a symmetrical christian character. In Lansing she identified herself with Sunday school, missionary, and temperance work, and with the interests of general society, in all of which she became prominent and maintained her positions while her health permitted. Life with her was barren unless she could administer to the happiness of others. Her success in her schools and her Sunday school work was secured by her habit of making thorough preparation for her work before appearing before her classes. She also loved her classes and each member thereof. This gave her great influence over them. She was eminently social and always welcome in the social circle. She was gifted in speech, warm in heart, and bright in intellect, and was widely known and highly respected. As a wife and mother she was faithful, loving, and watchful. During her last illness her struggle for life was characterized by patience, cheerfulness, and fortitude. When at the last she was told that her sufferings were nearly over she composedly remarked "It is all right." She left a husband, a mother, a son, and daughter to mourn her departure. She has gone to her reward and the world is better for her having lived in it.

IONIA COUNTY.

BY ALBERT F. MOREHOUSE.

PETER H. ADAMY.—Peter H. Adamy, who died July 7, 1892, was supposed to be the oldest person living in Sebewa. He was born in Minham township, Montgomery county, N. Y., May 16, 1805, of German parentage, and his grandfather was conspicuous in the revolutionary war. In 1810 he moved with his parents to Niagara county and spent fifteen years in clearing up and cultivating the heavy timbered land of that country. In 1827 he enlisted in the regular army for five years and saw service in the Black Hawk war under General Brooks, who had his headquarters at Green Bay. During a part of this time Mr. Adamy was assigned to a post at Chicago, which was then composed of a few Indian huts. Here he spent some time carrying the United States mail from Chicago to Niles, Michigan. The route was simply an Indian trail on which creeks had to be waded and rivers swum. Along this route he had many encounters with the redskins.

In 1833 he left the army and went back to Niagara county and spent some time in keeping store in Buffalo. In 1835 he moved to Cleveland, Ohio, and on the 2d of September of the same year was married to Sophia Van Duzen, and lived in Cleveland until 1853, when he moved with his family to Monroe county, Michigan, where he lived two years, and then moved with his family to Allegan county, where he lived until 1862. In that year he moved to Ionia county, stopping in the township of Orleans for one summer, and then settling in the township of Sebewa, which was his home thereafter. In 1843 he was converted to the christain faith under the preaching of the Rev. Sutton Hayden and became a member of the Church of Christ, and remained a devoted christian the remainder of his life. He was a good soldier, a merchant, a farmer, and a devoted christian, and one who contributed two sons to the federal army during the late unpleasantness with the south. He leaves a wife, two daughters and four sons.

FELLOW GATES.—Fellow Gates died at his home in Orange, January 15, 1893.

The deceased was born in Vermont in 1802 and was married to Mary Williams in 1827. After his marriage he moved to New York, near Niagara Falls, and from there went to Buffalo, and thence to Camden, Ontario. In the year 1855, he moved and settled in the township of Orange, Ionia county, where he and his sons erected a log cabin.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gates eight children were born, four sons, Elias, Nathan, Freeman, and George, and four daughters, Rachel, Sarah, Elizabeth, and Caroline.

Mrs. Gates died April 11, 1881.

Mr. Gates was 91 years of age, and leaves four sons and three daughters, thirty-five grandchildren, twenty-four great-grandchildren, three great-great-grandchildren, besides a large number of friends to mourn his loss. He was a kind father and an affectionate husband, a true and good neighbor.

Anna M. Heydlauff.—Anna M. Heydlauff died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. Danner, in Ronald, Michigan, January 23, 1893, aged 83 years.

Her maiden name was Anna M. Wagnor. She was born at Haslech, Kingdom of Wurtenburg, Germany, January 12, 1811. She was married to C. F. Heydlauff September 13, 1831, and in 1837 removed to America. Leaving her fatherland and all that was dear to her, crossed the ocean, landed at New York, remained there a few days, and continued their journey from there to Detroit, Michigan. From thence they went to the town of Freedom, Washtenaw county, and settled there, then an unbroken wilderness. Here they resided for 12 years, toil and privation being their lot. In March, 1846, they removed to Ronald, Michigan, where she resided the remainder of her life. Ronald can truly say that she was a pioneer. She was the mother of nine children, five of whom survive her, as follows: John Heydlauff of Day county, South Dakota; Wm. F. and L. H. Heydlauff of Ronald, Michigan; Mrs. R. Miller of Sheridan, Michigan; and Mrs. S. Danner of Ronald, Michigan. She was a good and devoted wife and a loving mother. She led a quiet life always looking to the welfare of others. Mother Heydlauff was a faithful christian to the last. Her life was so true, so pure, so unselfish, so full of love toward God and man. She had the rare Christ-like attributes of love for the sinner.

Rev. Smith P. Gamage.—Rev. Smith P. Gamage was born at Crosgrove, Northampton county, England, December 28, 1810. He was converted in early life and united with the Congregational church and became a preacher at the age of 19 years. The principal points of his first sermon were in writing and were present at his funeral. He came to America in 1830 and soon afterward was ordained on Long Island, near Brooklyn, and was married to Miss Lydia E. King the same year. On the breaking out of the rebellion he enlisted as

chaplain in the 75th Regiment, colored infantry, New York volunteers, and while in the service contracted diseases which terminated only with death. In 1877 he with his family came from Isabella county to Portland, where he continued to reside until his death. His health had prevented any settled pastorate though he occasionally preached in Sebewa and other places. He was fond of writing and had contemplated publishing one or more volumes on theological subjects, the material for which he had on hand. For several years he was the chaplain to the local post of the G. A. R. and was always present on Decoration days, though for the last two years of his life he was confined to his house nearly all the time. He was buried as he desired by the attendance of the post at his funeral. He was of a very amiable disposition and was much liked by all who knew him.

Mrs. A. L. Kelsey.—Mrs. A. L. Kelsey died at her home October 2, 1892, aged 86 years.

The subject of this sketch was the daughter of Ebenezer and Rebecca Pinckney Hoyt and was born in July, 1806, in Montgomery county, N. Y., and with her parents she removed to Rush, Monroe county, N. Y., where in 1825 she married the late Hon. Levi Kelsey, so well and favorably known to the older residents of Ionia county, and who died in 1867.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey were the parents of seven children, all of whom became residents of Ionia county, only three of whom are now living, A. F. Kelsey, E. P. Kelsey, and Hannah, wife of Wm. B. Taylor.

Mrs. Kelsey came to Ionia township with her husband and family in 1857, where she continuously resided until her death, October 2, 1891.

Although she had been quite infirm for many years, her robust constitution gradually yielding to repeated attacks of acute diseases and to more than four score years of labor, anxiety, and sorrow, yet her last sickness was of but few days' duration, and her passing away was peaceful and quiet, like the sleep which the Father gives his beloved. She was a member of the M. E. church for 60 years.

She was one of those, the tidings of whose death brings memories of many words of cheer and acts of kindness, and with such memories come sorrow and regret that not oftener were spoken words of appreciation and of gratitude.

Stephen J. Lindley.—Stephen J. Lindley died at his home in Danby, December 5, 1892, aged 79 years. He had resided in Michigan since 1853.

MRS. HENRIETTA PILKINTON.—Mrs. Henrietta Pilkinton was born at West Bloomfield, New York, in 1820, and was the daughter of Mr. Harry Bradley, who with his family came to Northville, Wayne county, Michigan, in 1829. Here she made a profession of religion and united with the Congregational church. She was married to Stephen Pilkinton in 1838, and with their little family moved to Sebewa, Ionia county, in 1840. When the Congregational church of Portland was organized, February 4, 1843, she with her husband were constituent members, though living in a dense wilderness and at so great a distance as to prevent attendance at public services of the church, and so keenly was this privation felt that they removed to Portland in 184–, where they continued to reside until Mrs. Pilkinton's death, December 17, 1892. The severe toil in clearing new land, and privations incident to an unsettled county, laid the foundation for disease, undermining the otherwise strong constitution and culminating in death at the age of 72 years. Mrs. Pilkinton was highly esteemed as a neighbor and christian in the community where she was known.

EDWARD RABY.—Edward Raby died at Ionia November 30, 1892, aged 75 years. He was a member of Company K, 14th Michigan Infantry, and an old resident in this locality, having worked with the first gangs in the construction of the Detroit and Milwaukee railroad.

ALMON ROSECRANS.—Almon Rosecrans died at his home in Ionia November 10, 1892. Mr. Rosecrans was born near Lockport, Niagara county, N. Y., May 3, 1817, making his age 75 years, 6 months, 1 week. He was one of a family of seven children, six of whom were left without parents while very young, consequently were, of necessity, separated and cared for in different homes.

The subject of our sketch was taken when eight or nine years old, to live with a Mr. Holmes, who soon after moved to Wayne county, Mich. Mr. Rosecrans remained with them until he arrived at maturity.

Having a persevering nature and undaunted courage, supported by a "never say fail" will, he pushed his way into Ionia county, then a wilderness. In the year 1839 he purchased the farm he owned at the time of his death, and in the year 1840 was married to Caroline Brown, of Oakland county. Soon after their marriage they settled upon their land, with the determination to convert it into a home. With the genuine pluck which characterized many of the early pioneers and with the assistance of a devoted and prudent wife (we have often heard him say, "If ever a man had a helpmate, I had one"), he cleared and improved his farm, reared and educated his

family, five sons and two daughters, who were with him as much as possible during his last illness, to care for him and comfort the surviving widow, who is past 70 years of age and keenly feels her loss, but mourns not as one without the hope of a happy reunion on the peaceful shores of heaven.

Mr. Rosecrans was an honest hearted christian and a strong defender of the United Brethren faith, to which church and cause he contributed liberally.

The most sterling integrity and scrupulous honesty characterized his life, both in dealings and conversation. His manner of expression was plain and candid, and his character and the principles of his life were worthy to be impressed upon the mind of the rising generation.

The minister very fittingly said at the obsequies: "As the aged and respected pioneers pass away, it behooves us to recognize the traits which made their lives successful." The last year of his life was especially happy, socially and spiritually. He has always been a republican in politics until two years ago when he voted the prohibition ticket.

James Bronson Sanford.—The life which has so recently gone out from among us deserves more than a passing notice, which has, for nearly 50 years, mingled in the business of Ionia and been a familiar figure on the streets. James Bronson Sanford was born in Ellisburgh, Jefferson county, N. Y., August 8, 1822. When three years old his parents removed to Camden, Oneida county. He came to Ionia with his sister, Mrs. Emily Warner, in 1839, and was engaged in L. S. Warner's store for a number of years. As the Indians were daily customers he learned some parts of their language so as to trade with them. He went to Chicago in 1844 and during the following years was connected with some of the old wholesale and retail firms of Magie & Co., Clark & Haines, then went into business for himself at 196 Lake street. He was married to Maria Yeomans, daughter of Erastus Yeomans, September 8, 1846, raised six sons and three daughters. The eldest son died three years since, the other children all survive him and were all present at the funeral. He returned to Ionia in 1855 and took up farming. While in Chicago he united with St. James Episcopal church and was one of three male members, in the early history of the church here. His mother's family was identified with the early settlement of central New York, his mother being the second white child born at Fort Stanwix, near Rome in Oneida county. He died September 13, 1892, aged 70 years, one month and five days.

JACKSON COUNTY.

BY JOSIAH B. FROST.

Name.	Date of death.	Residence.	Birthplace.	Remarks.	Age.
Samuel Adams	Oct. 31, 1892	Grass Lake	Canada		73
Asil D. Avery	Sept. 24, 1892	Jackson	New York		76
Elisha S. Balcom	Oct. 27, 1892	Jackson	Rhode Island		89
Mahlon O. Baum	Nov. 22, 1892	Jackson	Ohio		67
Mary Ann Beckwith	July 12, 1892	Blackman	New York		75
John Bernard	Oct. 11, 1892	Sandstone	Maryland		77
Helen Beyhan	Feb. 8, 1893	Leoni		Resident of county 30 yrs.	
Newcomb Brown	Aug. 1, 1892	Jackson	New York		63
Sylvester Buck	Oct. 3, 1892	Jackson	New York		76
Bishop Burns	Dec. 2, 1892	Springport	New York		86
Susan Cady	Nov. 24, 1892	Jackson	New Hamp.		69
John Carey	July 26, 1892	Jackson	Ireland		62
Joseph Christopher	July 24, 1892	Jackson	New York		66
Margaret Cline	Dec. 31, 1892	Waterloo	Germany		85
Eliphaz Dagget	Nov. 4, 1892	Henrietta	New York		89
Calvin Edwards	Aug. 2, 1892	Columbia	Vermont		86
Mrs. Charlotte Ellis	Jan. 16, 1893	Jackson		Resident 30 years	71
Wm. Erwin	Nov. 12, 1892	Parma	New York		76
Chas. Evans	Aug. 24, 1892	Rives	New York		84
Eliza Finch	Oct. 6, 1892	Liberty	Pennsylvania		81
Benjamin Francisco	Aug. 28, 1892	Norvell	Vermont		86
Shubal Fuller	July 21, 1892	Columbia	New York		73
Mrs. Sarah Jane Garfield	Feb. 15, 1893	Rives		Resident of county 55 yrs.	66
Sarah Geiger	Nov. 19, 1892	Parma	Germany		84
David Green	Dec. 26, 1892	Norvell	New York		92
Perry D. Hawley	Sept. 10, 1892	Liberty		Resident 40 years	
John F. Hoover	Dec. 11, 1892	Jackson	New York		68
George Huntington	Oct. 16, 1892	Concord	Vermont		83
Joseph Irwin	Aug. 8, 1892	Jackson	Illinois		69
Wm. B. Joslin	Oct. 7, 1892	Sandstone	Vermont		78
Noah Keeler	July 10, 1892	Liberty	New York		80
Willard C. Lewis	Oct. 10, 1892	Jackson	Vermont		95
Ira Lowell	Feb. 15, 1893	Spring Arbor		Old resident	
Ann M. Lucas	Aug. 27, 1892	Jackson	India		71
Bernard Markey	Oct. 21, 1892	Jackson		Resident for 40 years	74
Ira McGonegal	Dec. 13, 1892	Blackman	Scotland		84

Name.	Date of death.	Residence.	Birthplace.	Remarks.	Age.
Lucinda McKee	July 29, 1892	Jackson	New York		82
Elizabeth McQuillen	Sept. 9, 1892	Jackson	Ireland		82
Mary W. Merriman	June 10, 1892	Jackson	New York		69
Patton Morrison	Aug. 31, 1892	Jackson	New York		67
Mary J. Moshier	Nov. 21, 1892	Sandstone		Old resident	64
Wm. C. Nicholas	Sept. 13, 1892	Jackson	New York		82
Wm. Northrup	Oct. 8, 1892	Rives	New York		72
Eliza M. Olds	June 21, 1892	Jackson	Maryland		84
Lorinda Pease	Sept. 10, 1892	Grass Lake	New York		87
Lucinda Pickett	July 27, 1892	Jackson	New York		82
Wm. Raven	Sept. 16, 1892	Summit	England		77
Mark L. Ray	Oct. 8, 1892	Concord	Vermont		78
Hosea Reeve	Aug. 18, 1892	Rives	New York		86
Harriet E. Robison	Aug. 3, 1892	Jackson			82
Mrs. Anna Rogers	June 26, 1892	Leoni		Resident since 1853	83
Catherine Scott	Oct. 15, 1892	Jackson	New York		82
Philip B. Shaw	July 16, 1892	Sandstone	Ireland		68
Dorcas Sprague	Oct. 7, 1892	Jackson	Maine		77
Burton Spencer	Dec. 12, 1892	Jackson	New York		68
Gillet Stephens	July 19, 1892	Hanover	New York		84
Zenas Stilson	Dec. 1, 1892	Henrietta	New York		77
Wallace W. Sutton	Feb. 17, 1893	Leoni		Old resident	59
Ebenezer Taylor	July 5, 1892	Grass Lake	New York		81
Martin Tripp	Dec. 11, 1892	Horton	New York		71
Charles C. Turner	Aug. 3, 1892	Jackson	New York	Resident 55 years	61
Abraham Van Gorden	Dec. 10, 1892	Springport			86
Mrs. Susan F. Wallace	Feb. 3, 1893	Spring Arbor			69
Ruth Wallack	Oct. 24, 1892	Pulaski	New York		80
Perry Weatherby	July 30, 1892	Liberty		Old resident	
Thomas Wheaton	Aug. 18, 1892	Grass Lake	New York		83
Clarissa White	Nov. 2, 1892	Jackson	Canada		65
Martha White	Aug. 31, 1892	Jackson	New York		80
Reuben White	Dec. 15, 1892	Jackson	New York		76
Rosina Wickwire	Dec. 4, 1892	Blackman			68
Thomas Woodliff	Oct. 21, 1892	Hanover	England		84
Caroline Woods	Aug. 9, 1892	Jackson	New York		86
Sarah Young	Nov. 9, 1892	Jackson	New Jersey	Resident 40 years	89

JOSEPH F. BAILEY.—Joseph F. Bailey died at the family residence, 533 North Blackstone street, Jackson, November 4, 1892, aged 61 years. Deceased was born in Fairfield, Vt., in 1831, and came to Jackson

forty years ago. He had been a member of the First M. E. church thirty-nine years, and there are but three members living who united with the church so far back.

He leaves a wife and three children, one son and two daughters.

JAMES W. BENNETT.—James W. Bennett died at Batavia, N. Y., November 10, 1892. Mr. Bennett was a native of New York, and for a time had a place in the custom house in New York city. He was a lawyer by profession and came to Jackson in 1854, where he has since resided. During his residence here he was quite interested in politics, being an ardent democrat. He was elected circuit commissioner, and was also elected justice of the peace in Jackson. At one time he held the place of city attorney. Squire Bennett had been in poor health for some time. He was well known in Jackson and his familiar figure will be missed.

CHAUNCEY K. BRONSON.—Chauncey K. Bronson died at his home in Minneapolis, Minn., February 10, 1893, aged 71 years.

Mr. Bronson came to Jackson with his parents in the days when Michigan was a territory. He was born in Detroit and came from that city to Jackson when but a boy, and for over fifty years resided in this city continuously. All of those years Mr. Bronson was in the dry goods trade, and had a personal acquaintance with nearly every farmer in the county, as well as residents of the city. He was a man noted for his generosity, and recipients of his aid and fatherly advice will ever hold him in grateful remembrance. Some eleven years since he removed to Minneapolis, but after taking up his abode in that city frequently visited Jackson.

The news of his death will be received with sorrow by his numerous friends in this city and county.

Deceased leaves a widow and three children, a daughter at Glendive, Montana; a son at Whatcom, Washington; a son, Frank, manager of the Fidelity National bank, at Chicago; and a brother, George, at Tacoma, Washington.

OLIVER R. COLE.—Oliver R. Cole died at his home, corner of Blackstone and Franklin streets, Jackson, August 26, 1892.

Mr. Cole was 79 years of age and had been an invalid for the last 15 years of his life, with bronchial consumption.

Rome, Oneida county, N. Y., was the birthplace of the deceased. In 1837 he left the state of New York for Michigan, being one month on

the road. The journey was made on foot to Camden, Hillsdale county, where Mr. Cole settled. His nearest neighbors were one and a half miles distant from his cabin and the nearest market was Jonesville, twenty miles away. At that time Reading and Camden constituted one township, and there were but thirty-one voters in this entire township. Mr. Cole moved to Jackson a few years later, and for twenty-one years he was employed in the prison. For five years he was stationed at the outside gate, and for sixteen years he was shopkeeper.

Mr. Cole leaves a widow, Mrs. Sarah P. Cole, and a brother, Clark Cole, whose home is on Ingham street, Jackson.

PETER E. DEMILL.—Peter E. DeMill, of Detroit, formerly a resident of Jackson, and one of the first county officers of Jackson county, also a member of Jackson lodge No. 4, I. O. O. F. ever since it was instituted, being initiated in the lodge on the first night of its existence, August 17, 1844, and a continuous member ever since, died at his residence in Detroit October 31, 1892, aged 85 years.

He represented Jackson lodge No. 4 in the grand lodge of Michigan in 1850, and was elected grand warden in 1852, being a member of the order forty-eight years.

Past Grand Masters F. M. Foster and C. H. Haskins went to Detroit to represent Jackson lodge No. 4, of Jackson, at the funeral.

PHILO M. EVERETT.—The Marquette Mining Journal has the following obituary notice of Philo M. Everett, who will be well remembered by the older residents of the Central City:

The oldest resident of Marquette, the pioneer of Marquette county and of the Lake Superior iron country, the man to whom the Indians showed the great "iron mountain" which became the Jackson mine, oldest of all the mines of the Lake Superior country, breathed his last on September 28, 1892, at the residence of his son-in-law, Hon. D. H. Ball.

Philo Marshall Everett was born at Winchester, Conn., October 21, 1807. While a young man he settled in New York state, where he was married to Miss Mehitable E. Johnson, of Utica, in 1833. In 1840 he moved to Jackson and engaged in mercantile business, together with the forwarding and commission business.

Mr. Everett first came to Lake Superior in June, 1845, in charge of an exploring party sent out by a little body of men there organized

into the Jackson Mining company, afterwards the Jackson Iron company. With this party he discovered and located the famous Jackson mine, and after the summer here he returned home. In 1857 he brought up for the Elys the first locomotive ever seen on the shore of Lake Superior. Afterward he engaged in the mercantile business here, and later in banking and insurance, accumulating considerable property, which was swept away in the terrible depression throughout this region following the panic of 1871.

Mr. Everett took great interest in politics, having been an ardent republican from the first formation of the party "under the oaks."

In the fall of 1883, shortly after the celebration of their golden wedding, Mrs. Everett died, and since then, in feeble health, with sight and hearing greatly impaired, he has made his home with his daughter, Mrs. D. H. Ball. His other children are Mrs. B. P. Robins and C. M. Everett, of Jackson, Edward P. Everett, of Grand Rapids, and Catherine E. Everett, now living in Chicago.

James Gildart.—James Gildart, an old pioneer of Waterloo township, died March 8, 1893, in Brooks, Kan., aged 79 years. He came to Michigan in 1841 from Staffordshire, Eng., and is well remembered by many old residents of Waterloo. He was the father of Wm. B. Gildart, the editor and founder of the Stockbridge Sun.

Mrs. William Gunn.—Mrs. William Gunn died April 16, 1893, at her home in Blackman, aged 67 years.

Mrs. Gunn had resided in Michigan for forty-nine years, and for forty-six years had resided in Sandstone and Blackman townships. Mrs. Gunn was well known in this county and was warmly regarded for her many excellent qualities as a friend, wife, mother, and neighbor. Her death will be learned with sorrow by her many friends.

John Hackett.—John Hackett died October 13, 1892, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Bracey, on East Main street, Jackson.

Mr. Hackett had resided in Jackson county for many years, having lived on his farm in Leoni for 25 years. He was born in Ireland and came to Jackson at an early day, and continued to reside here up to the time of going on the farm. His age was 70 years.

Nathaniel B. Hall.—Nathaniel B. Hall died June 7, 1892.

Mr. Hall was born at Bennington, Vt., September 2, 1826, and was consequently nearly 66 years of age. He grew up in the Green

Mountain state and engaged in business there. At the breaking out of the war he gave up his private business and for two years gave his entire time to the work of organizing military companies and sending them to the front. In 1864 he enlisted as major of the 14th Vermont volunteers, and did valiant duty at the front until the close of the war, participating in the battle of Gettysburg and other noted engagements.

In 1870 he came to Jackson and engaged in the insurance business with the late James Gould and N. C. Lowe. He was a lawyer by profession and was a member of the Jackson county bar, but seldom practiced in court. He was not a politician in any sense of the word, and although often urged to accept nominations to office persistently declined. He was, however, prevailed upon to accept an appointment at one time as a member of the board of public works, a position which he filled with honor and integrity. A year ago he was appointed a member of the board of police commissioners, but tendered his resignation several weeks ago, which, however, was not accepted until last Monday night. Mr. Hall was a member of Jackson Chapter R. A. M. He leaves a wife and three children, Mrs. Harriet Kennedy, Harry R. Hall, and Mrs. Dolly Blanchard.

Mr. Hall was a gentleman of high attainments and of the greatest integrity. His sense of honor was always of the most pronounced type and he was among Jackson's most progressive business men. His estimable qualities made for him hosts of friends who will sincerely mourn his loss.

Elial W. Heaton.—Elial W. Heaton died at his home on Greenwood avenue, Jackson, October 18, 1892, aged 76 years.

Mr. Heaton was born in Clinton county, N. Y., July 10, 1816. Before reaching his majority he learned the trade of shoemaker, which he followed several years after he came to this city in 1847. In 1851 he embarked in the meat market business and followed that calling until 1862. During that time he supplied the State prison for eight years with meat. During the fifties he was a very active, energetic business man and contributed largely of his time and money to advance the interests of the city. In politics Mr. Heaton was always a democrat but never held but one office, that of councilman of the village. He leaves a wife and five children: Frank S., W. P., Ed. R., Fred W., and Mrs. Fred Slayton.

Noah Keeler.—Noah Keeler, one of the oldest pioneers of Jackson county, died at his residence in the township of Liberty, July 10,

1892, in his 81st year. Born in Avoca, Steuben county, N. Y., he worked on his father's farm in the Cohocton valley, until he was 22 or 23 years old, when he came to this county and settled on the farm on which he died. At the time he came west, Michigan was a frontier territory and Jackson county very thinly settled. There were at that time less than a dozen residents in the township and the country presented the appearance of an almost unbroken wilderness. Then no railroad had been thought of, and only a few short stage routes were in operation. No grist mill was located nearer than Ann Arbor, forty miles distant. The first grain he had ground he carried on his shoulders to and from Ann Arbor. He persevered, however, until he won an elegant home, wealth, and an honorable position in society.

He was honest and upright in every act of his long life. To the deserving poor he was warm hearted, generous, and kind, and "Uncle Noah," as he was familiarly called, will long be remembered for his honesty, generosity, and many kindly deeds; and he will be missed by every one who knew him. A brusque, and sometimes rough manner, covered a strong and noble heart.

In politics he was an uncompromising Jeffersonian democrat, and had been a subscriber to the Jackson Patriot from its beginning. He was always strong in his convictions of right and maintained them in a vigorous manner.

"Uncle Noah" leaves a widow and two children, Ransom Keeler and Mrs. Joseph Hawkins, to mourn the loss of the husband and father.

Nelson Kelley.—Nelson Kelley died at his home in Columbia township, September 11, 1892, aged 69 years.

His death, though expected is a severe affliction to his family, and a great loss to the community where he had lived more than half a century. Mr. Kelley was a pioneer of Jackson county and ever one of its best citizens. Born in Middletown, N. Y., in 1823, he came with his parents to Michigan in 1839, settled on a crude farm in the present township of Columbia, and at once began the hard life of a pioneer farmer. In 1844 he married Miss Margaret Brooks and purchased a farm near Kelley's corners where he continued to reside until his death. By toil, industry, and good management he accumulated a large farm estate, numbering upwards of 400 acres, together with much other property. Nelson Kelley was a man of broad and liberal views, upright and honorable in all the affairs of life, a man whose friends were as numerous as his acquaintances and who never had an enemy. His aged wife survives him together with two children, Merchant Kelley, a

prominent farmer of Columbia, and Mrs. John S. Flint, wife of Supervisor Flint of that township.

MRS. SARAH NIXON.—Mrs. Sarah Nixon, of South Jackson, widow of the late William Nixon, departed this life September 9, 1892, aged 78 years.

Mrs. Nixon was born in the town of Washington, Dutchess county, N. Y., April 17, 1814, removing to Sharon, Washtenaw county in 1835, and was married to William Nixon in 1837. They resided in Sharon until 1873, when they came to South Jackson, where the remainder of their days were passed. Seven children were born to them five of whom are now living. They are Mrs. Martin Rowe, Norman and Eugene Nixon, of South Jackson; Mrs. Arthur Root, of Liberty, and Mrs. Darius Manchester of Jackson. Mrs. Nixon was a woman of strong character, always standing for the right. It is but a few months since that her companion of fifty-five years left for the other shore.

MARTIN OLDS.—Martin Olds died at his home in Jackson October 1, 1892.

In the removal of Mr. Olds by death, another of those hardy pioneers who assisted in transforming this region from an absolute wilderness into a place of beauty is taken away.

Mr. Olds was born in England seventy-six years since. When a young man he came to America and settled in Oakland county. He came to Jackson county about 40 years since and located a farm in Spring Arbor, where he continued to reside up to twelve years ago, when he retired and removed to Jackson, in order to be near his only child, Mrs Charles W. Fowler, who died about one year ago. Since coming to Jackson Mr. Olds has resided at his late residence on Greenwood avenue.

Mr. Old's life has been an exemplary one. When a young man he united with the Freewill Baptist church in his native land, and has been a consistent member of that denomination for a period of more than fifty years. Deceased was ever generous, possessing a great heart, and his voice was always on the side of the weak and oppressed. His many acts of kindness to neighbors and friends will never be forgotten while life lasts.

Deceased leaves a widow and son-in-law, Mr. Fowler.

CHAS. W. PENNY.—Chas. W. Penny died at his home in Ann Arbor December 6, 1892.

Mr. Penny was one of the first settlers in Jackson, and for a number of years was in the dry goods business, being associated with S. S. Vaughn and later with Charles King. Mr. Penny removed to Ann Arbor several years ago.

He leaves a wife, Mrs. Henrietta C. Penny, and two daughters, Mrs. A. F. Lange, of Berkley, California, and Miss Jessica V. Penny, a teacher in the Ishpeming schools.

DANIEL D. PETRIE.—Daniel D. Petrie died at his home in Jackson October 11, 1892.

Mr. Petrie was born April 13, 1830, at Little Falls, Herkimer county, N. Y., and came to Michigan in 1838, with his parents and settled in Concord township, where he resided for many years. Mr. Petrie spent a portion of his time after reaching manhood in teaching and acted as an attorney in the justice courts. He served one term as justice in Concord township, after which he moved to Parma, where he opened a furniture and undertaking establishment. While living at Parma he served four terms as justice or sixteen years in all. Nine years ago he removed to Jackson, where he has since resided. Mr. Petrie was married May 27, 1855, to Miss Charlotte Walker, who, with three daughters and two sons survive him.

Mr. Petrie was a member of the Baptist church at Parma, and was an earnest worker in church and Sunday school.

CHAS. H. PLUMMER.—Chas. H. Plummer died at his home in Saginaw November 2, 1892.

Mr. Plummer was a native of Maine and was born in Kennebec county, July 10, 1840. His father was of English descent, while in his mother's veins coursed the true Scotch blood; and he was proud of her who molded his early ideas and energy.

Mr. Plummer was born upon a farm, but he never took kindly to tilling the soil, and at an early age he longed to cut loose and make his way in the world, and was not content until he had entered the saw mills and forests of Maine, where he found congenial occupation, and there he remained until 1861, when the civil war broke out. Fired with patriotism he walked twelve miles to a recruiting station and enlisted, though the commanding officer hesitated to accept him on account of his youth. He refused a commission and served in the ranks.

It was his seeming desire through life to be classed among the people, and while he was ambitious, it was not of that character so

often witnessed among men, to domineer or dictate At the expiration of two years he again enlisted for the war, and was among the first to enter Richmond in 1865.

At the close of the war he returned to the lumber business, but he was not content with the narrow fields of Maine and embarked alone and unaided for Minnesota, when, after five years' experience, he removed to Michigan, and in 1869 began operations with Daniel Hardin and W. S. Green & Son at Saginaw. Later the firm of Sturtevant, Green & Plummer was organized at Saginaw, with Mr. Plummer as manager. He also became a member and was made manager of the Plummer Logging Company, and with various other extensive lumber institutions, all of which proved successful. Still later he opened a flouring mill in Saginaw City and became president of the Plummer Lumber Company of Sandusky, O. In 1884 he opened a lumber yard and planing mill in Jackson which proved a well paying investment.

When it is considered that Mr. Plummer never had the advantage of superior schools, but was self educated and equipped by his own experience his achievements border on the marvelous.

Mr. Plummer had large property interests in Jackson, the same being estimated at the value of $60,000. He was prominently identified with the business interests of Jackson and was largely instrumental in its growth and prosperity. He had recently built nineteen houses on lots owned by him there. His generosity was great, but unostentatious. Many a poor family of Jackson will attest the truth of this.

As is well known, he met with financial reverses during the past year, but his indomitable will and energy would have overcome all obstacles had he lived a short time longer.

Personally, Mr. Plummer was the most affable of men, and he counted his friends by the thousand.

Mr. and Mrs. Philander Remington.—Philander Remington died at his home in Grand Rapids January 14, 1892, aged 90 years.

Mr. Remington lived in Jackson for many years until his removal to Grand Rapids eighteen or twenty years ago. He was a member of Jackson lodge No. 4, I. O. O. F., and Grand Master Haskin went to Grand Rapids to attend the funeral. He was an ardent democrat, having voted for Andrew Jackson and for every democratic candidate for the presidency since that time.

Mrs. Remington died January 13, 1892, aged 84 years, and the aged

couple were buried in one grave, after having lived together happily and harmoniously for about sixty-five years. They were both members of the Congregational church.

MRS. HIRAM H. SMITH.—Mrs. Hiram H. Smith died March 11, 1893, at the family residence, 1601 East Main street, Jackson.

Mrs. Smith was a daughter of Philo Bates and was born in Genesee county, N. Y., October 16, 1819.

As a member of her father's family she moved to Ionia county, Michigan in 1835. From about 1843 she was a frequent visitor with her relatives in Jackson, and in 1849 she became the wife of Dr. Geo. W. Gorham of that city. Dr. Gorham died in 1860, and in 1865 she became the wife of Hiram H Smith, her death now terminating a happy union of twenty-eight years.

Her two children, Seymour B. Gorham of Ionia, Michigan, and Samuel Denton Gorham of Jackson, Tennessee, survive her, and she has also a mother's place in the hearts of her stepchildren, Henry H. Smith, Dwight S. Smith, and Mrs. R. M. Newman, all of Jackson. The deceased was a sister of Mrs. C. R. Knickerbocker of Jackson, and of Philo T. Bates and William Bates, both still living in Ionia. The place filled by Mrs. Smith was in the hearts of the many rather than the few. She was loved by everybody she knew, and she was equally at home among all classes. Her decease leaves a void in the hearts of very many people. Her genial manner and kind impulses will cause her to be long remembered. The loss, irreparable to him who has been her home companion during so many years, is one in which he has the sympathy of their long list of friends and acquaintances.

Mrs. Smith was a member of the Episcopal church of Jackson for more than forty years preceding the time of her death.

SIDNEY S. SMITH.—Sidney S. Smith died at his home in Rives October 21, 1892, aged 75 years. Mr. Smith was one of Jackson county's oldest residents, having lived in this county some forty years, coming here from Vermont. Mr. Smith was a life long democrat and a great admirer of Grover Cleveland.

Deceased celebrated his golden wedding in January. He is survived by his aged wife and all of his children, viz., Mrs. Haight, St. Louis; Mrs. Bugby and Mrs. Frank Northrup, Chicago; Edgar Smith, Rives; and Mrs. S. B. Mettler, of Jackson.

MRS. SARAH E. STONE.—Mrs. Sarah E. Stone died at the home of her son in Horton, August 9, 1892, aged 84 years, 8 months.

The deceased was a daughter of Jonathan and Ruth Brown, and was born in the state of New Jersey, town of Rahway, November 20, 1807. She came to Michigan with her parents in 1834. Subsequently she made the acquaintance of her future husband, Chas. S. Stone. It is believed they were the first to be united in marriage in Hanover township. they settled on a tract of land and endured all the hardships and toils of a pioneer life.

They became the parents of eight children, six of whom are still living, four being residents of Hanover township: Julia M., wife of Maynard Sharpe; Mary H., wife of Harry D. Griswold; Hattie, deceased wife of B. C. Hatch; Myra J., wife of C. E. P. Hatch; Albert N. Stone, Orlando C. Stone, and Delia S., wife of Teeter Blair.

The deceased at the time of her death was the mother of six living children, grandmother of sixteen, and great-grandmother of thirteen, making a total of thirty-five living descendents.

JOHN H. TELFORD.—John H. Telford, one of Jackson's best known citizens and a man held in high esteem, died at his home, 111 First street, August 9, 1892. Mr. Telford was a successful business man, who had a very large circle of friends. He was born in Ulster county, Ireland, October 1, 1833. He was brought up there, coming to this country in 1857. Settling in Troy, N. Y., Mr. Telford engaged in the flour milling business. He remained in this line until the close of the war, when he removed to Jackson.

Mr. Telford carried on a grain business here for a number of years, embarking in the coal and wood business in 1878. At the time of his death and for the past nine years he was senior member of the firm of John H. Telford & Son, the junior partner being John H. Telford, Jr. The deceased leaves this son and two daughters. His wife died thirteen years ago. He was a member of St. Paul's church.

MRS. FREDERIC WARREN.—Mrs. Frederic Warren died at Spring Arbor February 4, 1893, aged 70 years.

Deceased was born in Steuben county, N. Y., in 1823, and has lived in Michigan most of the time since an early day. She was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist church, a devoted christian and a kind friend and neighbor, who will be sadly missed by all who knew her. She leaves a husband and four daughters, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Ira Cole, and Mrs. Charles Shaw, all of Jackson.

JOHN WEBB.—John Webb, for nearly 50 years a resident of Jackson, died suddenly at his home February 19, 1893.

He was born in the borough of Downton, in Wiltshire, England, May 27, 1821, and there acquired a common school education; being reared to habits of industry and the principles which make of men good citizens and reliable members of society. Orphaned at an early age he was thrown upon his own resources and went to work in a bakery in Bradford, where he learned the trade and continued until the spring of 1844. Then he came into the states, following his trade in different cities and finally located in Detroit.

In 1846 he came to this county. He still followed his trade and at the expiration of two and one-half years associated himself in partnership with Joseph Butler, a partnership which existed harmoniously for sixteen years. Mr. Webb then purchased the entire business which he conducted successfully, while Mr. Butler retired to the farm which they owned jointly. Mr. Webb removed his business to the Empire block, which likewise was owned by himself and partner, but of which he was at the time of his death sole proprietor. He carried on the bakery and confectionery business there until 1872, then selling out and renting his building, withdrew from the active cares of life.

In April, 1843, almost fifty years ago, he was married to Miss Jane McLeod, a native of Cork, Ireland, a daughter of an Irish gentleman who married an English lady. She has been a helpmeet to Mr. Webb always and the source of much happiness; she survives him. But one child was born to them, Emily, now the wife of E. P. Burrell of Albion.

MRS. JULIA WHITE.—Mrs. Julia White, mother of Mrs. Spencer Moulton, died June 12, 1892, at the home of her daughter on Mechanic street, Jackson, aged 68 years.

MRS. White came to Michigan with her father, the late George Stranaham of Columbia, fifty-five years ago, since which time she has always resided in Jackson county. Her husband, Tenny White died twelve years ago.

MRS. ELLEN WILMORE.—Mrs. Ellen Wilmore, wife of Thomas Wilmore, died August 17, 1892, at her residence, 312 West Mason street, Jackson, aged 69 years. Mrs. Wilmore was born in Philadelphia and came to this State in 1848, when it was a mere wilderness, settling in Jackson county, where she had resided ever since. All who knew her

esteemed her for her amiable disposition and many kindly deeds. She leaves a husband and six children.

MICHAEL WUNDERLICH.—Michael Wunderlich, who died August 15, 1893, was one of the oldest German residents of Jackson. He was 67 years of age and came to Jackson forty years ago, and for the past thirty-one years has been in the employ of the Michigan Central railroad. He was a member of the German Workingmen's society No. 1; Court Jackson lodge No. 43, I. O. O. F.; Jackson lodge No. 4, I. O. O. F.; Wildey encampment No. 5, and Jackson lodge No. 17, F. and A. M. His wife died last February. He leaves three children, Lewis Wunderlich, Mrs. F. W. Hahn, and Miss Anna Wunderlich.

TUNIS VROOMAN.—Tunis Vrooman died February 25, 1893, at his residence in Summit, of old age. He was born in Middleburg, Schoharie county, N. Y., and would have been 91 years of age the 29th of next April. Mr. Vrooman came to Michigan in the fall of 1835 and located at Jacksonburgh, near Summit on section 19. He was four times married; in 1823 to Hannah Knieskern of Carlisle, N. Y., who died six years after of consumption. Two years later he married Eliza Craig of Shelby, Orleans county. She died in 1853 and two years thereafter, her sister Mary became his wife. The latter died in 1868, and January 26, 1871, he married his fourth and present wife, Mrs. Eliza Huggins Freeman of Jackson. The deceased leaves six children: Mrs. Hannah Walworth, Moscow, Hillsdale county; Mrs. Olive Brickley, David Vrooman, and Mrs. Cornelia Goldsmith of Isabella county; Mrs. Melinda Creech, Gratiot county; and Tunis Vrooman, Jr., of Summit. Mr. Vrooman's farm consisted of one hundred and sixty acres of land in flourishing condition. He was a member of the Christian church, as is also his wife. The deceased was a democrat, and he was a man highly respected in the community.

KALAMAZOO COUNTY.

BY HENRY BISHOP.

Date of death.	Name.	Age.
1892.		
June 19	Mrs. Jerusha Cook	67
22	Francis L. C. Denison	80
27	*A. D. P. Van Buren	70
July 7	John Phillips	61
7	Worlender Fellows	80
13	Mrs. Seneca Smith	82
11	Anson L. Ranney	81
13	Freeman Chandler	84
16	Martha A. Hawes	84
23	Hiram D. Loveland	76
28	*Hiram Arnold	84
Aug. 11	Edmund S. Weeks	64
13	John Potter	84
17	Catherine E. Lovill	68
28	Loretta Shafter Ransom	82
30	Justin Cooper	87
Sept. 19	Parmelia Ashley	89
19	John Stiver	81
Oct. 6	Maria Abraham	81
6	Julia E. Stuart	75
5	Frederick Woodhams	78
5	Stephen Smith	75
8	John Glynn	77
11	Mrs. Freegift Rolston	84
11	Mrs. Sarah M. Burdick	77
16	Julia K. Krum	76
Nov. 18	Susan Gould	80
18	Mrs. Joseph Beckley	78
22	Mrs. William De Visser	74
Dec. 5	William Parker	82
14	George Van De Walker	83
19	Joseph Beckley	80
1892.		
Dec. 12	Mrs. Jerome T. Cobb	62
18	Garrett Stuart	75
20	John Maloy	62
1893.		
Jan. 9	I. M. White	79
10	Mrs. Dwight May	67
10	Russell Mason	75
19	Thomas Rix	80
24	Mrs. Albert B. Judson	71
Feb. 2	George Hoyt	71
4	William M. Beeman	65
19	James Wright	69
25	Henry Vandelere	58
27	Dr. John Briggs	75
March 20	Alpheus Rood	75
22	Fitch Drake	56
25	George Nesbitt	87
29	Bridget Nolan	65
April 7	George Judge	65
5	Samuel D. Walbridge	68
17	Flaria Vandewalker	68
12	Mrs. E. A. Bradley	80
23	Albert Plough	70
May 11	Sarah Bush	89
11	Almira J. Hogeboom	71
11	John Wilson	74
16	Mrs. E. P. Oatman	64
21	William Worthington	82
26	Dinnis Coogan	64
28	Mrs. Hiram Moon	80
June 2	*Stephen F. Brown	74

*State pioneer.

JONATHAN PARSONS.—Jonathan Parsons died at Saratoga, N. Y., whither he had gone for treatment, on August 17, 1892, aged 72 years, and was brought to his home at Kalamazoo for interment. He was born in West Springfield, Massachusetts, October 7, 1820, and lived there during his boyhood. When a young man he removed to Marshall, Michigan, and stayed there a short time, going from there to Bellevue, where he was a clerk in the employ of the late J. P. Woodbury. In the early forties he went to Kalamazoo, and engaged in the dry goods business with the late William A. Wood, continuing in the same a few years. He afterwards engaged with the late Hon. Allen Potter and Mr. Henry Gale in the hardware business. March 1, 1860, a partnership was formed by him in the hardware business with the late Mr. Henry Wood, which continued until March 1, 1888, since which time he has not been actively engaged in business pursuits.

Mr. Parsons was a staunch republican and had seen the party pass through many changes. He was three times elected to the State legislature, and served several times as a member of the village board of trustees. He had been a member of the First Presbyterian church for about a half century, and was a member of the session for many years. He was also an elder and was clerk of the board of elders at the time of his lamented death. Mr. Parsons was at one time a trustee of Michigan Female seminary of Kalamazoo.

His business interests were large and varied. He was a director of the Michigan National Bank, a heavy stockholder in the Kalamazoo Paper Mill, and also had an interest in the Parsons Paper Company of Holyoke, Massachusetts. Mr. Parsons owned the old homestead at West Springfield, Massachusetts, which has been in the family about two hundred years. Among his interests was a large mint farm at Decatur.

As a member of the legislature Mr Parsons served his constituency well, voting on all questions as he thought would best serve his State. As a trustee of Michigan Female Seminary he had the best interests of that institution at heart. As an active member and supporter of the church he will also be missed, and as a business man his word was all that was necessary to obtain and hold the confidence of the people. Mr. Jonathan Parsons was a thoroughly good man and his life may be well considered an example in the community where he had lived so many years.

He leaves a wife and three sons and three daughters: Mrs. C. M. Phelps of Holyoke, Mass.; Miss Adella of Kalamazoo; Mrs. Edward P. Bagg of Holyoke, Mass.; and Mr. E. C. Parsons of Kalamazoo, Mr.

George S. Parsons of Holyoke, Mass., and Mr. Allen Parsons of Denver.

GEORGE NESBITT.—George Nesbitt, whose death occurred March 25, 1893, at the ripe age of 87 years, was one of the very few who settled in Kalamazoo county as early as 1830. Mr. Nesbitt settled on as beautiful a piece of government land as could be found in the State, which he cultivated and on which he erected all the buildings necessary for a comfortable home for himself and family, and all necessary buildings for farming purposes. This was his Prairie Ronde home where he resided till the day of his death. He was of a very quiet, domestic nature; one that required no laws to keep him from transgressing on the rights of others, but on the other hand set such an example to others as helped to make the neighborhood a more desirable place to live and to enjoy all that makes man's own broad acres a home so independent over the city or the village.

Mr. Nesbitt's education was sufficient to enable him to fill any office in the gift of the citizens of his township, and while he never sought office he held the office of supervisor for a number of years, and the office of justice of the peace for some forty years, but only used it to legalize documents to go on record, always preferring that his neighbors should be at peace with each other without his assistance officially.

Those first settlers had a hard struggle to obtain the bare necessities of life; and clothed themselves in a cheap, home made material, and they became so enured to that mode and manner of living that when more prosperous times came to them they did not feel like entering into the more modern extravagant way of living, or to run any risk of losing the home they had struggled hard to obtain.

STEPHEN F. BROWN.—Hon. Stephen F. Brown was born in Loudon county, Virginia, December 31, 1819, and came with his father to Michigan when a boy at the age of 11 years, and settled on a farm in the township of Schoolcraft, December, 1830. His only chance to procure an education was at a district school, then kept three months in the winter, the other nine months he was employed on his father's farm, but he was very ambitious to fit himself to take an active part in politics; first began to speak at school lyceums, then on the stump in the interest of the whig party, and after the organization of the republican party he became a zealous member and represented his county as its representative two terms in the State legislature, in 1856 and 1858; in 1860, 1864, and 1884 as senator, which offices he filled

honestly and so ably as to render himself very popular with his constituents and was ever after, as long as he lived, looked upon as one who had served them honestly and faithfully. He was a great admirer of Henry Clay from whose life and speeches he first entered the field of politics, and he became a very convincing public speaker.

He was the first master of the State Grange of Michigan and served as its treasurer ten years, filling both offices in a very acceptable manner. He has also filled the office of president of the Kalamazoo county pioneer society. He purchased a farm near the old homestead where he resided until he died, June 2, 1893, highly respected by all who knew him. He did more than his full share in saving the country during the late war by furnishing two sons in the cavalry, all he had old enough to serve their country. His family consisted of these two sons, one daughter, and one other son, then an infant. Mrs. Brown, then speaking of her family, said she had two sons in the cavalry and one in the infantry. The men of Stephen F. Brown's stamp are fast passing away. What his farm produced by good management and hard labor he used prudently to support himself and family. He commenced life at a time when the latch string always hung out and when, if he had money, he had no fear of being robbed. His home farm life and domestic habits, and surrounded by neighbors of like character, enabled him to live more in accord with nature's simple requirements and away from the strife and turmoil and the mode and manner of too many now in the villages and cities, who are living on the fruits of others' labor.

Having been intimately acquainted with Mr. Brown for over fifty years has induced me to write this imperfect, humble tribute to his memory.

H. B.

KENT COUNTY.

BY WILLIAM N. COOK.

JAMES BLAIR.—James Blair died at his residence in Grand Rapids, December 18, 1892, from heart disease.

Mr. Blair was born at Blair's Landing on Lake George, in New York state, January 2, 1829. When twelve years of age he removed with his parents to Jackson, Michigan, and a year or two later located on a farm near Grand river, about eight miles below Grand Rapids. Farm life did not suit his active nature, and, when the Mexican war broke out he desired to enlist, but his parents objected. Seeing a steamer coming up the river one day, he left his oxen and plow standing in the field, boarded the boat and went to Grand Rapids, where he signed enlistment papers, but being too young, his father took him back to the farm. Soon afterwards he went to Grand Rapids, and engaged as a clerk in W. D. Robert's and other stores. Later he was a partner with the late Lewis Porter in the clothing business. During the war he was with the army of the Potomac as a suttler. About 1868 he entered the law office of Col. Geo. Gray, then the leader of the Kent county bar, as chief clerk. Here he acquired a taste for the commercial branch of law practice and in 1871 opened a law office for himself. A few months later, when Col. Gray left Grand Rapids, Mr. Blair formed a partnership with the Hon. L. D. Norris and purchased the retiring attorney's office and business. The following year Willard Kingsley became a partner and, excepting one year, has been associated with Mr. Blair ever since. Mr. Norris left the firm and Judge J. W. Stone went in. Upon the election of the latter to congress, Messrs. Eggleston and Kleinhans took his place, but Mr. Eggleston soon after withdrew, and the present firm of Blair, Kingsley & Kleinhans was formed and became the oldest law firm in Grand Rapids.

OLIVER BLEAK.—Oliver Bleak, who has been in the grocery business at the corner of Lagrave and Fulton streets, Grand Rapids, for so many years, died at his residence over his store, June 6, 1893, aged 78 years.

Oliver Bleak was born in Holland, December 14, 1824. He served in the Holland army as a lad, then in the dykes department, where by his special ability before he was twenty-four years old, he secured a position worth some $5,000 a year. His mother had come to the

United States previously, was settled near Buffalo, and so he and his wife, at her urgent request, followed her, coming in 1848. He settled on a dairy farm near his mother, and that was his home until 1855, when he came to Grand Rapids to live and bought the corner lot, where he died, for $900. That year he built the brick store where he has lived and done business ever since, and which has never been changed in rooms since. He lived for a little time in the small house at the rear of the lot. Mr. Bleak was a very quiet, retiring man, an honest citizen, a good neighbor, a reliable friend. He had the respect and esteem of all who knew him. His wife preceded him some three years ago. He leaves two sons, Harry and Oliver, and two daughters, Mrs. A. M. Maris and Miss Cornelia; the last has always lived at home. He leaves a sister, Mrs. Vander Meulen of Buffalo; a half brother, Mr. C. De Vlieger, and a half sister, Mrs. L. Fisher of Sand Lake.

JOHN CORDES.—John Cordes died of pneumonia May 16, 1893, at his home in the city of Grand Rapids, aged 71 years. Mr. Cordes was among the pioneers of the Germans; was born at Westphalia, Germany. Came to this country with his parents in 1836, then 14 years of age; settled in Clinton county, Mich.; in 1843 he came to Grand Rapids and secured work in the plaster quarries. In May, 1850, he joined the company of Bostwick & Smith and went to California. Returning in 1857 with $2,000 in gold he immediately invested it in groceries and opened a store on Canal street, where he had been continuously in business ever since.

Mr. Cordes married Mrs. Anne Thome, who with three stalwart sons survive him, and are his successors in business.

HON. E. S. EGGLESTON.—Hon. E. S. Eggleston, for many years a prominent lawyer of Grand Rapids, died suddenly, August 8, 1892, at the home of his brother, J. L. Eggleston, in Parma, Mich., where he was visiting.

Ebenezer S. Eggleston was born in Batavia, N. Y., May 12, 1825. He came west in 1837 and took up his residence in Litchfield, Hillsdale county, where he received his education in the public schools. He afterwards studied law, and in 1851 he came to Grand Rapids and was admitted to the bar in 1852. He soon became recognized as one of the leading lawyers in western Michigan and soon won distinction. He was elected prosecuting attorney for Kent county in 1856 and conducted the affairs of that office with credit to himself and to his

constituency. In 1861 he was appointed consul to Cadiz, Spain, by President Lincoln, and held the office four years, discharging the duties with marked efficiency. Returning to Michigan he was elected a representative to the State legislature of 1873–4 from the first district of Grand Rapids: During his term in this capacity he served as an active member of the judiciary committee and chairman of the committee on private corporations.

Mr. Eggleston during his residence in Grand Rapids formed several law partnerships. His first was with Solomon L. Withey, under the firm name of Withey & Eggleston. Colonel George Gray was afterwards a member of the firm. Mr. Eggleston withdrew from the partnership at the time of his appointment as minister to Cadiz. On his return he entered into partnership with United States District Attorney A. D. Griswold, and was himself made assistant United States district attorney, and conducted most of the prosecutions for the government. His next partner was Jacob Kleinhans, with whom he remained for several years. The firm afterward became Blair, Eggleston, Kingsley & Kleinhans. Mr. Eggleston withdrew from the firm and remained alone for a number of years. He then formed a partnership with James E. McBribe, with whom he was associated for several years, and during the past three years he has been alone, his advanced age and failing health being a great drawback to his active practice. Among the celebrated cases in which he was engaged were the Clay-Converse law case; the Phillips murder case, in which he was leading counsel; the Bronson murder case, the Vanderpool murder case, tried in Hastings, in which he was retained by the county of Manistee, and the Christ murder case, tried in Grand Rapids. In all of these cases Mr. Eggleston greatly distinguished himself.

October 9, 1877, Mr. Eggleston met with a crushing blow which saddened his later years, and from which he never recovered. His son, Herbert W. Eggleston, a bright young man of great promise, was accidentally killed while out hunting near Traverse City. The news of the accident was a terrible shock to the father and it is said by those who knew him well, that he was scarcely himself after that time. Another great shock was the death of his wife, about five years ago. The only surviving member of his immediate family is the married daughter in Boston, Mass. In a few days after, this daughter, Bertha Eggleston Ely, the last of his family, died at Boston.

Israel Victor Harris.—Israel Victor Harris died at The Clarendon in the city of Grand Rapids on Sunday, October 17, 1886.

Captain Harris was born at Pine Plains, Dutchess county, N. Y., April 2, 1815, received an academic education and until his removal to Michigan in 1836 was engaged in farming, was commissioned a captain of the N. Y. state militia by Governor Marcy. He arrived at Detroit in December, 1836, and in the following spring made his way on foot to Grand Rapids, where he was soon joined by his youngest brother Silas G. with whom he formed a co-partnership with James M. Smith, with the firm name of Smith, Harris & Co., keeping a general store, groceries, dry goods and lumbermen's supplies. The partnership was dissolved in 1844. His brother Silas was elected to the state legislature at 25 years of age and served as speaker of the house with much credit. He was of delicate health and died early. Myron Harris, another brother, came to Grand Rapids a year or two later, with whom he located eight or ten miles west on Sand Creek, now in Talmage township, Ottawa county, and engaged in lumbering and real estate business.

Captain Harris was supervisor of Talmage for six successive years, and in 1852 was elected to the state senate running against Thomas W. Ferry, for the district which then embraced Ottawa county and all of those north to Mackinac; was a candidate for re-election but was defeated by Mr. Ferry; he then retired from official life but remained prominent in the counsels of the democratic party. In later years his residence had been at Grand Haven where he was cordially and universally respected. He was always public spirited and influential in promoting enterprises for the welfare and development of his town and of the Grand River valley.

Judge Isaac H. Parrish.—Isaac H. Parrish died of apoplexy in the city of Chicago, September 10, 1892, and was brought to Grand Rapids for burial. Judge Parrish was born in Ontario county, N. Y., April 2, 1826 and came to Oakland county, Mich., in 1834. His youth was spent on a farm, the family living in a log house in the woods, and his early education was obtained in a log school house in Farmington, Michigan. After he was 20 years of age he read law and was admitted to the bar in 1848, then for twelve years he practiced successively at Pontiac, in Wisconsin and at Chicago. He came to Grand Rapids in 1861, in 1865 he was appointed clerk of the United States court here and held that position ten years, after which he returned to law practice. In 1881 he was elected judge of the superior court of the city of Grand Rapids and ably filled the position during the term of six years.

Judge Parrish from time to time during his residence in Grand

Rapids was a contributor to the local papers furnishing interesting historical sketches of persons and events.

He leaves a widow, four daughters and a son.

Rev. James W. Reid.—Rev. James W. Reid, pastor of the Second street M. E. church of Grand Rapids, died at his home January 21, 1893. He was born in Machias, Maine, April 7, 1837. His father's family moved to Michigan in 1859, and settled near St. Joseph. He early took to teaching in Michigan and Wisconsin, and in 1861 studied law, and was admitted to the bar under Judge B. F. Graves. In the early 60's he practiced law in this village, being a member of the law firm of Wilkinson, Reid & Cahill. It was while practicing his profession here that he was converted, and immediately joined the Methodist Episcopal church and entered the ministry in the year 1868. His appointments in the order named have been as follows: Traverse City, Tekonsha, Homer, Grand Haven, Portland, Greenville, Girard, Union City, St. Joseph, Charlotte, Three Rivers, Grand Rapids.

Mr. Reid originated the present system of conference finance, now endorsed by the general conference, and was for many years treasurer of the Michigan conference. He was also the author of what is known as "The long roll call," of which Chaplain McCabe says, "He could not have done the church as great service if he had given $100,000 to the cause." Of late years the Rev. Mr. Reid has been actively interested in developing a system to better provide for the necessities of worn out preachers, and has seen his own conference improve from an offering of $1,500 to an annual fund of $10,000.

He has always been an active friend of camp meeting, an aggressive evangelist worker, and was one of the projectors of the Eaton Rapids camp meeting and the originator of the Michigan State Revival Band and its first president, and was one of the chief workers for the Hackley Park camp meeting. A firm believer in the principles of the Prohibition party he resigned his charge two years ago to accept the chairmanship of that party's state central committee, and for weeks and months he devoted his time, money, and energy to the work. The campaign over, he was again received by the district conference and assigned to a church in Ravenna. So loud were the remonstrances of his old parishioners in Grand Rapids, however, that Bishop Newman was prevailed upon to restore him to his old charge, which he had held ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. Philander Remington.—Philander Remington died at his home in Grand Rapids, January 14, 1892. Mrs. Remington died January 13, 1892. For sketches see page 111.

CHAS. A. ROBINSON.—Chas. A. Robinson died January 11, 1893, aged about 70 years.

Mr. Robinson came to Plymouth, Wayne county, from the state of New York in an early day. Removed to Grand Rapids in 1855, opening a livery business with John Coldron. He was a leader in the Knights of Labor when they were first organized; was also prominent in G. A. R. circles, being a member of the 10th Michigan Cavalry.

Deceased leaves a wife and son, Wm. A., also a daughter, Mrs. Mary L. Turner. He was a member of the Old Residents' Association of the Grand River valley.

JAS. D. ROBINSON.—Captain Jas. D. Robinson died September 18, 1892, aged 70 years.

Capt. Robinson was born in Belfast, Ireland, April 17, 1822. Came to Grand Rapids in 1843 and worked at his trade (mason) for a number of years; built a home in 1848, at the corner of 2d and Scribner streets, it being the first brick house erected on the west side of the river in Grand Rapids. He went to California in 1850, overland; on account of an injury received in the mines he returned by the Isthmus or Panama route. In 1861 he enlisted in the 1st Regiment Michigan Engineers and Mechanics, and was made captain of Company C of that regiment.

Captain Robinson married Almeria Church, of Marshall, in 1853; his widow and three daughters survive him.

He had acquired considerable property and was the president of the Fifth National bank, also of the Grand Rapids Savings bank.

DR. CHARLES SHEPARD.—One by one the pioneers who saw Grand Rapids expand from a hamlet in the wilderness into a city of 100,000 souls, are passing away. On March 8, 1893, Dr. Charles Shepard, the pioneer physician, whose name is a household word not only in Grand Rapids but throughout the State, peacefully passed to the other life through the portals of sleep.

Charles Shepard was born July 18, 1812, in Herkimer, Herkimer county, N. Y. He was the son of Silas Shepard, his mother's maiden name being Anna White. The doctor spent his early youth at school and with his father in the carpenter shop. At 18 he began to read for his profession in the office of Dr. Harvey W. Doolittle, of Herkimer, and graduated in March, 1835, from the college of physicians and surgeons of the western district of New York, situated at Fairfield. He practiced a few months in Jefferson county, N. Y., and then came to Grand Rapids, arriving here October 20, 1835, and gave

out that he had come to stay and grow up with the promising village. He was the third regular physician to establish in the village, but the other two have long since passed away, and Dr. Shepard for many years has enjoyed the reputation of being the oldest practitioner in the city. His first call was to Ada, where he vaccinated 150 Indians on a contract. The work of a physician in those early days was extremely arduous. There were no roads about the country and he rode on horseback, frequently going fifty miles through the wilderness to see one patient. On one occasion he rode to Muskegon to perform operations on several sailors injured by shipwreck. At that time the city was made up of a sawmill and boarding house. The young physician was guided by one undeviating principle in those early days; if called, he went; no question of compensation was allowed to be a factor in the case. The demand meant necessity; nobody had time to nurse fanciful disorders. When done with a case he went home to sleep, no matter what the hour, and it came to be understood that absence from home invariably meant professional business.

Dr. Shepard was brought into prominent notice in 1837 by some notable surgical operations performed upon the badly frozen crew of a vessel which was wrecked near the mouth of the Muskegon river. During 1843, 1860, and 1872, he spent much time in visiting the medical and surgical institutions of New York City, and lost no opportunity to keep at the very front of his profession. He was particularly noted as a surgeon. In treating the diseases of women his practice was simply unlimited, and he was conceded by his fellows to be without a peer in that line in the State. He was a member of the State medical association and was president of the Grand Rapids medical society. In politics he was a republican, having been converted from democracy in 1848. He served as alderman for several years, and was mayor during 1855. In 1876 he represented Michigan in the international medical congress at Philadelphia. He was a Mason for twenty years.

The older residents will associate Dr. Shepard's memory with the old fashioned stone residence and office on the hill where now the Shepard building stands, the hill and house having both disappeared some years ago. This was where his daily life was spent for forty years, and it contained the medical library, which was one of the finest in the State and in which he spent his time almost constantly when not otherwise engaged. He was also greatly interested in microscopical research and owned the finest outfit of that kind in the city. In 1887

he purchased the property at Jefferson avenue and Oakes street from L. H. Randall, and removed from the old homestead on the hill.

In religious belief Dr. Shepard was in early youth an evangelical believer, but in later years he embraced the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg. Dr. Shepard's leading characteristic, however, was his practical charity, especially in his connection with the U. B. A. Home. He was president of its board of managers and also chief of the medical staff. Through the courtesy of fellow practitioners he was also given an honorary position on the staff of St. Mark's hospital. He was always in favor of allowing physicians of all schools to practice in the U. B. A. Home and finally gained his point, which resulted in allowing all physicians to practice there.

He was married in 1836 to Lucinda A. Putnam, who died in April, 1873. Their two daughters and a son by this marriage are all dead. He was married the second time to Dora Sage, at Portland, Conn. They have had two sons, Charles and Silas E. Shepard, both of whom are living and are aged 15 and 11 years respectively.

Bilius Stocking.—Ripe with age, Bilius Stocking peacefully passed away May 28, 1893, at the residence he has occupied for more than half a century on Seventh street, Grand Rapids, at the head of the street which he marked out and which was named in his honor. Since the earliest day he has lived here, and until the infirmities of age overcame him, he was a vital part of the city's life, and was esteemed by all who knew him for his sterling qualities as a man and citizen.

Mr. Stocking was born in St. Lawrence county, N. Y., on June 12, 1808, and in the fall of 1833, with his brother Daniel C., he came west and spent the winter in St. Joseph, Michigan. In May following, fifty-nine years ago this month, they came to Grand Rapids, then a little hamlet in the woods. They made the trip on foot, following an Indian trail and two nights slept in the woods and one at Gull Prairie. They remained here two weeks, meantime visiting Grand Haven, thence returned as they came to St. Joseph, and thence by steamer to Chicago, and from there to Ottawa, Ill., near which place Daniel Stocking purchased 160 acres of land. The brothers returned to the East, the trip occupying four weeks, and in the fall of 1836 Mr. Stocking again started for Grand Rapids, coming by water to Fairport, Ohio, and the rest of the way on foot, arriving there in the fall. That winter he chopped wood and split rails and the following spring settled upon the place where he died, which he purchased of the government as soon as the land was opened for sale, at three dollars an

acre. He took a quarter section, and with his own hand he cleared away the forest, and under his direction the farm became one of the best in the county. As the city grew his neighbors became more numerous, and the city's boundaries were extended, and the farm of early days is now a part of the city, and many of the acres have been cut up into building lots and are occupied by cozy homes. The old homestead, with the wide lawn in front, and the meadow patch at the side, and the apple and pear trees still standing, is the same as it has been for many years and is one of the landmarks in that part of the city. In the early days, while all was still in the forest state, without compass or guide, Mr. Stocking marked out a road southeasterly from his own front door to Bridge street, and this is now Stocking street and is lined with houses. The street was named in his honor and his name will always be connected with it.

Mr. Stocking was treasurer of Walker township from 1843 to 1846 inclusive, represented the township on the board of supervisors, served as justice of the peace, was under sheriff one term, and held various other minor offices and was always identified with the city's best interests and prosperity. He was charitable and benevolent, and yet he gave so quietly that it was rarely known. He was formerly a republican, but of late years affiliated with the prohibitionists. In religion he was a believer in the Swedenborgian doctrines and was a life long member of the New Church.

In his family life Mr. Stocking was peculiarly happy. He married in 1838, Miss Mary H. Hunt, and his marriage by the Rev. James Ballard, was one of the earliest in the city. For more than half a century they traveled hand in hand, sharing the joys of life, dividing the sorrows and growing old together. She survives her companion of a lifetime and in her bereavement has the sympathy of a wide circle of friends. Five children were born to them and two daughters survive, Mrs. John Widdicomb and Miss Alida C. Stocking.

Arthur Wood.—Arthur Wood died April 24, 1893, at his residence in Grand Rapids, aged 61 years, 11 months.

Mr. Arthur Wood was born in Bristol, Eng., May 22, 1832. His parents came to this country when he was four years old and settled near Worcester, Mass. In 1856 he came to Grand Rapids, working at the carpenter trade, but later as bookkeeper for R. E. Butterworth. In 1857 and 1858 he was employed on the Democrat, by Jacob Barns, then editor of the paper. In the summer of 1862 he raised a company for the 4th Michigan Cavalry, but after six months service he was

obliged to resign on account of deafness and returned home. In 1863 he accepted a position on the Detroit Free Press under Mr. Barns, where he remained nearly five years.

In 1867 he returned to Grand Rapids and embarked in the carriage business with Luther Colby and H. P. Colby, under the name of Colby, Son & Co., but later bought out his partners and gradually built up an important business.

In 1860 he was married to Sarah F. Colby, daughter of Luther Colby, who is still living. There were five sons born to them, four of whom are living, all having an interest in their father's business, being stockholders. One brother, C. W. Wood, of Battle Creek, still survives him.

Mr. Wood was a Mason, being a member of Valley City Lodge No. 34, and in politics a democrat.

LENAWEE COUNTY.

BY S. C. STACY.

Mrs. Isaac Adams.—Mrs. Isaac Adams is dead. The journey was finished at Omaha, Nebraska, January 20, 1893. It was a long one, spanning this entire century, save the opening and the remainder of the present decade. The heart that has just ceased its beatings began to pulsate when this republic was an experiment and this continent, beyond the seaboard states, an unknown wilderness. It was before the second war with England, during the first administration of President Madison. There then lived in the village of Charlemont, amid the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, a plain young couple of Puritan descent, John and Elizabeth Fisher. In 1811 their first child was born and christened Mary. As years passed brothers and sisters entered the household until the family circle numbered twelve sons and daughters. In addition to the village schools the children from time to time were given the advantages afforded by academies in neighboring towns. An epoch in the life of Mary was the winter of '29, when she attended a select school for girls by Mary Lyon, founder of the Mt. Holyoke seminary. Finally the time came when the anxious parents decided that the future of their flock demanded a wider field for operations than their snug New England home. In 1836 the great

migration was undertaken. The rocky seventy acre homestead, and the father's cabinet shop were converted into money; the stage coach winding along the valley of the Deerfield, over Hoosac Mountain to Troy, was chartered; fond farewells were chokingly uttered; eyes blinded in tears looked for the last time upon the dear scenes of childhood, and the long journey westward was begun. At Troy there was the transfer to the Erie canal, and at Buffalo the canal boat was exchanged for the lake steamer. At Monroe, Michigan, family and household goods were transferred to wagons, and hauled by ox teams to their new home in the forest, three and one-half miles north of Tecumseh, now the farm of the youngest son, John Fisher. During the succeeding thirteen years Mary Fisher, as eldest daughter, continued to share with her mother the responsibilities of pioneer life. In 1839 she was one of fifteen who organized the Baptist church of Tecumseh. Of this little band of fifteen she was the last survivor.

In 1849 she became the wife of Isaac Adams. Their companionship lasted thirty years, terminating with the death of Deacon Adams in 1879. For the past ten years Mrs. Adams has resided with her only son, Isaac, at Omaha, excepting one year spent at Lincoln, Nebraska, with her daughter, Francina, now Mrs. J. J. Wilson. In early life Mrs. Adams was not robust, but care and prudence brought into healty action her vigorous constitution so that for the last forty years of her life she scarcely experienced any sickness. In August last, paralysis rendered her helpless. Realizing that there was no relief, she longed to be free from the bonds which time had forged. With the opening of the year the disease assumed a new phase, but to her its progress was not unwelcome. She predicted that ere the 23d of January, the fourteenth anniversary of the departure of him whose memory she cherished so tenderly, she would have joined him. As the month grew apace she numbered the days as one waiting a long and anticipated meeting. Thus was the passing of this life, long and ripe. The milestones along its way can be pointed out, but who can conceive the scope of its century of influence! She inherited many of those traits that have enabled the sons and daughters of New England, though comparatively few in numbers, to stamp their character upon all genuine American institutions. To her, christianity and the highest christian morality was not a faith and practice necessary to be accepted and cultivated, but it was ingrained and instructive. Anything else was simply unnatural and abhorent. Her influence was confined to the family circle. There, though silent, it was as vital and all-pervading as the atmosphere. Prior to the attack of paralysis her faculties, both

physical and mental, never waned. She never grew old. She enjoyed the life of a growing city. Her surroundings and new associations were always agreeable. The past had no more grasp upon her than upon one who knows of it from hearsay only. She was abreast of the times, in full sympathy with the busy and progressive. She made herself companionable. She leaves to her children and relatives the best of legacies, an inestimable fund of precious memories.

EDMUND W. BORDEN.—Edmund Woodmansee Borden, the second son of Tyler and Hannah Borden, was born in Monmouth county, New Jersey, March 30, 1822.

Orphaned by his mother's death when he was but eleven years old, by which event the family was broken up, he was almost immediately thrown upon his own resources. Being drawn by the teachings of his pious mother, he soon left the farm where he had been engaged for a term of years, and buying up his unexpired time, he went to New York city to prepare himself for preaching the gospel. This he did by learning the tailor's trade, studying as he worked, and attending night school. He thus supported himself and obtained a substantial basis for a thorough education, which he afterward acquired by private tutors, by a course of study at the University of Michigan, and by a remarkably patient, persevering, and thorough reading of the masters of learning in its various branches. His logical and close reasoning powers were always based upon verified truth.

When twenty years old he married Miss Margaret Hopper of New York city and with her removed to Michigan in 1843, a land then in primeval forest and far away from the city of New York, while as yet railroads were but just beginning to be. Taking up pioneer life at Battle Creek as a circuit rider of the M. E. church, he was instant in season and out of season to carry the gospel message to all within his circuit.

After laboring in that church from his seventeenth year, when he was licensed as an exhorter, his ordination taking place when he was twenty-one years of age, till 1858, a period of nearly twenty years, his theological views undergoing some change, he united with the Congregational denomination. In this body he continued his ministry about fifteen years. In 1873 he transferred his standing to the Presbyterian church, finding in its polity and system of doctrine a congenial resting place for his inquiring and independent mind. He gave up settled pastoral charge in 1888 but continued to preach until last summer, his last discourse being a funeral sermon on the 27th day of August,

1892. His family consisted of eight children, five of whom, two sons and three daughters are still living.

The last year showed rapid decline in his health, but he was still happy and fairly well at the anniversary of his golden wedding, October 6, 1892. He died on February 27, 1893, at his home. So ended a career of triumph and an active ministry of fifty-three years in the gospel.

Mr. Borden never lost a month of service nor was ever absent from his pulpit through sickness. He never took any vacations and as a public servant of Christ was faithful in all his charge.

Wm. Bresie.—The death of William Bresie, April 23, 1893, at the ripe age of 76 years, removes from the social and business circles of Tecumseh, one of our foremost citizens. But few men typified better than he the restless energy and activity of the western pioneer, and his life was a long and eventful one. He was born in Tioga county, New York., April 25, 1817, and when six years of age his father's family moved to Conesus, Livingston county, New York, where the subject of this sketch lived for ten years, obtaining such a meagre education as the schools of those days afforded. At the age of seventeen he caught the prevailing western fever, and started for Buffalo afoot and alone. Upon arriving there he took a boat to Detroit, and thence walked to Michigan City, Indiana. Here he obtained work at driving stage and for about two years subsequently, he made his headquarters in Chicago. In the spring of 1839 he returned east, and upon the 20th of March in that year he married Mary A. Johnson of Groveland, Livingston county, with whom he lived a most happy domestic life for over half a century. Soon after his marriage he moved to Conesus, where he kept the village hotel for about six years. He then lived on a farm in Groveland for a time, and from there moved to Dansville, Livingston county, where he kept the Western hotel for several years. In 1850 he moved to Hornellsville, Steuben county, New York, and began work on the Buffalo & New York City railroad, now the N. Y., L. E., & W. Ry. He was employed first as baggage master and then as passenger conductor for a period of seven years on a run between Buffalo and Hornellsville. He then resigned to take a position with Mr. Geo. B. Gates, who was proprietor of the first sleeping car line—the first sleeping car having been put in use about 1858—and he served in this capacity for Mr. Gates during a period of ten years running on the New York Central, the Buffalo & Erie and the Cleveland and Ashtabula railroads, the two latter now forming a

part of the Lake Shore system. Mr. Bresie enjoyed the distinction of being the first regularly appointed sleeping car conductor. He was in several wrecks but always escaped unhurt.

At the expiration of his ten years' service here he took charge of a sleeping car line between that city and Chicago. He then moved to Glenville, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland, where he dealt largely in real estate. While a resident of Glenville he became a pioneer in the operation of street railways. He obtained the right of way and the original charter of the St. Clair St. R. R. Co., a street car line running from the heart of Cleveland to Glenville. To encourage the enterprise the owners and citizens along the route donated the use of the line without rent, and he managed it very successfully for ten years. His property in Glenville increased very much in value and gave him a handsome competency.

In 1874 he moved his family to Tecumseh and took up his abode on forty acres of land just north of the village which has made a model home for him during his declining years. His house was an historical landmark, being in an early day the homestead of Gen. J. W. Brown, one of the founders of Tecumseh. Within its hospitable walls he celebrated his golden wedding on the 20th of March, 1880, and here he passed the remainder of his earthly pilgrimage. For nearly twenty years he was a resident of this village. He served as township supervisor, as village councilman, and as janitor of the cemetery, in all of which positions he displayed the same business tact and ability which made his early life such a marked success.

Four children blessed his married life: Wm. R. Bresie, of Decatur, Illinois; Mrs. Elizabeth Crowell, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Sarah Betts, of Edmore; and Amanda, who died at the age of three years.

Mrs. Samuel Holden.—Mrs. Samuel Holden, who departed this life on the 9th day of January, 1893, was one of our oldest residents. Had she lived until May 23 next, she would have been 84 years of age. She was born in Groton, N. Y., in 1809, and was there united in marriage to Mr. Harlo C. Smith in October, 1832. In the spring of 1834 they drifted westward into the territory of Michigan, and settled on a farm in the township of Cambridge, which was then almost an unbroken wilderness. Here they carved out for themselves a substantial home and here were born to them five sons, to make that home happy. In February, 1858, they moved upon a farm in Raisin where they lived until 1869, when they purchased the old Jas. C. Eddy place just west of Tecumseh. Mr. Smith died in October, 1875. In May

1877, she was married to Mr. Samuel Holden, who now survives her; also two sons by her first husband, Albert E. Smith of Onsted, and Sylvester H. Smith of Adrian. The deceased was a woman of modest manners who loved her home and kindred, and fulfilled all the duties of wife and mother in the humble station to which God had assigned her. She was for many years a member of the Tecumseh M. E. church and died in the hope of a blessed immortality.

JOHN RICHARD.—Another of Lenawee county's sturdy pioneers and most worthy citizens died at his home June 12, 1892.

John Richard filled a large niche in the local history of Lenawee county for more than half a century. He was descended from sturdy Irish ancestry, having been born in County Antrim, Ireland, in November, 1806. His father, Archibald Richard, was an Irish farmer, and the father of eleven children, John being the second child. He passed his boyhood beneath the parental roof, gathering such rudiments of an education as the Irish schools of those days afforded. At the age of eighteen years he bade adieu to the old home and set sail for the new world, landing in Baltimore about the first of June, 1825. Here he worked for a few months at the brick and stone mason's trade and then went to New Jersey, where he engaged in work in the iron furnaces until the fall of 1827, when he returned to his native land. In the spring of 1828 his father emigrated with his family to America, John having persuaded him to try his fortunes in the western world. They landed in New York in June, 1828, and proceeded to Geneseo, Livingston county, N. Y., where they purchased a farm and resided until 1833. In September of that year they came to Michigan and settled in the woods on section fourteen in Raisin. In 1831 the subject of this sketch again returned to Ireland. In January, 1832, he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Sherrard, of Antrim county, with whom he returned to America, and the next year, 1833, he came to Michigan with his father's family and located a farm on section twenty-three in Raisin, where he began the work of carving a home out of the wilderness. At his death he owned one hundred acres of land, with fine buildings and improvements, which is considered one of the best homes in this section. He began life in Raisin in a log cabin, twelve feet square, without a chimney, and in the midst of an unbroken forest. During the next forty years he endured the privations and performed the toil incident to pioneer life in the Wolverine State, during which time he made the forest to bloom like a garden and transformed the wild woods into a beautiful home. He had but one

child, Alexander, who now resides on the old Archibald Richard farm in Raisin.

The deceased was possessed of good physical health and a rugged constitution, and took a deep interest in all matters of local concern. He was a great reader and kept himself *en rapport* with the times in current history and politics. Although unobtrusive and far removed from intolerance and mere partisanship, he entertained positive convictions upon religious and political subjects and could always give a reason for the faith that was in him. In politics he was an old line democrat. In religion he was an ardent Presbyterian. He was an active member of and regular attendant upon the Raisin Presbyterian church, and gave a liberal donation to erect the fine church edifice which stands on his farm. He also contributed liberally towards the building of the two Presbyterian churches in Tecumseh. He was frequently honored with the suffrages of his fellow citizens for offices of trust, having been twice chosen to the office of township treasurer and twice elected supervisor.

"Uncle John Richards," as he was familiarly known by all, was a prominent character in this vicinity for nearly sixty years. As a husband and father he met his obligations and duties with religious fidelity; as a citizen and neighbor he was honored and trusted; as a pioneer he stood in the van of that valiant army of faithful workers who have made our commonwealth what it is today. He has fought the good fight, he has kept the faith, he has finished his course, he has entered into his eternal inheritance on high.

John Sage.—Another of the pioneers of Lenawee county has passed away. Mr. John Sage, of Macon, died August 26, 1892, on the same farm upon which he had resided since 1831, in the 88th year of his age.

Mr. Sage came to Michigan from Livingston county, N. Y., in the spring of 1831. He took up land on section nine in Macon, Lenawee county, where he soon after erected a log house. October 24, 1833, he was married to Miss Hannah Marshall, of New York state, and brought her to his new home in Michigan. He was then 28 years old. Together they commenced the battle of life in a new country, sharing the hardships that are consequent in a new country. Their nearest neighbor was Dr. Howell, the father of Dr. George Howell of Tecumseh, and Edwin Howell of Macon, who now resides at his father's early home.

Mr. Sage was compelled to cut his way from Mr. Pennington's through to his land, in order to get a team and wagon on his new

farm, all being a dense forest. By true courage, a strong will, and a healthy and robust frame and constitution, he felled the primeval forest, broke the land and made for himself and family a beautiful home. Upon this farm he lived until his death. His wife was called away thirteen years previous and since that time to the hour of his death he was constantly attended by his youngest daughter, Mary E. Sage. Her true devotion to her father, her untiring care, her sleepless vigilance, her strong love for him during all those years merits and receives from all deep and abiding friendship and esteem.

Mr. Sage was the father of seven children, four of whom survive him. Two sons died in defending their country during the war of the rebellion, one after four years of service on the battlefield in the 3d Michigan Cavalry, and the other in the 11th Michigan Infantry. Two sons and two daughters survive him and were present with him to comfort his last years on earth and mourn his departure.

Mr. Sage was a true patriot, a true man. Honesty, integrity and truth marked all his acts and he died at a good old age, honored and beloved by all, amid peace and prosperity, surrounded by children and many friends.

Rev. Peter Sharp.—Rev. Peter Sharp died in San Jose, California, September 13, 1892. Peter Sharp was born May 14, 1810, at Willsburg, Essex county, New Jersey. He was the fourth son of Cornelius Sharp, who had eight sons and daughters, and moved with his family to Ohio, when his older children were quite small.

Peter was converted at the age of eighteen and giving up the study of law, began at once to prepare himself for the ministry which he entered four years later. He continued in active service as an itinerant in the M. E. church until 1853 when the failing health of his wife made it necessary to locate. While the Ohio conference still included southern Michigan, he was stationed at Ann Arbor, and was married at that place to Miss Eunice M. Doty, March 19, 1837, in the presence of the Sabbath morning congregation of the quarterly conference and by the presiding elder, Rev. Henry Colclayer.

His next station was Tecumseh, then a four weeks circuit, including Clinton, Franklin, Macon, and Ridgeway.

From there he returned to Ohio and filled various appointments until 1849, when he was transferred to Michigan conference and stationed at Coldwater, at Constantine, at Ridgeway, and at Dundee, which was his last regular appointment.

December 24, 1853, he began business in general merchandise at

Ridgeway, Michigan. He received the appointment of postmaster soon after and continued to hold the office for nearly thirty-five years.

He was a member of the Michigan legislature 1859-1860, and continued to preach the gospel as a local elder in the M. E. church. March 14, 1888, his beloved wife was called home after years of invalidism and six months' helplessness. His untiring patience in caring for her, but proved his devotion. A few months after he yielded to the necessity and closed out his business at Ridgeway and moved to Tecumseh to live with his daughter. August, 1889, he went to California, where his oldest son lived on a mountain ranch. Here he found work for his Master in conducting a Sunday school at the nearest school house. In the spring of 1891 he moved with his son's family to San Jose. It was his intention to return to Michigan in the spring of 1892, but the Lord ordered otherwise.

Peter Sharp was a man of true nobility, held in esteem and veneration by all who had the capacity to appreciate the excellence of his character and his ability as a theologian.

Truly beloved by his family and intimate friends; devoted and untiring in the discharge of religious duty, seeming always to possess his soul in peace.

ELLERY SISSON.—Ellery Sisson died January 7, 1893, in his 80th year, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Geo. Shuart, in Jackson. Mr. Sisson resided in Tecumseh and Raisin for more than 70 years, until a few weeks before when he went to live with his daughter in Jackson.

Mr. Sisson was one of the earliest settlers of this township. His father located the old Aaron Comfort farm, across the road from N. M. Sutton's, the present home of A. J. Van Winkle and of Dr. C. A. Waldron. He had voted in Tecumseh at every presidential election since attaining his majority, and was a staunch democrat.

MISS FANNY STOCKING.—Miss Fanny Stocking died at Tecumseh, Michigan, on April 28, 1893, aged 59 years.

Miss Stocking was the daughter of Amos and Theodosia Stocking, who were among the earliest and most respected settlers of the town of Tecumseh. The house in which she was born, being the first one north of Theodore Crane's, was one of the first frame houses built in the place. Miss Stocking was born in November, 1833. Her life has been one of the most quiet and yet one of the most useful of lives, having been spent, nearly all of it, in or near her native place, and in

occupations which are more honorable and self-denying than conspicuous or remunerative. She early developed a taste for books and was a pupil of the Tecumseh school, of that of Prof. Estabrook and of the State Normal. She began teaching in Franklin at the early age of sixteen. She taught many years in Clinton also, where she is lovingly remembered for her labors. But it is in this her native town that she was best known and most widely and fully appreciated. Here she united at an early age with the Presbyterian church, to which she was warmly attached, and of which she was a consistent, and, until the loss of her health, an active and useful member, being for a long term of years the teacher of a large class in the Sabbath school. Here in Tecumseh also she conducted a private school, of whose advantages many parents were glad to avail themselves. Here for some years she discharged with loving faithfulness the duty of caring for her invalid father. All the work she undertook was performed in such a quiet, cheerful way as to convey the impression that it was easily done.

MONROE COUNTY.

Mrs. Esther Wakefield.—Mrs. Esther Wakefield, wife of Stephen B. Wakefield, died at her home at Shawnee Springs in Monroetown, May 17, 1893, from creeping paralysis. The deceased was born in New York state November 20, 1823. At the age of ten years she came to Monroe with her parents, arriving here in June, 1833. She was one of the oldest residents of Monroetown and was well known. She leaves a husband, three sons and two grandsons.

MUSKEGON COUNTY.

BY HENRY H. HOLT.

Miss Lizzie Bullock.—Miss Lizzie Bullock, the eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Bullock, died April 9, 1893, at the home of her sister, Mrs. R. T. Stanton, in Chicago, where she went on a visit early in March.

Miss Bullock was born in August, 1851, at Wells River, Vermont, and in 1857 came to Muskegon with her parents. All who knew her in private life loved her; her services to the public are best summed

up in the following tribute paid by F. A. Nims, for so long a member of the board of education:

"Miss Bullock received her school training in the public schools of this city. She commenced her work as teacher in 1869, in the old 'ward school No. 1,' on Newaygo Hill. She was soon assigned to one of the schools in the old 'central,' where she taught until the spring of 1890, when failing health compelled her to suspend her school work. A protracted residence in Colorado seemed to restore her to vigorous health, and she never appeared better than since her return. She was eager to enter again upon her chosen vocation, and was an applicant for her old place for the coming school year.

"She was regarded by the members of the board, as well as by the various superintendents under whom she served, as the best 'first primary' teacher we ever had; and her work as such was well known and appreciated by school workers throughout the State.

"With her, as with all truly successful teachers, the elements of success were in her character, which for purity, modesty, gentleness, patience, and devotion was unexcelled. She was both womanly and motherly. Little children gave her their confidence without hesitation. Although a close student of educational theories and methods, her intuition was her best guide. She entered with her whole heart into the training and development of each child-nature that came into her charge; and with infinite patience and inimitable tact, brought out the best results."

Isaac Crossette.—Isaac Crossette, a pioneer of this State and of St. Joseph county, died at Three Rivers, May 19, 1893, of pneumonia. For a short period he has made Muskegon a temporary home, where the wholesale lumber business has been carried on successfully for several years by himself and his son, Reed, in the firm name of Crossette & Son.

He had been seriously ill during the past winter at Muskegon, but having materially improved in health and strength he, together with his wife, went back to the old home, Three Rivers, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Keyport, his son-in-law and daughter. With a prospect of better health for years to come Mr. Crossette had planned to build a new dwelling on the old home plat for himself, wife, and unmarried daughter.

Isaac Crossette was born at Fort Ann, N. Y., August 14, 1824; removed with his father, mother, and the other children to Michigan in 1831. His boyhood days were spent in St. Joseph county.

By his own efforts he obtained a good common school education which he first made useful as a teacher in Three Rivers and other places in the vicinity.

Isaac Crossette and Clara A. Reed were married in 1848 and went to Three Rivers in 1849. At Centreville Mr. Crossette learned the blacksmith trade, but teaching was more agreeable to his taste. During the year 1849 he commenced the mercantile business at Three Rivers, which was pursued for about twenty years, during which time he was postmaster eight years, superintendent of the county poor for several terms and he also filled many other positions of responsibility, and to the general satisfaction of the people.

Mr. Crossette and Captain Spencer together built the first brick block in Three Rivers, now occupied by Hummel and Klocke.

As a business man Mr. Crossette was enterprising and gave the best years of his life to the growth and prosperity of this beautiful town.

As a citizen Mr. Crossette ranked among the best. He was energetic in the temperance cause on all occasions, and his influence contributed to the moral growth of this community.

Mr. Crossette is survived by his wife, one son and three daughters, Mrs. W. L. Antes of Baltimore, Maryland; I. R. Crossette of Muskegon; Mrs. J. L. Keyport of Three Rivers, and Alie L. Crossette of Muskegon.

George F. Outhwaite.—George F. Outhwaite died February 3, 1893, at Muskegon. For sketch see Vol. 21, page 208.

Mrs. Maria S. Piper.—Mrs. Maria S. Piper, who died on the 7th day of March, 1893, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. D. C. Tillotson, on Lake street, was born in Mooers, Clinton county, N. Y., April 26, 1824. She was of a family of thirteen children, only one of whom, a brother, survives her.

On the 27th of February, 1845, she was married to Benjamin S. Piper, of Irving, Massachusetts, who died in Muskegon in 1871. After marriage she made her home for a time in Northfield, Mass., then for some eight years in her old home in Mooers, N. Y. She then came west with her husband and family to Grand Rapids, Mich., there to reside two years. Removing from there, they resided in Lamont, Ottawa county, until June, 1862, when they came to Muskegon to make of this city a permanent home.

Mrs. Piper at once actively identified herself on her arrival in Muskegon with church work. At that time there were but thirteen members in the Central Methodist church, instead of in the neighbor-

hood of nine hundred as at present. She committed herself fully to the work in hand, and the prosperity of the church since that time has been due in no small measure to her fidelity.

She was actively interested and identified with nearly every department of benevolent as well as church work.

She was one of the original cemetery association organized in 1870 by a few ladies, which did so much in the way of beautifying Evergreen cemetery, supplying it with a fountain and other attractive features. In every kind of social and other needed reforms she was interested and cheerfully active. Her entire life in point of purity was well symbolized by the whiteness of the lilies that lay upon her coffin and in point of completeness of maturity by the ripened heads of golden grain that lay beside them.

FERDINAND WELLER.—Ferdinand Weller died at Muskegon on the 9th day of April, 1893. He was one of the most widely known of Muskegon's citizens and has seen it grow from almost a hamlet to its present proportions. He was born in Asch, Austria, December 24, 1838, and spent the earlier years of his life in acquiring a good German education. When he was 18 years old he came to this country on a sailing vessel to attempt his fortunes among a strange people of whose tongue he was entirely ignorant. He made his way directly to Michigan and secured a place for a while on a farm near Detroit, where in the intervals of his chore duties he managed to acquire a smattering of English. He made up his mind that he wanted to be a printer and ultimately engage in the newspaper business, and with this definite purpose in mind went to Howell, this State, where he obtained a position in a printing office. Here he remained a short time when he went to Grand Rapids where he remained two years, working at his trade, and then came to Muskegon, arriving here in the spring of 1865. He acquired and consolidated two papers, issuing them as the News and Reporter. His press was of the original hand form, and putting the paper through the press in those days was not a joke. Gradually he built up one of the largest and best newspaper properties in western Michigan, which he disposed of in 1869. That year he married Miss Anna Ellis of Earlville, Iowa, and the following year he made a trip to his birthplace and brought back his aged mother to this city, where she made her home for fourteen years.

In 1870 he entered the newspaper business again, issuing his paper under the old name of News and Reporter and in 1872 he came out as a Greeley democrat. Ten years later he began the publication of the

News as a daily. In 1889 he disposed of his entire newspaper property to Wanty & Manning, the present owners, and gave his attention to his other interests, real estate and lumber.

His first wife died in November, 1884, and on April 12, 1887, he married, at the home of her parents in Charles City, Iowa, the wife who survives him. She formerly taught the high school in Holland, Mich., and met Mr. Weller while in Chicago.

In the death of Ferdinand Weller, the local press of this city and county has lost a pioneer well known to a great mass of the people, and so thoroughly has he been connected with its history that it is impossible to give a sketch of his life without saying more or less of the history of our press.

The first newspaper of Muskegon which became permanent was the Muskegon Reporter, the first number of which was issued in April, 1859, by Fred B. Lee & Co. This was continued until October, 1864, when Fred B. Lee, who was the editor, having enlisted in the army, the paper was discontinued, although the type and furniture remained intact in the office.

John Bole started a republican paper known as the Muskegon News on the 20th of August, 1864. Mr. Bole published this paper for a few months, when he sold it to Wm. K. Gardner, who continued it to March, 1865, when he sold his interest to Ferdinand Weller. The latter soon after bought the press and type of the Reporter, continuing the publication of the two papers for a short time when they were united as a republican paper known as the News and Reporter. This was continued by Mr. Weller until December, 1869, when he sold the paper to Geo. C. Rice, who continued the publication, changing the name to the Muskegon Chronicle.

In August, 1870, Mr. Weller revived the News and Reporter as a democratic newspaper, and which he continued until his sale to Messrs. Wanty & Manning. He started The News in 1882. Mr. Weller was always known as a good citizen, thoroughly alive to the best interests of the city.

OCEANA COUNTY.

BY E. T. MUGFORD.

Name.	Residence.	Date of death.	Age.
Ira Mattison	Shelby	Oct. 26, 1892	76
Wm. M. Payne	Shelby	Jan. 11, 1893	57
Ethan Hulbert	Shelby	Feb. 10, 1893	66
Daniel H. Rankin	Shelby	Mar. 8, 1893	56
Wm. Erdley	Hart	" 8, 1893	81
Loretta H. Randall	Shelby	" 12, 1893	50
Oliver Bray	Benona	" 15, 1893	70
Asa Bray	Benona	" 24, 1893	73
Wm. Satterlee	Shelby	April 8, 1893	72
Warren Coolidge	Hart	May 28, 1893	62
Pinny P. Roberts	Hart	June 5, 1893	71

OTTAWA COUNTY.

BY A. S. KEDZIE.

BERNARDUS GROOTENHUIS.—Bernardus Grootenhuis died unexpectedly March 3, 1893, at the age of 79 years. He was one of the earliest pioneers in this Dutch colony and closely connected with its history. He was born at Ommen, province of Overisel, Netherlands, September 12, 1814, and twenty-seven years later he married Johanna Hoogewind. In 1846 they accompanied Rev. Van Raalte to America, arriving here in the spring of 1847. Mr. Grootenhuis mastered the study of surveying and his help was of great assistance to the settlers in laying out their domains. His real occupation, however, was that of painter and after remaining here five years they left for Detroit, staying there three years when they returned to Holland for one year. His proficiency in the art of painting attracted considerable attention and he went to Grand Rapids where he formed a partnership with L. Dooge. After spending several years there, either in company or alone in his business, Mr. Grootenhuis and his wife returned here in 1872. While in Grand Rapids he took a leading part in the formation of the First English congregation there and of which he was elder. In Holland he was also one of the leaders in organizing the Hope church congregation of which he was also elder for several years. From 1867 to

1879 he was supervisor of the township. Two sons, James and John, entered the union army, the former being killed in the battle of the wilderness. He leaves an aged widow and three married children, John, one of our leading painters, Mrs. J. Kerkhof, and Mrs. Janna Ter Beek.

PIETER FREDERICK PFANSTIEHL.—Pieter F. Pfanstiehl was born June 12, 1806, in the city of Breda, Netherlands. He received a more than ordinary education, and spent a part of his youth and early manhood in other countries of the continent. June 5, 1833, he was married to Helena Meulenbroek, with whom he lived 52 years, having celebrated his golden wedding two years before the latter's death. Of seventeen children born to them five survive, two sons, Peter, of Holland, and Rev. Albert A., of Denver, Col.; and three daughters, Mrs. H. Boone and Mrs. Dr. F. J. Schouten, of Holland, and Frederika, who is being cared for in the Michigan asylum at Kalamazoo. Three days before his death Mr. Pfanstiehl was still considered to be in his usual health. The immediate cause of his death was congestion of the lungs. He entered into his final rest on Friday evening, July 8, 1892, at the ripe old age of 86 years.

With the death of Pieter F. Pfanstiehl, Holland loses another of the few remaining links that connects its past with the present.

The deceased was a well-to-do shoemaker, in the city of Arnhem, Netherlands, at the time when the first murmurings of dissatisfaction were heard on the part of his countrymen with reference to their material condition, actual and prospective. His sympathies were with them. In all the movements and deliberations leading up to the "emigration of 1847," he was an active coworker among those that had that exodus in charge. As such we have a right to especially designate him a connecting link between the present and the past.

With his family he left the fatherland for the New World in the summer of 1847; arrived in New York and remained there about eight months following his trade. While there he made the acquaintance of the late Dr. B. Ledeboer, an incident which also in later years led to the doctor's removal to Holland. In the spring of 1848 he left for the west, and was joined at Buffalo by Mr. I. Cappon, then a young man anxious to join the "Zeelanders."

Mr. Pfanstiehl's objective point was the colony of Dr. Van Raalte, in Michigan, with whom he had held intimate relations in the old country. Upon reaching Milwaukee he left his family there for a few weeks, and came on to Holland. Here he again started at his trade,

at which he was an expert, having followed it in such cities as Brussels and Paris. It did not take him long, however, to realize that his new environments called for a different kind of foot wear than had been his wont to make, and he conceived the idea of starting a tannery. The material of some of the buildings in the "Indian Village," was utilized in constructing a tannery on the shore of Black Lake. The sills can still be traced at a point a little east of where Cappon & Bertsch in 1859 built their first tannery. Here also is where Mr. I. Cappon was initiated into the tanner's trade. Want of sufficient experience soon caused this enterprise to be abandoned. Some leather had been made and was sold in Kalamazoo, where it fell into the hands of the late Simon Schmid. Mr. Pfanstiehl soon thereafter, in 1851, removed to Kalamazoo, remained there a year or so, when he again returned to "the colony," embarking in general merchandise, in which line he was more successful.

It is not for us to follow his subsequent career in detail. Suffice it to state that for a while he also operated the stage line between Kalamazoo, Allegan, Holland, and Grand Haven; was a dealer in staves, bark, etc., became a vessel owner, and manufacturer of cut staves and heading.

Having briefly stated his connection with the early settlement of Holland, as the pioneer tanner, there is one other incident in his career as a business man which is desirable to bring out, it being especially worthy of remembrance. It was during the period known as the panic of 1857, which financial distress was very severe upon the then weak and struggling colony. The leading business man of that day and the commercial stay of the settlement, Mr. A. Plugger, was heavily involved, and at the complete mercy of his creditors. The times were exceedingly hard and trying. Just then also, as a matter of absolute self-preservation, the colonists had undertaken to construct their own harbor. Through the self-denying efforts of the late Mr. John Roost, they had obtained from the State a grant of swamp lands, lying principally in the township of Olive. Not as a matter of investment, for those lands at that period had little or no value, but with a view of furthering the development of the harbor, Mr. Pfanstiehl at this critical period volunteered to take a certain amount of those lands, to enable the harbor board to secure sufficient dredging in what is at present the main channel of the harbor, but which was then only a recently cut out channel. (It should be remembered that this was in the days when government appropriations for the improvement of harbors were still held as

"unconstitootional"). The relief obtained through this public spirited act of Mr. Pfanstiehl was timely and duly appreciated, for the panic had affected the market for all kinds of forest products to such an extent, that it left not enough margin for their shipment by means of scows to vessels lying outside the harbor.

The deceased as a citizen never sought, but rather evaded prominence and leadership. The only position he ever held was that of member of the harbor board, of which body he was for years the efficient secretary.

In common with many others he was a heavy loser by the great fire of 1871. He managed, however, to gather up sufficient fragments to secure him an ample competency during his remaining years.

SAGINAW COUNTY.

BY C. W. GRANT.

JOHN BARR.—John Barr of Tittabawassee, so well known in Saginaw and in every part of the county for the last 30 years, died March 17, 1893, aged 73 years.

Mr. Barr was born in Scotland, June 1, 1819, and came to this country in 1842. He located in Canada where he assisted in the construction of the first iron boat ever built in that country. From Canada he traveled over different parts of New York state, and in Buffalo, New York, assisted in building the first looms to knit or weave a shirt, it formerly having been done by hand. He located for eight years at Waterford, Saratoga county, New York, where he constructed fire engines. In 1865 he first came to Saginaw, where he has since lived. Although a skilled mechanic, of late years he had been engaged in the manufacture of brick and had turned out from twelve to fourteen hundred thousand annually. Mr. Barr was married October 12, 1846, to Agnes Brice. One child was given them, Agnes, who was born in 1847 and died in 1849. Mrs. Barr died July 23, 1848, and in 1864 Mr. Barr married Mary Haslip, who survives him.

Mr. Barr first became interested in Saginaw in 1848, when he furnished some money to William King of Bridgeport to buy land on the Tittabawassee. Subsequently the gentlemen divided their interests

and Mr. King sold his part to a Mr. Albright, who soon after sold it to Solomon Malt.

Mr. Barr was the owner of the farm, where he died, since 1848.

Mr. Barr was noted as an upright, honorable man. No good cause appealed to him in vain. He always had a pleasant word for his friends, and he generally made friends of those with whom he was brought in contact. Aside from the farm where he lived Mr. Barr owned considerable city property. His home was one of the best in the neighborhood, and for years he has lived surrounded by the comforts to which frugality and industry are entitled.

Mrs. Eliza D. Bell.—Mrs. Eliza D. Bell died at the residence of her son Lewis, 705 Chestnut street, Saginaw, March 13, 1893, aged 69 years. She was born at Amsterdam, Montgomery county, New York, in 1824, and came to Michigan in 1836, settling at Oxford, where she married Oliver H. Bell, now deceased. She came to Saginaw in 1857, and since resided here except a short residence at Freeland.

She leaves two children, Delia A. and Lewis H.

She had been a member of the Michigan avenue Baptist church for the past twenty years, and had the love and respect of a large circle of friends among whom she had lived for so many years.

Robert L. Benjamin.—Robert L. Benjamin died at the Good Samaritan hospital July 20, 1892. Mr. Benjamin was born in Madalin, N. Y., June 14, 1808, and was therefore a little more than 84 years of age. He had been a resident of Michigan upwards of 45 years, and came to Saginaw 35 years ago from Clarkson, Oakland county, where he had lived about 10 years. In December, 1862, he enlisted in Company H of the 27th Michigan Infantry volunteers and served during the war. The hardships of the camp impaired his health somewhat, yet after the war he pursued the avocation of farming for many years, living in the township of Saginaw. The past three years he has lived in the city of Saginaw.

In 1835 Mr. Benjamin married Belinda Wilcox, who survives him. They had three children, who grew to manhood and womanhood. They were the late Henry Benjamin, who died 32 years ago, Delos Benjamin, who died in 1873, and Mrs. Henry A. Newton, who died in 1872. He was a brother of the late D. E. Benjamin. A brother, Sidney Benjamin, who is in the upper peninsula, a sister, Mrs. Thurston of Clarkson, two grandchildren, Miss Stella Newton and Ralph Newton, of Saginaw, and a granddaughter who lives in Marshall, survive him.

Miss Sue Benjamin.—Miss Sue Benjamin died at the home of Mr. Thomas Merrill, Saginaw, May 14, 1893.

Miss Benjamin was born in Newport, Me., April 19, 1845. She was the daughter of the late James and Ruth Benjamin. Her mother, who makes her home with her son, John H. Benjamin, two sisters, Mrs. Gurney of Lewiston, Me., and Mrs. Marsh of Portland, Ore., and three brothers, Frank W. Benjamin of Dausen, North Dakota, and John H. and Fred G. Benjamin of Saginaw, are left to mourn the loss of one who in the relations of daughter and sister was all that a true christian woman could be.

Joseph Besch.—Joseph Besch died February 9, 1893, aged 73 years. A resident of Saginaw nearly 40 years.

Captain Alonzo L. Bingham.—Captain Alonzo L. Bingham died January 25, 1893, at his home in Saginaw, aged 76 years.

Deceased was born in Perry, Genesee county, N. Y., in 1816. When about twenty-three years old he removed to Buffalo, where he taught eleven years and then came to Michigan, locating at Mt. Clemens, where he was engaged in teaching until his removal to Saginaw in 1854. The following year he was chosen principal of the union school on the east side, filling that position until late in 1859. In October, 1862, he was commissioned captain of Company H, 27th Michigan Infantry, which company he was instrumental in raising, and served faithfully and gallantly three years, being mustered out July 26, 1865. He was wounded four times in action, at Jackson, Miss., July 11, 1863; in the Wilderness, May 6, 1864; Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864; and at Petersburg, Va., June 28, 1864.

He was elected register of deeds of Saginaw county in 1867 and served two terms.

He was principal of the Freeland union school in 1889–90.

He was married June 29, 1845, at Buffalo, to Louisa M. Folsom, who with two children, Mrs. Laura C. Healey of Lansing, and W. H. Bingham of St. Cloud, Minn., survive him.

Captain Bingham was an honored member of Gordon Granger Post, G. A. R.

Mrs. S. Bond Bliss.—Frances E., relect of the late S. Bond Bliss died at her home in Saginaw, July 27, 1892.

The deceased had been a resident of Saginaw since 1856, coming here from Elyria, Ohio, with her husband, and for years took a prominent part in the social life of the city. Mr. Bliss died in 1884

and an only daughter who was universally beloved died some years ago. Walter B. Bliss is the sole surviving child.

CASPER BRADEN.—Casper Braden, for forty years a resident of Saginaw, died February 24, 1893, aged 78 years. Mr. Braden was well known among the older portion of the community and was held in high esteem by all. For 16 years he was employed in the F. & P. M. car shops. He is survived by his wife, a daughter, Mrs. Engelbert Fischer, of Bay City, and a son, Lieutenant Charles Braden, of West Point, N. Y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN.—Michael Brennan, aged 84 years, died April 8, 1893, at his residence in Saginaw. Mr. Brennan had resided in Saginaw for the last 30 years and was well known and much respected. He leaves five children, James Brennan of Kansas; Thomas Brennan of Chicago; Michael Brennan of Saginaw; Mrs. Joseph Martin of Detroit; and Mrs. Michael McHugh of Saginaw.

RUDOLPH BRUSKE.—Rudolph Bruske died April 26, 1893, at his home in Saginaw. Mr. Bruske was born in the province of Schlesia, Prussia, in 1851, and came to America when but three years old with his parents, who located in Saginaw. He was reared and educated here, and in 1865 began clerking in different stores; in 1868 entered the drug business with L. Simoneau, and was with him seven years, after which he took a four months' tour to Europe. He returned to Saginaw, opened business for himself, and has been successfully engaged in it for the past twenty years. He was thorough and energetic in his methods, and by this means had built up a fine business.

Mr. Bruske leaves to mourn his untimely death a wife and two children, three brothers and five sisters, O. E. Bruske of Saginaw; F. O. Bruske and E. H. Bruske of Chicago; Mrs. Richard Murphy of Chicago; Mrs. Cora Berger, Mrs. Jacob Cross, Mrs. Bertha Riegge, and Mrs. Henry Endert of Saginaw.

MARGUERITE COMPTON.—Marguerite Compton died March 27, 1893, at the home of her daughter, Rachel Compton, 1103 North Granger street, aged 83 years. The deceased was born in Albany, N. Y., and at the age of sixteen was married to James Compton, now deceased. Three years afterward she moved to Ohio and in 1871 came to Saginaw. She leaves three sons, George and James, of Kingsville, O., and Samuel C. Compton of San Bernardino, Cal., and five daughters, Mrs. J. Brown, of Meredith, Mrs. A. Morse of Alexander, Minn., Mrs. D.

W. Swart of Sheldon, N. Y., Mrs. J. W. Isaac, of Kingsville, O., and Mrs. Rachel Compton, of Saginaw.

MRS. PRUDENCE COOK.—Prudence, widow of the late L. Cook, died July 29, 1892, at the residence of Robert Latterman, at Cass Bridge, of old age. Her husband who was widely known, died three years ago. Mrs. Cook was a pioneer of the county. She was 83 years old and had passed fifty-three years of her life in the neighborhood where her death occurred. She leaves four children.

GEORGE F. CROSS.—George F. Cross died March 19, 1893, in New York city.

George F. Cross was born in New Hampshire in May, 1832, and was therefore nearly 61 years old. In early life he removed to Minneapolis where he engaged in business. In 1862 he came to Saginaw and engaged in the lumber business, purchasing a tract of timber in Ogemaw county. A mill was built at Standish, the firm being styled Cross, Wright & Walker. Subsequently Mr. Wright retired and the firm became Cross & Walker, and still later Mr. Walker retired and A. Dyer of Boston became interested in the concern. In January, 1889, the entire interest of the firm in Ogemaw county, including saw and planing mill, timber lands and a large stock farm, was sold to C. L. Judd of Saginaw. Mr. Cross then organized what is known as the Asher lumber company, purchasing a saw mill and 300,000,000 feet of timber in Kentucky, the mill plant being located at Ford in that state. Another saw mill and a large planing mill was built, Mr. Cross being president of the company. Mr. Cross was the principal stockholder and president of the George F. Cross lumber company, operating a planing mill in Saginaw. He was also a large stockholder and president of the Allington-Curtis manufacturing company of Saginaw, a large and profitable concern engaged in the manufacture of dust separators for planing mill plants. He also owned a half interest in 200,000,000 feet of redwood timber in California. It is understood that he also carried a life insurance of $60,000.

A little over a year ago Mr. Cross rented his residence on Genesee avenue and removed to Ford, Kentucky, to take the active management of his business there.

Mr. Cross lost a daughter and first wife by death nearly fifteen years ago. Several years ago he married Elizabeth M., daughter of Mr. George Weaver of Albany, N. Y., who, with one child, survives him.

CHARLES S. DRAPER.—Charles Stuart Draper died August 5, 1892,

on board the steamship Columbia as he was returning home from Carlsbad, where he had been in search of health.

Mr. Draper was a native of Michigan, having been born in Oakland county August 27, 1841, and was therefore almost 51 years of age. Gifted by nature and possessing faculties of intellect seldom found in young men of his age and day, Mr. Draper employed the years in constant study and in sitting at the fount of knowledge, so that his majority attained, he was widely known as a scholar and student of high attainments.

On the breaking out of the war he enlisted in the Third Michigan Infantry, and October 28, 1861 he was commissioned second lieutenant in that regiment. He was detached April 1, 1862 as aid on the staff of General Richardson, was promoted to the rank of captain and assistant aid-de-camp, served on the staff of General Phil Kearney, and was with that chivalric and brilliant officer when he was killed at Chantilly. Captain Draper was wounded at the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862, and resigned March 19, 1863, honorably retiring from the service.

Returning to Pontiac he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Thurber, daughter of the late Horace Thurber, who survives him and who has been his devoted companion through the illness which ended with his death. They have no children.

Mr. Draper came to Saginaw in 1870, and engaged in the practice of law with H. H. Hoyt. Two years later he formed a partnership with O. F. Wisner, the firm of Wisner & Draper since becoming one of the most prominent in legal circles of the city and State. As attorney, counselor, citizen, and public spirited gentleman there is no need of endorsement in the record of Stuart Draper. His name and deeds will long remain as a monument to his sterling worth.

Although many times sought after, Mr. Draper declined public life, not because of fear of its responsibilities, but from a sense of innate modesty. He was a staunch republican and served the party as controller of the city of East Saginaw from 1871 to 1873, and at a subsequent period filled the office of city attorney one term. He was elected one of the regents of the University of Michigan April 1, 1885, and was re-elected in 1889. His term would have expired December 31, 1897. Mr. Draper was an honored member of the Saginaw county bar and a member of St. Paul's Episcopal church.

Mrs. Mary J. Draper.—Mrs. Mary J. Draper, wife of Calvin D. Draper, died at the residence of her son-in-law, James P. Walsh, 1110

Genesee avenue, Saginaw, June 19, 1892, aged 69 years. Deceased was born in New York, and had resided in this city thirty-five years. Besides her husband she leaves four sons, Eugene, Alexander, Jesse, and W. A. Draper, all of Saginaw, and one daughter, Mrs. Loma Greenleaf, residing in Tuscola county.

Mrs. Catherine Deindorfer.—Catherine, the widow of John George Deindorfer, died August 22, 1892, at the homestead, two miles north of Court street, on Hermansau street, Saginaw, at the age of 64 years. Mrs. Deindorfer came to Saginaw in 1852, when it was only a small village. She leaves a daughter, Mrs. J. M. Helmreich, of Bay City, and two sons, Richard J. and John G., both of Saginaw.

Mrs. Anthony Doerr, Sr.—Julia, the wife of Anthony Doerr, Sr., died at their residence in Jamestown on August 23, 1892, aged 73 years. Mrs. Doerr came to Saginaw in 1850 and the following year was united in marriage to Mr. Doerr, who survives her. She had spent all of her married life upon the farm in Jamestown, where she died, and where she had gathered about her many friends. She leaves besides her husband, two sons, George and Anthony, both of Jamestown, and a daughter, Mrs. Clemens, of Meinburg.

Rev. Christopher L. Eberhardt.—Rev. Christopher Ludwig Eberhardt, pastor of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran church and president of the Evangelical Lutheran seminary, died at his home April 27, 1893.

He was born January 3, 1831, at Lauffen, Wurtemburg, on the Neckar, a branch of the Rhine. His father, who bore the same name, gave to his son first a common education and afterwards a four years' course in the industrial school. He then worked at home until he was of age and entered the Mission seminary, at Basel, Switzerland, graduating therefrom in June, 1860, being ordained August 5, of the same year by Decan Hamm in company with Stephen Klingmann, who was the late pastor of a leading church near Ann Arbor.

He came to Michigan in 1860, when the conference consisted of only six members who, together with Mr. Eberhardt and Mr. Klingmann, organized the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Michigan at Detroit, December 9 and 10, 1860, and of that number the deceased was the last to pass away.

The mission work of the deceased commenced at Hopkins, Allegan county, and he organized churches at sixteen places throughout Michigan, embracing points covering 360 miles of territory in circumference and preached at each place once in three weeks, traveling mostly on

foot. In June, 1861, he visited the Lake Superior regions and caused a missionary to be sent there. He was soon after called to the pastorate at Saginaw which had been in existence about ten years but had a membership of only about thirty. He entered upon his new duties with a vigor and enthusiasm that instilled life into the people and made the church enter upon a period of growth and prosperity. He had a fair knowledge of music and at once organized a male choir of which he acted as instructor, training them to a true appreciation of the worship of God in melody. He organized a little school of eleven pupils and taught it for over fourteen years, until it had grown to such proportions as to require at one time three instructors and it now has an attendance of nearly two hundred.

A review of Rev. Mr. Eberhart's pastoral work includes much history closely interwoven with the interests of Saginaw and Michigan. The church he has left without a head now has nearly one thousand communicants and he has for the past few years been the spiritual guide of over two hundred families. Several branch churches have now become strong and independent, such as Matthew's church at Tittabawassee, the St. Peter's at Carrollton, and the St. John's in Saginaw.

Outside responsibilities have weighed heavily upon the deceased, who was always an untiring and enthusiastic worker. For nearly ten years he was the presiding officer of the synod of Michigan. At an early date he realized the needs of the church for a numerous and able ministry, and it was through his efforts that the now prosperous theological seminary on Court street was established in 1887. He was made president of the same, and it has constantly grown and flourished under his supervision. He continued to fill, until his death, the chair of theology and ethics, beside devoting much time and thought to the general conduct of the institution. He was a great success as an instructor, and was a great student of Bible history in the original Greek and Hebrew, and such profound theologians as Luther were his daily companions.

Not only the church but the State of Michigan owe much to Mr. Eberhardt in the establishment of the noble institution of learning on Court street which is proving so beneficent in its results.

In the pulpit and upon the rostrum pastor Eberhardt was a forcible, pleasant and interesting speaker. His sermons were always well prepared and showed a depth of thought and independent research. His people were deeply attached to him and no man commanded their love and esteem in so high a degree as he. His greatest monument will be the

loving remembrance of thousands who have known him and have been benefited by his guidance.

He was married April 16, 1863, to Mary Remiold of Lodi, Washtenaw county, who departed this life but a few brief days before her life long companion went to join her in that great beyond where it is hoped their souls may repose in peace, the result of lives well spent in the service of the Master.

MRS. JOHN FOSTER.—Mrs. Sarah Foster, wife of John Foster, died April 9, 1893, aged 86 years.

Mrs. Foster was born in 1807, and had been a resident for many years. Her husband, to whom she was married over 65 years before, and five children survive her. The children are Mrs. Louisa Mearns, Mrs. Jeannette Steele and Mrs. Lizzie Horne, of Saginaw; Mrs. M. E. Cranston of Boston, and John A. Foster of Oakland, California.

MARTIN HEUBISCH.—Martin Heubisch died March 26, 1893, at his residence, 227 South Third street, Saginaw. The deceased, who was 61 years of age, had been a resident of the county for the past thirty-six years. He held the offices of deputy sheriff and supervisor for a number of years and was well known throughout the county. He leaves a wife, and a father who is ninety years of age.

ROBERT C. HOWELL.—Robert C. Howell of Thomastown, died at his home March 20, 1893. He was 75 years of age and had resided in Thomastown for thirty years. He leaves a wife.

MRS. FREDERICK HUBERT.—Mrs. Frederick Hubert died at her home in Saginaw, March 6, 1893. Deceased was born 59 years ago in the province of Quebec, and came to Saginaw from Port Huron with her husband in 1862, engaging in the cattle and meat business for many years, which attained success largely through the business knowledge and untiring efforts of Mrs. Hubert. Her husband died about five years ago. Only one son and a daughter, Mrs. Julia Button, survive. Mrs. Hubert was a woman of much force of character, an efficient wife and mother and a good neighbor.

GOTTLEIB LANGE.—Gottleib Lange died July 16, 1892, at his residence, 1508 Germania avenue, Saginaw, at the age of 81 years. Mr. Lange was one of the pioneer residents of the city and for forty years had made Saginaw his home. He was for a time proprietor of the Forest City house on Water street and later of the National house on Jefferson avenue. He leaves four children, Mrs. John Reib of Detroit,

Theodore Lange of Chicago, Rudolph Lange of San Francisco, and Albert Lange of Saginaw.

MRS. CAROLINE C. MASON.—Caroline Clark Mason, widow of the late Dr. Orville L. Mason, died August 13, 1892. The deceased was born April 1, 1804, in Chester, Mass., and was a direct descendent in the fifth generation of Lieutenant William Clark of colonial fame, and a graduate of the Westfield academy, Mass. Dr. and Mrs. Mason moved to Saginaw in 1863. The last few years Mrs. Mason has made her home with her son, Lucius P. Mason. She also leaves a daughter, Mrs. Charles W. Mowry; Mrs. S. Bond Bliss, the other daughter, having died less than two weeks before, a sketch of whom is found in this report.

PETER MCGREGOR.—Peter McGregor, a pioneer of Saginaw county, died at his home in Tittabawassee township, September 13, 1892, at the advanced age of 83 years. Mr. McGregor was born in Scotland. He came to the county in 1843 and settled on the farm he has since occupied. He was a highly respected citizen and had filled various county offices, including justice of the peace and county treasurer. His wife died twenty-two years ago.

MRS. KESYIAH OLIVER—Mrs. Kesyiah Oliver died March 11, 1893, aged 83 years. Deceased came to Saginaw in 1849 with her husband. Soon after they arranged with C. W. Grant, then of the firm of Hoyt & Grant, to take charge of the lumber shanty and cook for the men at work erecting what for years was known as "the blue mill," at the foot of German street. The cooking shanty was located on the present site of the Buena Vista block, corner of Tilden street and Genesee avenue, and here Mrs. George Oliver cooked the first meal for a white man in what was afterwards known as Hoyt's plat to East Saginaw.

CHARLES H. PLUMMER.—Charles H. Plummer died at his home in Saginaw, November 2, 1892. For sketch see page 110, Jackson county.

MRS. ELIZA M. PALMER.—Mrs. Eliza M. Palmer, relict of the late John W. Palmer, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. St. John, 919 Court street, October 19, 1892, of heart trouble.

Mrs. Palmer was a daughter of the late Judge Perry Gardner. She was born in Ashtabula county, Ohio, September 6, 1817, and was therefore 75 years of age last September. She passed her last birthday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Smith of Saginaw town. In 1824 Judge Gardner removed with his family from

Ashtabula county to York, N. Y. Here Mrs. Palmer passed her girlhood and attended the Canandaigua seminary, where subsequently two of her daughters attended school. Judge Gardner came to Saginaw in 1832 and settled on what is now known as the D. E. Benjamin farm. Mrs. Palmer did not come till 1836. On May 22, 1839, she was married to the late John W. Palmer, who died March 24, 1884. Soon after their marriage they went to New York state, where they lived until 1843, when they returned to Saginaw and lived at the homestead, Judge Gardner having died during their residence in New York. In 1846 Mr. and Mrs. Palmer removed to Flint, then a small hamlet, where they lived until 1875, since which time Mrs. Palmer's home has been in Saginaw. For the last eight years she had lived with her daughter, Mrs. E. St. John. She was the last of Judge Gardner's five children, and in her death one more of the pioneer families of Saginaw is gone, and the circle of those who have known Saginaw for a half century is one smaller. Mrs. Palmer's real worth was known only to those who touched her home circle, for it was within this circle that she lived. She was naturally of a retiring disposition, and for the past twenty-five years feeble health had prevented her from widening the circle of her active influence. Yet who shall say that the pure, noble life that she lived, and her devotion to home and family has not been far-reaching in its influence for good.

Mrs. Palmer was the mother of eleven children, six of whom survive her. A daughter, Miss Alice Palmer, died in Saginaw March 18, 1886, and four died in Flint. Those who survive are Mrs. William Smith, Mrs. E. St. John, Mrs. James H. Wellington, and Walter F. Palmer, of Saginaw, and Miss S. C. Palmer and Mrs. H. L. Ketcham, of Chicago.

Mrs. Harriet Passage.—Mrs. Harriet Passage, widow of the late A. B. Passage, died December 19, 1892, at the family residence, 938 South Washington avenue. The deceased, who was 66 years of age, for the past 26 years had been a resident of Saginaw and was much esteemed by a large circle of friends. Three children mourn her loss, Mrs. Allen McLean, Mrs. William Lewis, and Miss Hattie Passage.

Daniel D. Richardson.—Another of Saginaw's old residents, Daniel D. Richardson, heeded the final summons to the great beyond February 6, 1893, at the residence of his son, John W. Richardson, 924 North Porter street. The deceased was born near Napanee, Ont., September 13, 1823, was married at the age of 22 to Miss Elmira Costlow, who died about eleven years ago. He came to Michigan in 1859 and had lived in Saginaw for the past thirty years. Mr. Richardson

served nearly three years during the war of the rebellion as a private in Co. G, first regiment of the Michigan volunteer engineers and mechanics. He leaves three daughters, Mrs. D. A. King of Saginaw, Mrs. Hester Ann Benner of Spokane Falls, Wash., and Mrs. Philinda Meyers of St. Paul, Minn.; and three sons, John, Charles, and Amos, all of Saginaw.

Mrs. William Roeser, Sr.—Mrs. William Roeser, Sr., died at her home March 18, 1893. Mrs. Roeser, whose maiden name was Therese Von Vasold, was born near Rudolphsbath, Germany, July 16, 1829. In 1850 she came with her parents to this county and settled in Tittabawassee township.

For years Mr. and Mrs. Roeser made their home in Tittabawassee, and subsequently came to Saginaw. Of their home and its influence, of Mrs. Roeser as a friend and neighbor, hundreds of friends today speak with the sad thought that relations so well filled on her part are ended.

Mrs. Roeser leaves a husband and eight children to mourn the irreparable loss of a wife and mother, who in these relations was what only a noble-minded, large-hearted, unselfish woman can be. The children are: Oscar, Franz and Albert Roeser, of Grand Island, Neb.; Herman, Charles L., and Fred Roeser, Mrs. Enoch Solms, and William Roeser, Jr., of Saginaw.

Amasa Rust.—Amasa Rust, prominent in business affairs in the Saginaw valley and of a family conspicuous in the lumbering interests of the northwest, died at his residence 207 Harrison street, Saginaw, January 26, 1893.

Amasa Rust was born in Wells, Rutland county, Vt., May 27, 1823, and was of a family of eight, of whom John F. Rust of Cleveland, Ezra Rust of Saginaw, and Mrs. T. G. Butlin of Chicago, are now living. The father of Amasa Rust was a farmer in moderate circumstances and gave his family the educational advantages that the common schools of that date afforded. In 1837 he removed with his family to Newport (now Marine City), where the subject of this sketch began the battle for life in 1841 in shipbuilding and sailing on the lakes until 1850, when he turned his attention to lumbering, which he followed until his death. He came to Saginaw in 1855, and at first was associated with his brothers under the firm name of D. W. Rust & Co., and subsequently he became a member of the lumber firm of Rust Brothers & Co., Butman & Rust, Burrows & Rust, and Rust, Eaton & Co., operating large saw mills and salt works on the Saginaw

river, and owning extensive tracts of pine timber. At the time of his death he was a director in the Commercial and First National banks of Saginaw, and the Saginaw county Savings bank.

The hospitable and rugged personality of Amasa Rust were distinguishing traits in his character, and socially he was a most warm hearted and companionable gentleman. Through his untiring industry, business sagacity and energy he amassed a large fortune, which was used with lavish generosity to help those less fortunate in the struggle of human existence. He was also a public spirited man, had an abiding faith in Saginaw, and contributed liberally to every project calculated to benefit and build up the city. He was a true friend and good neighbor, and few citizens of Saginaw leave a larger circle of enduring friends, among them many who personally realize and appreciate the value of his worth and friendship.

For many years Mr. Rust was a member of the vestry of St. John's church and one of the chief supporters of the church for the erection of which he was one of the most generous subscribers. He also gave liberally toward the erection of the guild house and rectory of St. John's parish, and in fact his hand was ever in his pocket to respond to the appeal of any worthy charitable or religious project.

In August, 1849, he was united in marriage to Mrs. Marietta A. Grout, who survives him. The fruits of this union were five children, of whom Charles A. and Ezra G. Rust of Saginaw and Mrs. Ida G. Macpherson of Duluth are living. He was also uncle of Hon. W. A. Rust of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, one of the prominent lumbermen of that state.

Rudolph Schacker.—Rudolph Schacker, one of the pioneers of Saginaw, died November 28, 1892, at his residence, 223 Park street north, from the effects of a paralytic stroke, aged 78 years and 8 months. Deceased had lived in Saginaw since 1847, and is said to have been the first cabinet maker to make Saginaw his home. He was well known and esteemed and will be greatly missed by the friends among whom he had resided for so many years. His family consists of his wife, to whom he had been married for fifty-two years, three married daughters who live in Toledo, one son in California and another son whose whereabouts are unknown.

Paul Schmidt.—Paul Schmidt, one of Saginaw's best known German citizens, died December 15, 1892.

Mr. Schmidt was 73 years of age, and was born in Vienna, Austria, where he learned the apothecary's trade. For about thirty years Saginaw

has been his home, the greater part of which he has been in business at the corner of Germania and Genesee avenues. Upon first coming to the city he was for a few years in the employ of Henry Melchers as prescription clerk. His friends were many, for though somewhat eccentric, his kindly disposition and upright character gained for him the esteem of all with whom he was brought in contact.

MRS. FRANCES STAFFORD.—Mrs. Frances Stafford, wife of Philo Stafford, foreman of the Rust, Eaton & Co.'s saw mill for twenty-six years past, died February 20, 1893, at her home in Zilwaukee. Deceased was 54 years old and had resided in Zilwaukee twenty-six years. She was prominently connected with the Woman's Equal Suffrage association of the State, and in all the walks of life she was an exemplary wife and mother and a most useful and highly esteemed member of the social sphere in which she moved. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. E. Clark of Cleveland, and four sons.

MRS. AUGUST STRASBURG.—Mrs. August Strasburg died at her home in Saginaw September 24, 1892, aged nearly 56 years.

Mrs. Strasburg was born in Buffalo, N. Y., and her maiden name was Elizabeth Bangester. She married August Strasburg in Detroit in 1853. They had resided in Saginaw since 1861. Mrs. Strasburg leaves a husband and four children, three sons and one daughter, the latter Mrs. George W. Hill. The sons are August, a resident of Saginaw; Herman, at Fort Sherman, I. T., and Edward, a resident of Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Strasburg was a good woman, an affectionate wife and mother, and a kind neighbor with a large circle of friends.

WM. THAYER.—Wm. Thayer, one of Chesaning's old residents, died at his home February 7, 1893.

ENOS THROOP.—Enos Throop died at his home in Saginaw February 20, 1893, aged 64 years.

Mr. Throop was born in Bennington, Wyoming county, N. Y., August 12, 1828, and removed with his parents when fourteen years old, to Richfield, Genesee county, Mich., where he was twice married. He had resided in Saginaw for nearly thirty years, and was well known and highly respected. He was the father of eleven children, four of whom are living, Mrs. Lillie Desaw of Standish; Maud Throop of Adrian, and William and Ira Throop, of Saginaw.

CHARLES TOWNSEND.—Charles Townsend died March 8, 1893, aged 78 years.

He had been a resident of Saginaw for the past thirty years, and leaves five sons, William of Saginaw, Charles of Kansas City, Mo., Alonzo of Topeka, Kas., M. W. of Denver, and John A. of Saginaw; and three daughters, Mrs. Ranson Curtis of Waterford, Ont., Mrs. O. P. Barber and Mrs. E. D. Peck, of Saginaw.

ROBERT TURNER.—Robert Turner died May 20, 1893, the aged victim of the terrible conflagration.

Mr. Turner was a native of Glostenbury, Conn., where he was born in 1804. For a long period he was an extensive woolen manufacturer in New York, but settled in Michigan some thirty-five years ago and engaged in the same business. Seven years ago he came to Saginaw and made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Luther Holland. Mrs. Turner, who survives him, is 85 years of age, it being sixty-five years since their wedding day. He leaves four children, Mrs. W. W. Whedon and Mrs. E. A. Spence, of Ann Arbor, Mrs. Luther Holland of Saginaw, and Henry E. Turner of Lowville, N. Y.

ADAM WEGST.—Adam Wegst, one of Saginaw's best known citizens, died at his home on Germania avenue, October 3, 1892. He was a man held in universal esteem, enjoying the friendship and respect of all who knew him. In his demise Saginaw loses one who was in every sense of the term, a true citizen.

Mr. Wegst was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, November 2, 1833. His father, who was in government employ, died when he was in his third year. He remained at home attending school until nearly fourteen, after which he learned the cooper's trade, serving a three years' apprenticeship, and at the age of seventeen came to America, in 1851. The sailing vessel in which he came was wrecked on Coney Island and all his baggage was lost. He came west as far as Cleveland and after six months went to Painesville, where he spent two years in a furnace, and then returned to Cleveland where he took up the business of a cooper, working for one employer eight years, and for one winter during the cholera scourge was at Washington Harbor, Wis. In April, 1861, Mr. Wegst came to Saginaw, where he became partner with Fred Rump in the cooperage business, and then became foreman for Ten Eyck & Co. in that branch of their business. Afterwards he occupied the same position in the Orange county works at Carrollton until 1866, when he became a partner in the firm of Wegst & Mark, continuing this until 1873, when he bought out his partner and carried on a large trade. In 1886 Mr. Wegst formed a partnership with his son-in-law,

J. P. Beck, and engaged in the manufacture of carriages, etc., the partnership existing at the time of his death.

Mr. Wegst was married at Cleveland, March 23, 1856, to Jacobina Celler, who also was a native of Wurtemberg. She died February 16, 1891, leaving one adopted son, John, and two daughters, Mrs. J. P. Beck and Miss Minnie Wegst. For some years the adopted son has resided in the west.

In his church connection Mr. Wegst was associated with the Lutheran church. He took an active interest in the social as well as the business interests of the city that so long was his home, and was among the original members of both the Germania and Arbeiter societies and also a member of the pioneer society of the county. For eight years he served the city in the capacity of alderman and was a capable and valued member of the city's legislative body; for six years he was on the board of supervisors, for one year a member of the board of education and at the time of his death was on the board of review of the city.

JOHN C. ZIEGLER.—John C. Ziegler, a resident of Saginaw since 1859, died at his home, corner of Monroe and Bond streets, March 30, 1893.

Mr. Zeigler was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, November 15, 1830. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a jeweler, and followed that trade in Germany until 1852, when he came to America and located at Detroit. In 1859 he came to Saginaw and entered the employ of Thomas Doughty, where he remained until 1861, when he enlisted in Company H, Second Michigan Infantry. He served during the war and then returned to Saginaw and established in the jewelry business on the west side, where he was for years the leading jeweler. Some ten years ago he met with business reverses, and poor health compelled him soon after to seek a more healthful business, and though he has done something at his trade most of the time since then, he has been quite extensively engaged in growing grapes, which he made into wine. He was an honored member of J. M. Penoyer post No. 90, G. A. R., and of the Teutonia society. He has always been esteemed as a good citizen and upright man. In 1861 he married Christina Hink. They have seven children, three sons, Louis Ziegler of Chicago, Charles and Albert, of Saginaw; and four daughters, Mrs. Emma Roth of Blumfield, and the Misses Augusta, Clara, and Helen, of Saginaw.

SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

BY ALONZO H. OWENS.

JAMES CUMMIN.—James Cummin died at his home in the village of Morrice, December 15, 1892, aged 77 years.

The death of Mr. Cummin removes from our midst one of the most prominent and best known pioneers of Shiawassee county. Mr. Cummin was of Scotch ancestry, tracing his lineage to the Cummin clan who fought with the renowned Sir William Wallace. His father, Alexander Cummin, was born in County Down, Ireland, and died at Corunna at the age of 82 years. In religion the Cummin clan were strict Presbyterians.

Mr. James Cummin, the subject of this sketch was born in County Down, Ireland, and came to this country a young man, and worked at the carpenter's trade in Detroit for a time in the 30's, and acquired some property which he sold and then moved to Shiawassee county, and was one of the first pioneers of the township of Perry. He followed farming and real estate business, and at one time was the owner of over 3,000 acres of land which he accumulated by hard labor and careful management. Being a liberal and public spirited man, he invested nearly $10,000 in the bonds of the Detroit & Milwaukee and Chicago & Northwestern railroads, the most of which was a free gift to aid in their construction. At Corunna, when the Corunna car company was organized for the purpose of manufacturing freight cars, he gave a portion of the necessary land for its location, and indorsed notes to aid it to the amount of several thousand dollars, and lost the whole amount. He also advanced the money to build the Presbyterian church at Corunna, which was returned to him after several years' use. Mr. Cummin became interested with Lansing parties in the State Insurance Company and invested $5,000 which he lost. He was also a large stockholder in the First National bank at Corunna for several years and was one of the principal founders of the first bank of this county, known as the Exchange Bank of J. B. Wheeler & Co. He was also very active in securing the location of the county seat at Corunna.

In politics Mr. Cummin was a sturdy democrat, and during the dark days of the Rebellion, at the solicitation of committees from various towns of the county, he held war meetings to secure recruits and free the towns from the draft, in which he was very successful always freely contributing his services.

Mr. Cummin served the county as county treasurer for fourteen or sixteen years, being elected to that office on the democratic ticket in 1864, when the republicans had about one thousand five hundred majority in the county, the only democrat elected on the county ticket.

Mr. Cummin, while living in Detroit was married to Miss Julia A. Beale, who was born in Rochester, New York. She died at Corunna in 1880. Ten children were born to them, four of whom died when small and one in later years, Captain William E. Cummin, now residing in Corunna, being the eldest surviving child. The other children are George E. and James F. Cummin, now successfully engaged in business at Cheney, Washington, and Mrs. Lizzie Cummin Phelps and Miss Julia Cummin of San Jose, California. These absent ones were unable to be present at the funeral of their father. Beside these children Mr. Cummin leaves a widow, to whom he was married several years ago.

Dr. W. B. Fox.—Dr. Wells B. Fox, late surgeon of the Eighth Michigan Infantry and surgeon-in-chief of the field hospital of the first division, ninth army corps, died of apoplexy May 30, 1893, at Bancroft after an illness of but a few days. He was to have delivered the memorial address, it having been customary for him to take part in the exercises for a number of years. He was a very eloquent speaker.

Wells B. Fox was born in Buffalo, N. Y., September 1, 1823. When a child of eight years he was injured, and was placed for surgical treatment in the care of one of the most eminent surgeons of the Empire state. The old doctor had no children and finally adopted young Fox. He early imbibed the idea of studying medicine and, from the time he was fourteen years old, compounded all the doctor's medicine and traveled with him all over that part of the country. Fox studied medicine in Buffalo, and graduated at the Union college at Schenectady, N. Y. For two years he was medical attendant of the county hospital of Erie county.

In 1849 he came to Michigan and located in Livingston county, beginning a general practice. He continued there until 1862 when he entered the army as surgeon. He was appointed assistant surgeon of the Twenty-second Michigan Infantry by Governor Wisner. In this capacity he served until June, 1863, when he was made surgeon of the Eighth Michigan Infantry until the close of the war. While in the Twenty-second regiment, after Morgan's raid in Kentucky, he organized the hospitals at Lexington, Ky. In September, 1864, he was made surgeon-in-chief of the field in front of Petersburg, and continued in that position until he was discharged July 20, 1865.

He was at Appomattox with his hospital corps, and was by invitation of Gen. Sheridan, a witness of the making of the terms of peace between Grant and Lee. It is said that during the war he amputated 9,000 limbs, and conducted 14,000 other operations. At the close of the civil war he returned to Michigan. In 1877 he came to Bancroft and took an interest in its improvement, erecting a number of buildings of great benefit to the village.

The marriage of Dr. Fox and Miss Triphena Skinner took place January 8, 1853. She died August, 1888. By this marriage the doctor had two daughters who survive him. Both are married and reside at Bancroft. He was a prominent Odd Fellow and belonged to the Byron encampment. He stood high not only in the councils of the G. A. R. but also in his profession, and his reputation as a surgeon was national in its character.

ISAAC GALE.—Isaac Gale was born at Bern, Albany county, N. Y., on the 4th day of December, 1808. His parents were of German extraction; the Sherburn family, to which his mother belonged, emigrated from Germany to England in the sixteenth century, and from England to America in the seventeenth century. Isaac, like the majority of farmer's boys of that day, remained at home working on his father's farm until he was twenty-one years old. This early discipline of business and economy laid the foundation of his future success. His school privileges were confined to the district schools of his neighborhood, but with an active and logical intellect, with an ambition to acquire knowledge, he made life a long term of school, and accumulated a fund of practical information that is seldom covered with a college diploma.

He wisely concluded to attempt success in the calling to which he was born and reared. He came to the territory of Michigan in the spring of 1830 and located one hundred and sixty acres of timbered land in Washtenaw county. About this time he was married to Miss M. A. Wilbur of Duchess county, N. Y., who still survives him.

In 1840 he exchanged his farm in Washtenaw county for a tract of unimproved land in the township of Bennington, Shiawassee county; this farm he improved and enlarged until it embraced three hundred and eighty acres—one of the finest farms in the county. Mr. Gale's maxim was to live within your income, and he demonstrated that success was sure along that line. During his long and active life he accumulated a fortune of over one hundred thousand dollars. His judicial mind and his extensive reading made him a leader among the pioneers of Shiawassee. He was supervisor of his township for fifteen

years. He was justice of the peace for thirty-six years, and served four years as record judge of the county court before the present circuit court system was adopted.

In his official capacity he labored to keep his township out of debt and to have the county governed in a conservative and economical manner.

Later in life he was interested in banking and in the construction of a portion of the Chicago and Grand Trunk railway. He was social in his nature and was never too busy to talk with a neighbor or friend. In politics he was a democrat and was strong in the belief that the "rascals should be turned out" of office. About five years before his death he moved to the village of Morrice where he died July 2, 1892. Among the many men of ability who became identified with the early history of Shiawassee county, probably none contributed more to its material and social prosperity than Isaac Gale.

Mrs. Daniel Jeffers.—Mrs. Daniel Jeffers died at her home in Burton June 2, 1893, aged 84 years and 10 months. Her aged husband and five children survive her. The names of the surviving children are Mrs. Mary Phipps of Stanton, Mich.; Aaron Jeffers of Groomsville, Ind.; George Jeffers of Flushing; Mrs. Jennie Packer of Caro, Tuscola county; and Mrs. Louisa Adams of Burton.

The deceased was born in England and came to Michigan in 1833. At the time of her death she had resided in Burton fifty-four years. The deceased was a woman of exemplary life and enjoyed the friendship of a large circle of friends. Her children sincerely mourn the loss of one of the best of mothers.

Safford Pitts.—Safford Pitts died at twelve o'clock, December 31, 1892, or at the ushering in of the new year of 1893. He was born in Richmond, Chittenden county, Vermont, in 1825. He came to Michigan in 1830 with his parents, Moses and Sally Pitts, first settling in Bloomfield, Oakland county. In 1836 his father took one hundred and twenty acres of land from government in Bennington, Shiawassee county, Michigan, and in 1838 moved his family thereon, with a place cleared only large enough to set a house. All commenced life in earnest. In 1850 the father died leaving a family of eight children of whom Safford was the eldest. With the persistent push and energy which characterized the people in those days, all moved on, Safford teaching school winters and working on the farm summers, and in time he owned one hundred and sixty acres of land on the Grand River road where it is intersected by the Owosso & Perry road, one mile from the old

homestead farm. He was married in 1858 to Miss Cornelia Grenell of Rose, Oakland county, Michigan, and this farm became his permanent home. Buildings were erected on it, a nice school house built on one of the opposite corners, and a church a little east of another corner which was dedicated a Baptist church. Other buildings arose, some for business and some for dwellings, until they had quite a settlement and they called it Pittsburgh, and a postoffice was established, Mr. Pitts appointed postmaster, which office he held until 1885. This was also called Pittsburgh postoffice. Mr. Pitts was converted in early life, and united with the Baptist church and lived and died a christian, and was also a thorough temperance worker.

The deceased leaves a widow and three children, A. G. Pitts, a lawyer in Detroit, Mrs. W. O. Carrier, wife of a Presbyterian clergyman in Wausau, Wisconsin, and Miss Allie Pitts.

ST. CLAIR COUNTY.

BY MRS. HELEN W. FARRAND.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ashton.—Mrs. Elizabeth Ashton died at her residence in Port Huron, July 31, 1892. She had nearly reached the age of 64 years. She was born in Yorkshire, England, and came to this country at the age of thirty years. Here she married and moved to St. Clair a number of years since. For the last seven years of her life she had been afflicted with total blindness. Two children, a daughter, resident in Detroit, and Robert Ashton of Port Huron, are left to mourn her.

Mrs. Andrew Blackie.—Mrs. Andrew Blackie, aged 88 years, living in China township, died July 15, 1892. The deceased was an old resident and was respected by all who knew her.

Wm. Burns.—Wm. Burns, ex-county treasurer, died at his home, 1534 Poplar street, Port Huron, May 3, 1893, aged 55 years. Mr. Burns was born in Chapel township, County Wexford, Ireland, and came to America with his brother Moses forty years ago. He located in Fremont, Sanilac county, on land purchased from the government. Three years later he moved to Worth, in the same county, and shortly afterwards to Jeddo, in Grant township, where he settled on a farm.

His first wife was Mary Ann Carroll, daughter of a Grant farmer. She died twenty years ago, leaving two sons and two daughters, Wm. and John, now of Chicago, Mrs. John Dawson of Dakota, and Miss Katie Burns of Port Huron. Mr. Burns was married the second time to Mrs. Thorne of Port Huron seventeen years ago, and from this marriage had one son, John, aged 16 years. He had two sisters residing in Chicago, and a brother, Moses, in Sanilac county. In 1886 Mr. Burns was elected county treasurer on the democratic ticket and came to Port Huron to reside. He was elected a second time. For two years he was under sheriff. As an officer he was a courteous and obliging gentleman and made many friends. He was an enthusiastic member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a member of the Knights of Labor and of Huron tent, K. O. T. M. In the death of Mr. Burns Port Huron has lost a good citizen.

James W. Campbell.—James W. Campbell died at his farm on Lapeer avenue, Port Huron, August 9, 1892, aged 74 years. He had resided on the same farm for forty-four years. He leaves a wife, five sons, and one daughter.

Thomas Currie.—Thos. Currie, an old resident of Algonac, and father of Capt. Thomas Currie of Port Huron, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank Hart, of Marine City, on Sunday, February 5, 1893, aged 79 years. Mr. Currie was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1818, and moved to Nova Scotia when seven years of age. In 1839 he moved to Algonac and has since resided there. Five sons and three daughters survive him.

Mrs. Joseph Ebert.—Mrs. Joseph Ebert died February 8, 1893. She was born in Bavaria, Germany, 1832, and came to this country at an early age. She was married in 1852, at St. Clair, which place has always been her home since her arrival in this country. Five children survive her, three of whom are married. Two, Mrs. M. Gearing and Edw. Cashine reside in Detroit, and Mrs. G. S. Anderson in Allegheny, Pa. The other two have always lived here at her sister's home, the St. Clair House. She also leaves two sisters and one brother to mourn her loss.

Andrew Foster.—Andrew Foster died suddenly of heart disease October 7, 1892. Andrew Foster was born in Ireland on February 2, 1828. He came to Canada with his parents when 18 years of age. He grew to manhood in Canada and was at one time engaged in the boot and shoe business in Guelph. At the breaking out of the war he

moved to Detroit and in 1862 came to Port Huron and entered the employ of H. J. Bockius. Two years later he engaged in the boot and shoe business on his own account and has since continued in it, and at the time of his death was the oldest boot and shoe dealer in this section of the county. Two sons and two daughters survive him, Fred Foster, Wm. Foster, Mrs. Fred Wright, and Miss Edith Foster, all of Port Huron.

JOHN H. HOYT.—John H. Hoyt died at his home in Port Huron June 3, 1892, aged 56 years.

Mr. Hoyt came to Port Huron over thirty years ago. At one time he was engaged in the drug business, was for years a member of the customs force, and was connected with Howard's lumber office for some time. A wife, one son, and one daughter survive him.

MRS. FRANKLIN W. HUNTINGTON.—Mrs. S. M. Huntington, nee Kingsbury, died October 20, 1892. She was born in Ogsdensburg, N. Y., in 1820. Her father subsequently established the family home in Canton, N. Y., at which place the marriage of his daughter, Susan M., to Franklin W. Huntington was solemnized. Mr. and Mrs. Huntington moved to Kentucky where they both engaged in teaching. A few years after they were again at the old home in Canton, from which place they came to Port Huron in 1850. Eight children were born to them, four of them still living, viz., Mrs. Geo. W. Jones, Mrs. E. O. Avery, of Alpena; Mrs. Fred A. Fish of Port Huron, and Geo. P. Huntington of Detroit. Mrs. Huntington's character was moulded in childhood through the religious influences of a pious mother, which, early in life, led her to seek connection with the Presbyterian church in Canton. During the whole period of her residence in Port Huron she was a consistent member of the Congregational church of that city. Five members only are living of older membership than herself. Her literary taste made her a very desirable co-worker in the Ladies' Library Association, of which she was a charter member, and for which she had filled the offices of librarian, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, etc., with ability and care. On the occasion of a visit from the L. L. A., of Flint, Mrs. Huntington's poem to mark the occasion elicited much applause, and in this connection we will say that her talent for composing in "measure"—a poetic faculty—was often exercised, and, on fitting occasions, a poem from her facile pen was frequently solicited. Her tenacious memory was a marvel to her friends until advancing years weakened its power. A quiet dignity

seemed her personal accompaniment, and her friends will recall its gentle power on many occasions in the past.

GAGE INSLEE.—Gage Inslee died at his home in Port Huron, January 27, 1893. Mr. Inslee was born in New York state August 8, 1818. He came west with his parents in 1835. In 1856 he engaged in the milling business in Port Huron. In 1860 he was appointed deputy United States marshal and also served as provost marshal. In 1862 he was appointed to a position on the customs force and held the place until 1885. He was an uncompromising republican. In 1841 Mr. Inslee married Miss Elsie Ann Montague of Orange county, N. Y. She died about five years ago. The deceased leaves one son, Chas. Inslee, of Grand Rapids, and one daughter, Mrs. A. B. McCollom.

MRS. M. MCELROY.—Mrs. M. McElroy, whose death occurred July 21, 1892, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., 56 years ago.

In 1854 she was married to Jacob McElroy, a brother of Hon. C. McElroy of St. Clair, and soon after moved to the state of Alabama where they lived until her health failed, when she with her husband and five children came north again, settling at New Baltimore. In the year 1871 they moved to Marine City where in March, 1879 they celebrated their silver wedding. Mr. McElroy died soon after. In August of the same year the widow moved to St. Clair where she had resided ever since. Frail in body yet of a persevering and energetic nature her life was prolonged much beyond the expectations of her friends.

During her residence in St. Clair, until the past year and a half, she successfully carried on the furniture and undertaking business. During these years of business she served with delicacy and appropriateness at a large number of funerals. Her manner was of that quiet and retiring kind that wins friends at every point. She was a member of the Congregational church.

The example of perseverence and industry as illustrated in the life and character of Mrs. McElroy is one which could be followed by all with profit.

MRS. ROBERT MILLS.—Phoebe Cumpton Mills, wife of Robert Mills, was born near Wardsville, Canada, fifty-nine years ago and died at her home in Port Huron, June 4, 1892. For many years she lived at Belle River, in what is known as the Hart settlement. She became a member of the Methodist church when quite young and always lived an upright, christian life.

OSCAR F. MORSE.—Oscar F. Morse was born in New Hampshire, February 13, 1842. He came to St. Clair with his parents in 1846. At the age of 20 years he joined the 8th Michigan Cavalry and entered the service in defense of his country. In the fall of 1863 he was taken prisoner near Athens, Tennessee, and for the next fourteen months languished, starved, and suffered in five different southern prisons, among the number being Libby, Richmond, and Andersonville prisons. At the end of this time he was exchanged and came home badly broken down in health and the sufferings thus endured made him more or less an invalid for the balance of his life. After the close of the war he served in various public positions, among them as clerk of the house of representatives for one year, and engrossing clerk of the senate for two years. The duties of these offices he performed very acceptably.

In the year 1869 he was married to Miss Sarah Saph, who died May 23, 1892. Five children were born to them, four of whom are left to mourn his death.

Three years ago Mr. and Mrs. Morse joined the Congregational church of St. Clair, and at the time of his death, which occurred July 23, 1892, Mr. Morse was a trustee of the society and clerk of the church.

The deceased directed the building of the hotel at Grande Pointe and was manager of the same for some time. Later on he occupied positions of steward and manager of the Oakland and Somerville Springs hotels respectively and made many friends by his attentions to the welfare and comfort of thousands of guests.

He was a member of Miles post G. A. R. and of Palmer lodge No. 20, Knights of Pythias, of St. Clair, and was buried by the latter organization. A detachment from Sanborn post G. A. R., of Port Huron, accompanied by a portion of Miles post, of St. Clair, attended the funeral services.

CALIXTE PAILLE.—Calixte Paille, an old resident of Port Huron, died at his home, 409 Ontario street, August 14, 1892. Heart difficulty was the cause of his death. The deceased was formerly a well known boot and shoe dealer but of late has lived a retired life. He had resided in Port Huron fifty years and had resided in the same house for thirty-nine years. He leaves a wife and one daughter, Mrs. Geo. Tebo of Chicago.

MRS. MALINDA PARIS.—Mrs. Malinda Paris died in St. Clair, October 22, 1892, aged 68 years. She was born at Paris, Ky., December 24,

1824. Her maiden name was Robinson. Her father was a slave, but her mother was born free. From this marriage there were nine children, of whom Malinda was the sixth.

On account of the father being a slave a very determined effort was made to enslave the children. This the mother steadfastly resisted through the courts for fourteen years, when they were finally declared free. Malinda, the subject of this sketch, distinctly remembered the time, she being then five years of age. The mother then tried to buy the freedom of her husband, but the sum asked ($15,000) being beyond her power to secure, he urged her to take the children and go north, choosing to die there alone in slavery rather than run the risk of having them stolen from her. She finally did so, taking her departure in the night, her husband, unknown to his master, accompanying them nine miles of the way. They then knelt together and prayed and sang a parting hymn, and the slave father turned back alone to end his life a slave, while the faithful mother hurriedly bore her children onward to a place of safety.

They never met again on earth. She found a home for herself at Terre Haute, Ind., where they earned their living, the mother at her trade as a tailoress, and the children working out. There Malinda became acquainted with William Paris, whom she married at the age of eighteen. He was born free, but had been kidnapped at three different times and taken into slavery. Twice he was held thus for six months at a time before he found opportunity to escape, and the last time he was held a year. This was before their marriage.

After their marriage they went to Vincennes, Ind., where they found employment in a hotel as cooks. But they had not been long there when his would-be master found him out, and came with his blood-hounds to force him back into slavery; but by means of the "underground railroad" a safe landing on Canadian soil was secured to him. He went to Chatham, where he was soon joined by his wife, Malinda, and there their first child, Jane, was born. He enlisted as a soldier, but in a short time the regiment was disbanded. After this they went to Detroit, and meeting there with Gen. S. B. Brown they were hired by him to come to St. Clair and cook in his hotel, and here they spent the remainder of their lives, she being left a widow in the year 1860.

There were seven children born to them, three of whom are still living. Her oldest son, Henry, enlisted in the war of the rebellion, where he remained until its close, a period of over three years and three months. He contracted disease in the army, consumption, and

after a lingering illness, died in his mother's home. She finally applied for and received a pension on his account, but only lived to enjoy it for about three years. She was always a very hard worker, and for the last few years of her life she suffered a good deal from difficulty of breathing. Fourteen months ago she had a very sudden and serious attack of sickness which the physicians pronounced heart trouble. From this she never recovered. During the most of this period her sufferings were intense. She knew that her life hung upon a very slender thread, but her trust in God was unfaltering to the end. Her desire for continued life was only for the sake of others, that she might still help to bear their burdens. The immense concourse of people present on the occasion was sufficient testimony that "Aunt Malinda" will long be held in loving remembrance by the people of St. Clair.

Rev. A. Hastings Ross.—Rev. A. Hastings Ross died at his home in Port Huron, May 13, 1893. He was a native of Worcester county, Massachusetts, and was born in the town of Winchendon on April 28, 1831. His early life was spent on a farm. He attended the common school there and entered the academy. He afterwards went to Oberlin, Ohio, where he entered Oberlin college, and graduated in 1857. After graduating he entered the theological seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, where he pursued his theological studies for three years. His first pastorate was at Boylston, Mass., where he remained five years. He then accepted a call and was pastor of the Congregational church of Springfield, Ohio, for seven years, and was afterwards pastor of a church in Columbus, Ohio, for two years. He then accepted a call from the first Congregational church in Port Huron, and came here on June 1, 1876. During his lifetime Mr. Ross was a lecturer on church polity in the Oberlin Theological Seminary, and was elected "Southworth lecturer on Congregationalism" at Andover Theological Seminary. During his seventeen years residence in Port Huron he built up a large congregation, with several branch chapels. He was one of the founders of the Hospital and Home and was its president at the time of his death. He will be missed in this institution. Mr. Ross was also prominently identified with other charitable institutions of the city. He was respected by all classes in all churches, and was acknowledged a man of much ability.

Mr. Ross was united in marriage October 15, 1861, to Miss Mary M. Gilman, of Churchville, New York, who survives him. He leaves no children.

Dewitt C. Smith.—Dewitt Clinton Smith, of Brockway, died Novem-

ber 10, 1892, in Port Huron, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. George Plaisted, aged 65 years. Mr. Smith was born in Amherst, Mass., September 3, 1827, was one of the earliest settlers of the county, coming to St. Clair with his father in 1836. He was a member of the Presbyterian church in which for many years he has been an earnest and faithful worker.

MRS. C. M. STOCKWELL.—Mrs. C. M. Stockwell died at her home in Port Huron, August 22, 1892. She had resided in Port Huron with her husband for forty-one years and her many friends will be pained to learn of her death. A husband, two sons and two daughters survive her, Dr. G. A. Stockwell of Detroit; Dr. C. B. Stockwell of Port Huron; Mrs. Walter McMillan of Detroit, and Mrs. Harry Hyde of Buffalo.

MR. JOSIAH WEST.—Mr. Josiah West, one of St. Clair's oldest citizens, died at the residence of his son, Mr. Fred West, in St. Clair township, July 30, 1892. Born in Middlesex, Vermont, December 15, 1804, he had nearly rounded out eighty-eight years of life. As a boy of ten he accompanied his parents, in 1814, to Broome county, N. Y. From there he moved to St. Clair in 1855. His residence has since been in this vicinity. For a number of years disease attendant upon old age had kept him confined to his room.

Over fifty years ago he became a member of the Baptist church.

He was three times married, and the father of fourteen children, but four of whom are now living.

At one time during the late war he had four sons in the army of the Union forces.

MRS. CHARLES H. WATERLOO.—Mrs. Charles H. Waterloo died at her home in Port Huron, July 27, 1892.

She who was Mary Jane Beebe was born in Genesee county, New York, June 21, 1818. Both her father and mother came from old New England stock. Her ancestors were of those who sought, found, and helped maintain a home for the oppressed. With her brothers and sisters, of whom there was a goodly lot in that sturdy family, she was educated in an humble way in the public schools of Genesee and Cataraugus counties. In 1836, when this portion of Michigan was practically a wilderness, the family came to this State, the journey occupying several weeks, and located at what is now Richmond, in Macomb county. The settlement there established was long known as, and is still occasionally called, "Beebe's Corners"—a mark of distinction in a

way for the dominating family among Macomb's pioneers. They were not rich, these people who came here in the early days, but they were progressive. The men felled the forest, and with the first logs, after homes had been built, school houses were erected. In one of these homely places of learning Mary Beebe taught boys and girls who have since carried on the task inaugurated by the pioneers. The school house stood on the river bank near the site of Marysville. Red men in canoes filled the great water path in front that is now traversed by the craft of a mighty commerce.

In November, 1844, the young school teacher was married at Richmond to Charles H. Waterloo, who, with his parents, brothers, and sisters, had left England some seventeen years before. The Waterloos had first established themselves on a farm near Detroit, but were now in Columbus township, St. Clair county. Here Charles and his wife began a married life that lasted nearly half a century. Their first home, like those all about them, was of logs, for they were in the heart of the woods. Turkeys so wild that they were not afraid of man, came to the very doorway to be shot. Deer and other game offered themselves as easy sacrifices to the growing family. In time the log house and barns gave place to prouder structures of frame. The children and the grainfields demanded it. Mr. Waterloo had been a successful farmer in a small way and had become well known in the community. In 1862 he was elected register of deeds of St. Clair county, and shortly thereafter abandoned farm life for a home in Port Huron. Here the homestead has remained. The house in which Mrs. Waterloo died, she had lived in and loved for twenty-eight years. Her children attended, and some of them taught in, the public schools of the county. Ten children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Waterloo. Two of them died more than two score years ago. Indeed the Almighty, in whom she had an abiding faith, had dealt kindly with her, in that she had seen a large family of children reach full maturity. These children are Stanley, Althea (Mrs. Jerome Campbell), Belle (Mrs. Frank Flower), Hattie, Charlie, Minnie (Mrs. Ed. Conway), Lucy, and Burke. All were with their mother at the time of her death with the exception of Stanley, and he arrived in time to attend the funeral. The pall bearers were the dead woman's own sons and Mr. Campbell, her son-in-law.

Mrs. Waterloo was a member of the Congregational church and had been for nearly thirty years. During long months of sickness and suffering she bore up bravely, and to the very last she taught to those around her a lesson of unselfishness, humanity, and immortality. The world is better because of such women as she.

MRS. CATHERINE YOUNG.—Mrs. Catherine Young, widow of the late James Young died at her home in Port Huron, April 29, 1893. She was born in Aberfeldy, Scotland, December 13, 1817, and was 76 years and 4 months old at the time of her death. She came to this country with her sister and settled in Detroit in 1830 and was married to James Young in 1832. They moved to Port Huron in 1837, being among the first settlers here. Mrs. Young watched Port Huron grow from a small settlement to a thriving city. Naturally of a retiring disposition and thoroughly devoted to her home and family, she was but little known except by the older settlers. By her death her children lose a loving mother, and they sincerely mourn their loss. Four daughters and two sons survive her, viz.: Mrs. Ann Greenfield of Detroit; Mrs. Jacob P. Haynes, Mrs. W. V. Elliott, Mrs. M. N. Petit, John M. and Wm. M. Young, of Port Huron.

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

BY HIRAM DRAPER.

MRS. WATSON PERKINS.—Mrs. Martha Perkins, relict of Watson Perkins, died at the home of her adopted daughter, Mrs. Anna Sturgis in township of Sturgis, May 28, 1892, aged 83 years. She was buried at White Pigeon.

MRS. ABRAHAM BUYS.—Mrs. Elizabeth Buys, relict of Abraham Buys, died June 9, 1892, in the 100th year of her age. She was an early settler in Colon township in 1834 or '35.

MRS. MARY SKIRVIN.—Mrs. Mary Skirvin died in Sturgis, May 20, 1892.

MRS. ELIZABETH EAMES.—Mrs. Elizabeth Eames died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Roys of Florence, May 27, 1892, aged 77 years.

MRS. WILLIAM DICKINSON.—Mrs. Ann Dickinson, relict of the late William Dickinson of Florence, died at her home in Florence, June 4, 1892, aged 81 years. Was one of the early settlers of the township.

LYMAN RHOADES.—Lyman Rhoades died at his home in White Pigeon, June 1, 1892. Was born in Monroe, then called Frenchtown,

in 1809, and of his more than eighty-three years residence in Michigan, about sixty years have been in the township of White Pigeon.

MRS. POLLY A. REED.—Mrs. Polly A. Reed, for forty years a resident of Three Rivers, died in that place May 27, 1892, aged 77 years, 10 months, 21 days.

MRS. C. W. COND.—Mrs. C. W. Cond died June 6, 1892. She was born in Branch county in 1836; married to Mr. C. W. Cond May 24, 1865, and had been a resident of Constantine nearly fifty-six years. She was an educated, amiable lady, a good neighbor and friend, a faithful wife who has well borne her part in life.

DR. ALVA M. BUTLER.—Dr. Alva M. Butler, a former resident of Constantine, died May 31, 1892, at Dowagiac, aged 66 years. He was Born in Rome, N. Y., May 25, 1826; was married at Watertown, N. Y., in 1861, and came to Constantine where he remained until 1891. His wife and two sons survive him.

JOSIAH SIMMIS.—Josiah Simmis died June 7, 1892, at White Pigeon, aged 68 years.

MRS. MARY HACHENBERG.—Mrs. Mary Hachenberg, widow of the late I. P. Hachenberg, died June 14, 1892, at the residence of her son H. H. Hachenberg, aged 92 years.

MRS. HIRAM WELLS.—Mrs. Hannah Gilbert Wells, wife of Hiram Wells, died at her home in Mottville, June 12, 1892, aged 65 years.

MRS. M. V. RORK.—Mrs. M. V. Rork, formerly Miss Anna West, died at Salem, Oregon, June 11, 1892, in the 57th year of her age. Was for seven years preceptress of the White Pigeon school. Her honorable and womanly life was an incentive to many who now look back to her teaching with gratitude.

MRS. HENRY P. GILLETTE.—Mrs. Henry P. Gillette was born at Harpersfield, Ohio, October 7, 1848. She died at her late home, Auburn Park, Chicago, June 22, 1892. During a union of over twenty-five years four sons were born to them, all of whom are living and mourn her loss, together with a large number of friends and neighbors who knew her so well.

JOHN H. MCGUIRE.—John H. McGuire, who was some years ago a well known man and active merchant tailor in Constantine, died at Toledo, Ohio, June 8, 1892, aged nearly 73 years.

JABEZ WHITMORE.—Jabez Whitmore died in Colon, July 3, 1892, aged 78 years. He had resided in Colon and vicinity thirty-seven years.

WM. W. BATES.—Wm. W. Bates died in Burr Oak, July 2, 1892, at the home of his son, E. P. Bates, publisher of the Acorn, aged 55 years.

MRS. ELIZABETH EVERMAN ROBERTS.—Mrs. Elizabeth Everman Roberts died July 8, 1892, at Constantine, Mich., aged nearly 72 years. She was born near Eaton, Preble county, Ohio, October 4, 1819. At the age of fourteen years she came with her father to Fort Wayne, Indiana. She was married to Absalom Roberts, September, 1836. In 1860, with her husband, she removed to Constantine and settled near the village. She was the mother of nine children, six of whom survive her.

ANDREW MCLELAND.—Andrew McLeland, a resident of St. Joseph county since 1837, died in Mendon, July 13, 1892, nearly 76 years old.

FRANK FRENCH.—Frank French, of the firm of French Bros., Vanderbilt, Mich., and brother of C. D. French, of Constantine, was killed July 14, 1892, by being struck by a board violently thrown back from a saw in the firm's mill. He was born in Constantine fifty-two years ago. Served three years in the union army and leaves a wife and four children.

MRS. EVELINE EMERY.—Mrs. Eveline Emery died in Centreville, August 9, 1892, aged 58 years. She had resided in Centreville for fifty years.

MRS. ELIZA B. HAGADORN.—Mrs. Eliza B. Hagadorn died in Burr Oak, August 3, 1892, aged 74 years, 3 months.

MR. AARON HAGENBUCK.—Mr. Aaron Hagenbuck died at his home in Constantine, August 21, 1892. He was born in Berks county, Pa., April 8, 1810, and was married to Rachel Hill at Berwick, Columbia county, Pa., January 26, 1835. Three years later they came to Constantine where they resided together until the death of Mrs. Hagenbuck April 19, 1889, a period of fifty-four years.

Since the death of his wife the infirmities of advanced years have shown a marked hold upon him and to them he has at last succumbed. He leaves a family of three sons and two daughters, all arrived at

mature years and for all of whom he made ample provision. He came here early when the country was new, and has been a witness and participator in the growth and improvement of the country for over fifty-seven years. He was a man who gave blunt expression to decided opinions. Helpful and considerate to those he liked; those whom he did not like did not require the services of a secret detective to find it out.

A. W. Huff.—A. W. Huff, an old resident, died at his home six miles southeast of White Pigeon, Thursday, August 25, 1892, aged 76 years, 6 months and 1 day. He formerly resided on the prairie in the township of Mottville, on the farm where Mrs. Jas. G. Shurtz resides. He came from New York state to St. Joseph county in 1836.

Mrs. William Davey.—Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Lowry Davey died at her home in Constantine, August 25, 1892. She was born at Truro, in Cornwall, England, September 7, 1831, and was married May 4, 1852, to William Davey. In 1856 they went to Wellington, Ohio, and in 1858 they removed to Constantine, Mich., where they continued to reside until her death. A husband, four sons, and four daughters survive her.

Mrs. E. R. Hill.—Mrs. E. R. Hill died in Colon, August 26, 1892. She had been a resident of Colon nearly fifty years.

Ernest C. Klossert.—Ernest C. Klossert, who settled on a timbered tract in the township of Sherman in 1861, died at the residence of his son C. F. Klossert in Burr Oak township, September 2, 1892, aged 83 years.

Samuel Teesdale.—Samuel Teesdale died at his home in Constantine, September 24, 1892. He was born near the city of Boston, Lincolnshire, England, March 9, 1855 and had reached the ripe age of 77 years, 6 months and 15 days. From the year 1835 to the year 1892, a period of fifty-seven years, he was a business man in the village of Constantine. He was an exemplar in conduct and conversation of an earnest and consistent christian. He was a good citizen in all regards and will be remembered by all who knew him as one whose influence was always on the right side.

James Jones.—James Jones died in Burr Oak, September 2, 1892, aged 70 years.

Mr. Lewis Cross.—Mr. Lewis Cross died October 4, 1892, at the

home of his adopted daughter, Mrs. Moses Avery, in Constantine. He was a stone mason by trade, industrious, honest, a kindly, helpful neighbor and good citizen. He was about 74 years old and was quite actively employed until a few days preceding his death.

Mrs. Mary Jane Sidler.—Mrs. Mary Jane Sidler died in Parkville, September 25, 1892, aged 69 years.

Mrs. Eliza Ann Tracy.—Mrs. Eliza Ann Tracy died in Constantine, October 8, 1892, aged 85 years. Mrs. Tracy came from New York to Michigan in 1832, and had lived since that time on the land in this township that was procured from the government when they came to Michigan.

Wm. Betts.—Wm. Betts, who built the first store in Burr Oak (Locke's Station), died in Chicago, September 29, 1892, aged 68 years. He was a brother of Hon. Charles Betts of Burr Oak.

Joseph Shackman.—Joseph Shackman died at Elkhart, Indiana, October 27, 1892, aged 63 years. He carried on the clothing business in this village some twenty years ago.

Mrs. Lemuel O. Hammond.—Mrs. Lydia Hammond died in Constantine, October 30, 1892, in the 82d year of her age. Lydia Richmond was born in Batavia, Genesee county, New York, March 3, 1811; was married to Lemuel O. Hammond, May 2, 1830; moved to Florence in the spring of 1844, and in 1856 came to Constantine. Mr. Hammond died in 1875.

Mrs. Eleanor Edgarton.—Mrs. Eleanor Edgarton died near Three Rivers, November 1, 1892, aged 76 years. She was a native of Monroe county, Penn., and came to Michigan in 1864.

Mrs. Laura Parsons.—Mrs. Laura Parsons died in Three Rivers, November 10, 1892, aged 85 years.

Henry Beem.—Henry Beem died in Three Rivers, November 9, 1892, aged 56 years, 5 months.

Harry Roberts.—Mr. Harry Roberts, for thirty-one years a resident of Constantine, died November 22, 1892, at his home, aged 62 years.

Mrs. Josiah Wolf.—Mrs. Josiah Wolf, a resident of St. Joseph county since early youth, died at her home in Florence, November 16, 1892, aged 72 years.

MRS. HELEN SEEKEL.—Mrs. Helen Seekel died at the home of her son in Three Rivers, November 29, 1892. She was formerly a well known and highly respected resident of White Pigeon.

ROBERT P. CLARK.—Robert P. Clark died in White Pigeon, November 27, 1892, aged 87 years. He had resided in Lima, Indiana, for forty years previous to his removal to White Pigeon.

ARNOLD W. PHILLIPS.—Arnold W. Phillips died November 20, 1892, in Sturgis, where he had resided since 1860, aged 76 years, 8 months.

CHARLES COOPER.—Charles Cooper died at his home in White Pigeon, December 3, 1892. He was born in Waterloo, N. Y., June 19, 1825; came to Michigan in 1840, and in 1847 was married to Mary Ann Heitzman, who died April 3, 1892. He leaves two daughters, Mrs. W. B. Howard of Kalamazoo, and Mrs. John Fagarty of White Pigeon.

MRS. CHARLES SIMMONS.—Mrs. Charles Simmons died in Constantine, December 6, 1892, aged 83 years.

DAVID HOFFMAN.—David Hoffman died at his home on the Dr. Robinson farm, a mile and a half southwest of Constantine, on December 10, 1892, aged 60 years.

JACOB K. BERGER.—Jacob K. Berger died at his home in Constantine, December 8, 1892, after an illness of three days, aged 72 years, 3 months and 16 days. Was born in Berks county, Pennsylvania, August 22, 1820, and came to Constantine sixteen years ago.

MRS. JOHN HARRISON.—Mrs. Ellen Burnham Harrison, wife of John Harrison, died at the family residence in Florence, November 29, 1892. Robert Burnham, her father, was the second person buried in the White Pigeon cemetery. He died sixty-one years ago and within three weeks after his arrival in this country from England. The number of persons buried between the time of the two interments is probably greater than the number of persons now living in the vicinity.

DAVID FRENCH.—David French died in Sturgis, December 27, 1892, aged 71 years. He had lived in Sturgis nearly all his life.

WARREN D. PETTIT.—Warren D. Pettit died at his home in Lockport township, near Three Rivers, December 23, 1892, aged 80 years. He came to Three Rivers in 1842 and started a wagon factory, the first in the village, which business he continued until 1859 when he retired to the farm where he died.

EMANUEL REAM.—Emanuel Ream died in Parkville, January 4, 1893.

MRS. CILINDA COOK.—Mrs. Cilinda Cook died in Park township, February 1, 1893, aged 77 years.

MRS. MARY MATHERS.—Mrs. Mary Mathers died in Sherman, January 23, 1893, aged 83 years.

MRS. JERRY STAGE.—The wife of Jerry Stage died at her home on the Wheeler farm in Flowerfield, January 5, 1893, aged 53 years. Mrs. Mina Stage was the daughter of the late David Hassinger.

A. M. TOWNSEND.—A. M. Townsend, of Mendon, died January 1, 1893. He had been a Mendon business man for twenty-five years.

MRS. MARY F. FERRY.—Mrs. Mary F. Ferry died in Lockport township, January 10, 1893, aged 77 years.

GEORGE HAMILTON.—George Hamilton, an old and respected citizen of Florence, was instantly killed by the cars in Constantine, January 14, 1893. Deceased was about 60 years old and unmarried. Resided with a brother and sister some five and a half miles east of Constantine on the Centreville road.

MISS SARAH ANN WADDINGTON.—Miss Sarah Ann Waddington died at her home on the William Dickinson farm, northeast of White Pigeon village, in Florence township, February 11, 1893. She was born August 12, 1835. Had always been a resident in the vicinity and was one of the oldest persons born in this part of the State. Her mother, the late Mrs. William Dickinson, died June 4, 1892, since which time Miss Waddington's health had gradually failed until her death. She had long been a consistent member of the Methodist church.

JACOB DUNHAM.—Jacob Dunham died of lung disease in Three Rivers, February 10, 1893. He was a brother of the late sheriff John Dunham, a well known and highly respected business man.

MRS. CLINTON DOOLITTLE.—Mrs. Sarah H. Doolittle died at her home in Constantine, February 12, 1893, aged 72 years. She was the widow of the late Clinton Doolittle and had been a resident of the village more than fifty years.

JAMES BERGER.—James Berger died at his home on the Millington farm, one and one-half miles north of Constantine, February 15, 1893, aged 68 years, 5 months and 10 days. Deceased was born in Berks

county, Pa., September 25, 1824. Came to Michigan in December, 1870.

MRS. F. J. HOUGH.—Mrs. F. J. Hough died in Adrian, February 13, 1893. Deceased will be remembered as a resident of Constantine for many years as Mrs. C. P. Hubbard.

MISS KATE HAMILTON.—Miss Kate Hamilton died in Colon, February 11, 1893, aged 78 years.

NORMAN HENRY HARVEY.—Norman Henry Harvey, a native of Constantine and all his life a resident of the township, died at his home February 17, 1893, aged 55 years.

THOMAS SILLIMAN.—Thomas Silliman died at Three Rivers, February 21, 1893, aged 69 years.

MYRON B. HOCK.—Myron B. Hock died at Three Rivers, February 26, 1893.

MRS. EUGENE GODFROY.—Mrs. Eugene Godfroy died at Sturgis, February 21, 1893.

WM. SHARER.—Wm. Sharer died in Colon, February 18, 1893, aged 81 years.

JOHN HENDERSHOTT.—John Hendershott died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jesse Murich, in Florence, March 1, 1893, aged 90 years, 11 months, 14 days.

JOHN STEPHENSON.—John Stephenson, a well known resident in the vicinity of Constantine, died at Inland, Nebraska, March 2, 1893, aged 75 years. He was born in England in 1818, coming to Michigan in 1851, remaining until 1886, when he removed to Nebraska.

WATSON GRAY.—Watson Gray died at Three Rivers, March 5, 1893, aged 62 years.

JOHN RUTHERFORD.—John Rutherford died in Nottawa township, March 16, 1893, aged 78 years, 8 months. He had lived in St. Joseph county for fifty-seven years.

MRS. PRISCILLA R. BARKER.—Mrs. Priscilla R. Barker died at White Pigeon, March 22, 1893, aged 54 years.

MRS. ELIZABETH BOUGHTON.—Mrs. Elizabeth Boughton died at Quincy, April 2, 1893, aged 89 years. She was in Constantine Thanks-

giving day visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. W. H. Parsons, where representatives of four generations sat at the supper table.

MR. BENJAMIN MERRILL.—Mr. Benjamin Merrill died at his home in Chicago, No. 479 Fullerton avenue, April 12, 1893, aged about 82 years. Was formerly for many years a resident of Constantine. Went to Chicago over thirty-five years ago, became very wealthy, and until his last few hours sickness was engaged in active business.

WM. BOYER.—Wm. Boyer, for twenty-five years a resident of White Pigeon, died at his home April 13, 1893, aged 51 years.

MRS. HENRIETTA FONDA.—Mrs. Henrietta Fonda died in Nottawa, April 9, 1893, aged 73 years.

MRS. RODNEY ANDRESS.—Mrs. Rodney Andress died in Flowerfield, April 5, 1893, aged 62 years.

THOMAS WELBORN.—Thomas Welborn died at his home in Constantine, April 11, 1893, in his 83d year. He was born in Yorkshire, England, October 18, 1810, and came to Michigan in 1834, two years before his father and brothers came, and settled on White Pigeon prairie. For many years he owned a farm on the western edge of the prairie in this township. After selling which he removed to the village of Constantine. For more than forty years we have known him as a most exemplary citizen; a kind hearted christian gentleman, thoughtful of the poor and kind to all in misfortune; as squarely and thoroughly honest a man as ever lived. He was twice married, to Sarah May in 1843, who died in 1868, and to Mary George in 1869, who survives him.

JOSEPH EDWARDS.—Joseph Edwards died at his home in Three Rivers, April 18, 1893, aged about 62 years. He was a brother of James Edwards, of Constantine, and for many years a resident of that village.

DWIGHT STEBBINS.—Dwight Stebbins died in Lockport township, April 17, 1893, aged 78 years.

MRS. GEORGE W. LEE.—Mrs. Lorinda S. Lee, wife of George W. Lee, died in Burr Oak, April 14, 1893, aged 71 years.

HARVEY MUNSELL.—Harvey Munsell died in Burr Oak, April 18, 1893, aged 74 years, 7 months.

Dr. Ion Vernon.—Dr. Ion Vernon died in Three Rivers, April 18, 1893, aged 65 years, 8 months, 25 days.

Mrs. Paul James Eaton.—Mrs. Abigail S. Eaton, wife of Paul James Eaton, died in Centreville, April 17, 1893, aged 57 years.

James Fonda.—James Fonda died in Nottawa, April 7, 1893, aged 76 years.

Mrs. Zern Benjamin.—Mrs. Asenath Benjamin, widow of the late Zern Benjamin, died at the home of her son, W. W. Benjamin, of the town of Florence, April 24, 1893, aged 90 years.

Mrs. Walter Bradshaw.—Mrs. Harriet L. Bradshaw, widow of the late Walter Bradshaw, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. David E. Wilson, in Constantine, April 29, 1893, aged 81 years, 8 months, 13 days. She was born in Glenville, Schenectady county, N. Y., August 16, 1811; married to Walter Bradshaw, March 9, 1832.

Mrs. William Melvin.—Elizabeth Crouch Melvin died in Constantine, May 1, 1893, aged 83 years. She was born in Maryland, January 1, 1810, and moved to Constantine in 1836, was married to William Melvin, June 1, 1829. William Melvin died in 1849. The fifty-seven years of her residence here have witnessed all the changes and improvements which make this an old country.

Mrs. Perrin M. Smith.—Mrs. Harriet T. Smith, widow of the late Perrin M. Smith, of Centreville, died in the Kalamazoo Asylum for the Insane, April 30, 1893, of pneumonia, aged 72 years. She had been an inmate of the institution thirteen years.

Clinton H. Felt.—Clinton H. Felt died at Meridian, Texas, April 26, 1893. He was a business man of Constantine until about two years ago, when he went to Texas for his health.

L. K. Evans.—L. K. Evans, for nearly twelve years past the editor of the Three Rivers Tribune, died at his home in that village, May 11, 1893. He was 61 years old the 21st of October, 1892. He was a soldier in the union army during the war. He was an industrious editor, an able and conscientious writer, who earnestly sought to do good for the sake of the good.

Mrs. Fredrica J. Ira.—Mrs. Fredrica J. Ira died in Sturgis, May 10, 1893, aged 65 years.

MRS. L. W. EARL.—Adaline Frances Earl, wife of Rev. L. W. Earl, died in Burr Oak, May 4, 1893, aged 54 years, 10 months.

JACOB RUMSEY.—Jacob Rumsey died in Newberg, Cass county, May, 1893, aged 67 years, 1 month, 10 days. He was the last member of the original family of Rumseys who were among the early settlers of this section.

MRS. HENRY E. PURDY.—Mrs. Henry E. Purdy, a former resident of Constantine, died at Michigan City, May 10, 1893, in the 67th year of her age.

MRS. LAURA A. GLEASON.—Mrs. Laura A. Gleason died in Lockport township, May 12, 1893, aged 75 years, 10 months and 20 days.

NATHAN SNYDER.—Nathan Snyder died at Three Rivers, May 13, 1893, aged 84 years.

STEPHEN W. CADE.—Stephen W. Cade died at Sturgis, May 22, 1893, aged 67 years. In the death of Mr. Cade the community suffers an irreparable loss, as he was a representative man in his neighborhood, having held many offices of trust and honor, all of which he filled with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his constituents. Mr. Cade was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1826. When but four years old his father, the late Thomas Cade, removed to America and settled on Sturgis prairie. Stephen succeeded to the old homestead, where he had since lived for over sixty years. He was a noble, generous hearted man, his ear ever open to the wants of the poor and needy. The worthy were never turned away empty handed as many of the early settlers can testify. At the time of his death Mr. Cade was president of the St. Joseph county pioneer society.

JOHN WALTER.—John Walter died in Colon, July 19, 1892. He was born in Northampton county, Pa., May 9, 1835. He removed to Michigan, April 14, 1871, and settled in St. Joseph county.

MRS. B. COOLEY.—Mrs. B. Cooley died in Sturgis, May 20, 1893, aged 67 years and 9 months.

DR. S. P. CHOATE.—Dr. S. P. Choate died in Three Rivers, May 20, 1893, aged 86 years and 9 months. A resident of Three Rivers for fifty-four years.

MRS. ALVAH GLEASON.—Mrs. Alvah Gleason died in Fabias, May 22, 1893, aged 79 years, 1 month, 21 days.

MRS. DWIGHT STEBBINS.—Mrs. Elizabeth A. Stebbins, widow of the late Dwight Stebbins, died in Lockport near Centreville, May 23, 1892, aged 72 years. She had been a resident of St. Joseph county sixty-two years.

TUSCOLA COUNTY.

BY WILLIAM A. HEARTT.

MRS. ANNA DENNIS.—Mrs. Anna Dennis, mother of Mrs. Nathaniel Dann, died at Caro, July 20, 1892, aged 85 years.

MRS. JAMES I. CALKINS.—Mary L., wife of James I. Calkins, died at Caro, March 16, 1893, aged 72 years. She was born at Woodstock, Conn., May 6, 1820, and had resided in Michigan since 1836.

MR. AND MRS. LEWIS ELDRIDGE.—Mrs. Lewis Eldridge died at her home in the town of Indian Fields, January 5, 1893. Also on February 7, 1893, Lewis Eldridge, her husband, died, aged 69 years. They had been residents there for sixteen years, removing thither from the southwestern part of Michigan.

THEO. L. EVANS.—Theo. L. Evans died at Vassar, December 5, 1892, aged 66 years. He was born in Boston, Mass., 1827.

ANTOINE DUPAUL.—Antoine Dupaul died in the town of Almer, November 6, 1892, aged 72 years. A resident since 1865.

MARK JOSHUA.—Mark Joshua died at Indian Fields, November 29, 1892. Probably he was the oldest Indian in Michigan at the time of his death. He was a chief of the tribe of Chippewas in the Cass River section, and was about 100 years of age.

MATTHEW D. NORTH.—Matthew D. North died at Vassar, August 7, 1892, of heart failure. He was born in Ulster county, N. Y., in March, 1826. He had been a resident of Vassar since 1853, and was a brother of the late Townsend North.

THOMAS MCPHERSON.—Thomas McPherson died at Arbela, August 7, 1892, aged 50 years. He had been a resident of the county for thirty-five years.

WM. SLAFTER.—Wm. Slafter died at Tuscola, August 8, 1892, aged 85 years. He had been a resident of Tuscola township since 1849.

SYLVESTER SMITH.—Sylvester Smith died at Tuscola, December 5, 1892, aged 85 years. He was an old resident of the county.

JOHN STROHAWER.—John Strohawer died at his home in Almer township, March 1, 1893. He was born at Darnstadt, Germany, April 15, 1837, and had been a resident of the county since 1852. He enlisted in Company C, Eighth Michigan Infantry, August, 1862.

WAYNE COUNTY.

J. WILKIE MOORE.

FELLOW PIONEERS—Another year has passed and we, through a kind providence, are spared to once again present the record of those of our fellow pioneers who have gone to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," and many of whom were with us at out last meeting.

The following deaths have occurred during the year ending May 24, 1893, of those recognized as members of this society, either actively or by affiliation, viz.:

HON. EDWARD V. CICOTTE.—Hon. Edward V. Cicotte was born in 1810, died May 31, 1892. Mr. Cicotte was a native of Wayne county as were also his father and grandfather. He held many positions of public trust and honor.

MRS. CHARLOTTE BIEBER.— Mrs. Charlotte Bieber, formerly Mrs. John McGuire, died June 1, 1892. She was the mother of Mrs. Andrew Cullen, Mrs. Wm. Woodbridge, Mrs. McCabe, Mrs. Phil Chapoton and Miss Annie McGuire.

MRS. MANASSEH HICKEY.—Mrs. Sarah Ann Hickey, wife of Rev. Manasseh Hickey, died after a long illness at Mt. Clemens, June 7, 1892.

WALTER NEWCOMB.—Walter Newcomb died at Ecorse, June 15, 1892, aged 84 years.

WM. HENDERSON.—Wm. Henderson died June 2, 1892, aged 81 years.

DAVID EASTMAN.—David Eastman died June 21, 1892, aged 81 years.

CHARLES LABADIE.—Charles Labadie died June 22, 1892, aged 71 years.

W. K. MUIR.—W. K. Muir died June 23, 1892. Mr. Muir was born at Kilmarnock, March 20, 1829. In 1852 was superintendent of the Great Western railway, then in the course of construction, subsequently he became superintendent of the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R. R., assistant general superintendent of the Michigan Central. In 1867, general manager of the Great Western R. R., afterwards superintendent of the Canada Southern R. R., on his voluntary retirement from the latter road, he became president of the Eureka Iron and Rolling Mills, also of the Star Line of steamers.

Mr. Muir served the city of Detroit for a number of years as president of the board of poor commissioners, and was actively engaged in various public and private enterprises and benevolent institutions. He was a man loved and respected by all who knew him.

JOSHUA W. WATERMAN.—Joshua W. Waterman died June 24, 1892, aged 68 years.

For many years Mr. Waterman was engaged in the practice of law in the city of Detroit. He was somewhat of a retiring disposition and mingled but little in general society, but was a liberal giver to all enterprises of a moral and benevolent character, and for these generous acts will be long remembered.

MRS. G. MOTT WILLIAMS.—Mrs. Emily Strong Williams died July 19, 1892, aged 72 years. She was the widow of the late G. Mott Williams.

TIMOTHY MAHONEY.—Timothy Mahoney died July 12, 1892, aged 69 years. He was the husband of Mary Mahoney and the father of Mrs. J. J. Kearney and Mrs. P. J. Kearney.

WM. LYNDON.—Wm. Lyndon died July 12, 1892, aged 70 years.

PATRICK Hennessey.—Patrick Hennessey died July 12, 1892, aged 79 years.

AMELIA ABRAHAM.—Amelia Abraham died July 14, 1892, aged 71 years.

MRS. MARY PULCHER.—Mrs. Mary Pulcher died July 14, 1892, aged 86 years.

HENRY GLOVER.—Henry Glover died July 7, 1892, aged 80 years. Mr. Glover was one of Detroit's oldest citizens. Born in Madison county, N. Y., and came to Detroit in 1836.

MRS. REEVES.—Mrs. Reeves died at Flat Rock, Wayne county, July 1, 1892, aged 96 years.

MRS. JAMES STIRLING.—Mrs. Mary Stirling died July 21, 1892, aged 70 years. She was the widow of the late James Stirling.

JOSEPH MILLER.—Joseph Miller died July 20, 1892, aged 73 years.

EARLSEY FERGUSON.—Earlsey Ferguson died July 28, 1892, aged 74 years. Mr. Ferguson was born in Redfield, Oneida county, N. Y., and came with his parents to Michigan in 1826, and after spending a year at Monroe, came to Detroit where he lived until his decease. In 1844 Mr. Ferguson entered the employ of the Michigan Central railroad, reaching the position of station agent and train dispatcher, resigning the position in 1875, when he devoted his attention to the truck business. Mr. Ferguson was commissioned first lieutenant in the Michigan militia by Governor Mason, and was in active service with his company during the winter and spring of 1837, guarding the Canadian frontier.

LOUIS HOCHSTADT.—Louis Hochstadt died August 30, 1892, aged 82 years.

JAMES GARRIGY.—James Garrigy died September 1, 1892, aged 85 years.

MRS. H. R. JOHNSON.—Mrs. Priscilla Johnson died August 15, 1892. Mrs. Johnson, formerly Mrs. French, was the wife of H. R. Johnson and the mother of Mrs. G. B. Holloway.

JOSEPH COTTIN.—Joseph Cottin died August 15, 1892, aged 91 years.

MRS. PROCTOR WEAVER.—Mrs. Proctor Weaver died August 15, 1892, aged 79 years.

LOUIS LA FONTAINE.—Louis La Fontaine died August 26, 1892, aged 77 years. His name is familiar in the history of Canada and Michigan since the year 1701. His ancestors being among the first settlers on this continent.

JOHN MASON.—John Mason died August 1, 1892, aged 77 years.

MRS. WM. B. BECK.—Mrs. Mary N. Beck died August 1, 1892, aged 75 years. She was the wife of the late Wm. B. Beck and mother of Mrs. Hugh McDonald.

MRS. CLOTHILDE ROBINSON.—Mrs. Clothilde Robinson, the oldest woman in Detroit, died August 9, 1892, aged 106 years. She was born in southern Ohio of Quaker ancestry and came to Detroit at the age of seventy. Mrs. Earsley Ferguson was her warm friend and long contributed to her necessities. She was also often befriended by the late Judge Moran.

HENRY HOUK.—Henry Houk died at Northville, in this county, August 29, 1892, at the age of 95 years. Mr. Houk was a native of Steuben county, N. Y., and came to Michigan in 1833. He cast his first presidential vote for Andrew Jackson. He lived and died a devoted christian.

JAMES STEWART.—James Stewart died September 7, 1892, aged 80 years. His death occurred at the residence of his son-in-law, Thomas Brown, Savannah, Ohio. He was formerly a prominent vessel owner of Detroit.

COLONEL JAMES I. DAVID.—Colonel James I. David died at his residence on Gross Isle, October 13, 1892. Col. David went out with the 7th Michigan Cavalry and served during the recent civil war. He was subsequently, in 1873, State senator. As a public and private citizen he obtained the respect of all who made his acquaintance. He was born in 1811 in the state of New York.

MRS. EDWARD L. PORTER.—Mrs. Mary O. Porter died at the residence of Mrs. John H. Hover, September 13, 1892, aged 84 years. Mrs. Porter was the wife of the late Edward L. Porter.

CONSTANTINE MINK.—Constantine Mink died September 1, 1892, aged 71 years, 4 months.

MRS. CATHERINE SCHWARZ.—Mrs. Catherine Schwarz died September 1, 1892, aged 70 years.

CASPAR KREUGEL.—Caspar Kreugel died October 29, 1892, aged 81 years.

WM. M. CHAPIN.—Wm. M. Chapin died at Romulus, in this county, September 4, 1892, aged 74 years. He was the father of W. W. Chapin of Detroit.

GEORGE WATSON.—George Watson died September 29, 1892, aged 75 years.

MRS. MAGDALENE C. LAWSON.—Mrs. Magdalene C. Lawson died September 24, 1892, aged 74 years.

MR. LUTHER BEECHER.—Mr. Luther Beecher died September 16, 1892, aged 77 years and 7 months. Mr. Beecher was widely known both in this and other states as a man of great business energy, and although somewhat eccentric in his methods, was recognized as a man of superior business sagacity combined with an unostentatious benevolence of character, which those who knew him best fully appreciated. He was a man in advance of the age in the conception of great enterprises.

CHARLES COLLINS.—Charles Collins died October 13, 1892, at the age of 74 years, 7 months. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Charlotte Collins, and one brother to mourn his loss, besides many old citizens who will not forget his genial courtesy and kind manner.

MRS. MARY ANN RICHARDS.—Mrs. Mary Ann Richards departed this life at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Virginia Defere, October 13, 1892, aged 84 years.

MRS. MARY HOMIE.—Mrs. Mary Homie departed October 15, 1892, at the age of 83 years.

EDGAR HOWARD.—Edgar Howard, who for sixty years was a resident of Dearborn, went to his long home October 30, 1892, at the age of 70 years.

WILLIAM WALKER.—William Walker, who for many years walked the streets of Detroit an upright, honest man, and whose acquaintance extended over the entire State, passed over the dark river October 24, 1892, aged 80 years.

MRS. JENNISON GLAZIER.—Mrs. Electa Glazier, widow of the late Jennison Glazier and mother of Mrs. John Lindley and Alice M. Glazier, died October 1, 1892, aged 84 years.

MRS. MARY SMITH.—Mrs. Mary Smith died October 10, 1892, at the age of 102 years. She was the mother of Mrs. John Pollard and Mr. Phillip Smith.

MRS. JOHN RADEMACHER.—Theresa Rademacher died October 10, 1892, aged 72 years. She was the widow of the late John Rademacher.

JOHN F. GUINA.—John F. Guina, son of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Guina of Detroit, died in the city of New York. His remains were buried from St. Vincent's church, October 17, 1892.

MRS. CATHERINE MCSOULEY.—Mrs. Catherine McSouley, mother of John and Patrick McSouley, died December 10, 1892, aged 86 years.

JOSEPH CONN.—Joseph Conn died December 30, 1892, at the age of 86 years.

J. HUFF JONES.—J. Huff Jones, a well known capitalist and genial man of business, died at the Russell House, December 16, 1892, at the age of 72 years. He had occupied the room in which he died for over twenty years.

MRS. ELIZABETH BRODEL.—Mrs Elizabeth Brodel died December 23, 1892, at the age of 83 years.

MRS. MARY WRIGHT.—Mrs. Mary Wright, late of New Haven, Mich., departed this life at 1000 Trumbull avenue, Detroit, December 14, 1892, aged 84 years.

EX-GOVERNOR HENRY P. BALDWIN.—Ex-Governor Henry P. Baldwin passed to his rest December 31, 1892, in the 79th year of his age.

Henry P. Baldwin needs no lengthy eulogy. His life was devoted to the interests of the public, and the numerous evidences of his handiwork as a christian, as a philanthropist, and a promoter of all that makes men better fitted for this, as well as that future life, are all about us, and are engraven in the hearts, as well as recorded in the books of the State and city of his adoption.

MRS. JANE WALLACE.—Mrs. Jane Wallace, mother of Mrs. Richard R. Turnbull, went to her rest December 9, 1892, aged 89 years.

MRS. NICHOLAS WAGNER.—Mrs. Annie Wagner, wife of Nicholas, and mother of John Nicholas, Jr. and Michael Wagner, died December 28, at the age of 89 years and 9 months.

W. H. KNOWLES.—W. H. Knowles, formerly of Detroit, died at Royal Oak, Mich., December 28, 1892, aged 86 years.

DAVID M. FREEMAN.—David M. Freeman died December 4, 1892, in the 78th year of his life.

DARIUS COLE.—Darius Cole, who for nearly half a century has been a navigator of our great lakes, passed over the dark river of death

January 10, 1893. Captain Cole was born in Wales, Erie county, N. Y., in 1818 and was left an orphan at the age of six years. When sixteen years of age he came to Michigan, and for a time worked on the farm of Judge Wm. A. Burt in Macomb county. In 1839 he settled at Lexington and in 1850 engaged in the vessel business with James Walcot at Bay City, and from there came to Detroit.

Mrs. Eugene Watson.—Mrs. Matilda St. Aubin Watson, relict of Captain Eugene Watson, departed this life January 6, 1893, at the age of 74 years. Mrs. Watson was descended from one of the oldest French families in the state, after whom was named St. Aubin avenue.

James Harrington.—James Harrington died at his residence, January 30, 1893, aged 96 years.

Mrs. John Miles.—Mrs. Alice Miles, wife of the late John Miles, died January 5, 1893, at the age of 87 years.

Lewis M. Rivard.—Lewis M. Rivard died at Grosse Point, January 7, 1893, aged 84 years. He was a worthy representative of the original French settlers of Detroit, retaining in a marked degree many of their courteous and genial characteristics.

James Laird.—James Laird died January 10, 1893, aged 90 years.

Francis Crawford.—Francis Crawford, one of the oldest dealers in real estate, died at the residence of his son, Samuel, in Springwells, January 20, 1893, at the age of 85 years.

William Galloway.—William Galloway, of Taylor, died January 30, 1893, aged 88 years.

James Warrington Graham.—James Warrington Graham departed this life January 28, 1893, aged 94 years.

Mrs. Margaret Cooper Vernon.—Mrs. Margaret Cooper Vernon passed from earth January 31, 1893, from the residence of her nephew, Wm. T. De Graff, in the 87th year of her age.

Peter Hill.—Peter Hill, aged 78 years, passed away January 17, 1893.

Martha Houghton.—Martha Houghton died February 16, 1893, aged 82 years.

Elisha Cross.—Elisha Cross died February 20, 1893, in his 91st

year. All who traveled the Grand River road in early days will recollect Cross' Tavern and its genial host. As age began to tell upon his physical frame Mr. Cross removed to Detroit, preserving his mental powers till the end came for his removal to his final home.

MRS. JOHN WALSH.—Eliza Walsh, relict of the late John Walsh, died February 7, 1893, aged 82 years.

CARL HEISE.—Carl Heise died February 17, 1893, aged 84 years.

MRS. JOSIAH J. NORRIS.—Mary Norris, wife of the late Josiah J. Norris, formerly of Detroit, departed February 11, 1893, at the age of 89 years.

JOHN LEDBETER.—John Ledbeter died January 11, 1893, in the 84th year of his age. He was a well known paving contractor for many years and did much to improve the "ways" of Detroit.

ALANSON SHELEY.—Alanson Sheley went to his long home, November 7, 1892. He was born in Albany, N. Y., August 14, 1809, and came to Detroit in 1831. On arrival he first engaged as contractor of building. In 1832 he superintended the construction of the old light house on Thunder bay; afterwards he went into lumbering on Black river; and, lastly, formed a partnership with the late Jacob S. Farrand in the wholesale drug trade. In all his undertakings he was successful. He was always foremost in church matters, and gave much time, money and thought in promoting all moral reform enterprises.

He served the public well and faithfully as State senator and in other responsible official positions which he held during the half century of his life in Detroit. His integrity and great sagacity made his advice sought after by all classes of society who now feel his loss.

MRS. JOHN BURT.—Julia A. Calkins Burt, widow of the late John Burt and mother of Mrs. Robert Leete, Mr. H. A. Burt of Marquette, and A. C. Burt of Detroit, departed this life November 7, 1892, aged 78 years.

MRS. HARRIET A. ANDREWS.—Mrs. Harriet A. Andrews died November 7, 1892, aged 71 years. Mrs. Andrews was a sister of M. S. Smith, Frank G. Smith and T. A. Smith, and mother of Mrs. Wm. V. Moon.

JEREMIAH HANNIFAN.—Jeremiah Hannifan died November 29, 1892, aged 65 years. He was a soldier in the Mexican war, where he received a severe wound which made him a pensioner of the government.

JOHN TROESTER, SR.—John Troester, Sr., died at his residence, October 30, 1892.

JOHN BARRETT MULLIKEN.—John Barrett Mulliken died November 23, 1892, aged 61 years.

E. PETER DEMILL.—E. Peter DeMill died at the residence of his son-in-law, George Wm. Moon, October 31, 1892.

Mr. DeMill came to Detroit at a very early day and at once took a prominent position in the churches and schools of the city as well as in business circles. For a long time he was the secretary and manager of the Detroit Gas Light company, and since his retirement from it had been identified with several other manufacturing enterprises.

HORACE HALLOCK.—Horace Hallock, who died November 12, 1892, in his 86th year, was for many years engaged in the clothing trade, in which he continued almost up to the time of his decease. Mr. Hallock was identified with the churches and Sabbath schools of the city for over fifty years and in all his business and religious life furnished the evidence of a pure and conscientious christian man and upright citizen.

MRS. JOHN M. PALMER.—Mrs. Jane M. Palmer died March 18, 1893, at the age of 93 years. She was the widow of the late John M. Palmer, who came to Detroit fifty years ago.

MICHAEL DUNN.—Michael Dunn, who died March 10, 1893, was the father of Mrs. M. Lally. He had reached the age of 85 years.

J. PETER DEVROE.—J. Peter Devroe died March 10, 1893, aged 93 years. He was an old and well known citizen.

DAVID PRINDLE.—David Prindle died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. De La Fontaine, March 20, 1893, aged 86 years and 3 months.

FREDERICK L. SEITZ.—Frederick L. Seitz, who died March 29, 1893, aged 58 years, grew up in Detroit; was for many years engaged in banking; latterly he was secretary of the Mutual Gas Light company. He was always recognized as an energetic, generous man and a worthy citizen.

GEORGE ZITTEL.—George Zittel was the beloved husband of Margaret Zittel and the father of Geo. Zittel, Jr., Henry D. Zittel, Mrs. Annie Pinet, Mrs. Edward C. Curtis, and Wadsworth J. Zittel of Buffalo,

N. Y. He went to rest, leaving them all to mourn, March 29, 1893, aged 77 years.

Mrs. Solomon Davis.—Mrs. Solomon Davis died at San Diego, Cal., March 4, 1893. One year ago we chronicled the decease of her husband, Solomon Davis.

John Trowbridge.—John Trowbridge died April 8, 1893, aged 88 years.

Mrs. Patrick Barry.—Margaret Barry went to her last home from her daughter's house, April 8, 1893. She was the relict of the late Patrick Barry and the mother of Mrs. Jeremiah Calnon, and had reached the age of 84 years.

John Naumann.—John Naumann had lived one hundred and three years when in April, 1893, he was called to a higher life. He was the father of nineteen children, among them Mrs. Jacob Barnowisky, at whose house he died.

Dr. J. N. Hollywood.—Dr. J. N. Hollywood died April 9, 1893, aged 79 years. He was regarded as a skillful physician.

Mrs. Philo Parsons.—Mrs. Ann Eliza Parsons, wife of the Hon. Philo Parsons, died April 5, 1893, aged 72 years. She was an estimable woman, a true christian, and beloved by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Henry C. Kibbee.—Henry C. Kibbee, who that knew him can forget him? He died April 6, 1893, at the age of 79 years.

John Norman.—John Norman had lived on this earth over one hundred and three years when God called him away, April 6, 1893.

John Moldenhause.—John Moldenhause died May 4, 1893, aged 80 years.

Mrs. John Ladue.—Mary Angel Ladue died at her residence on Lafayette avenue, May 5, 1893, aged 83 years. She was the widow of the late John Ladue and the mother of Geo. N., Austin G. and Charlotte M. Ladue.

Ladina Arnold.—Ladina Arnold died May 2, 1893, aged 80 years.

Alexander Chapoton, Sr.—Alexander Chapoton, Sr., was called to take up his abode in that eternal city whose foundation stones will never crumble, May 2, 1893.

Alexander Chapoton was born in Detroit on February 2, 1818, and was therefore 75 years and 3 months old when he died. He was a descendant of an old French family of Duges, Languedoc, in the south of France, a member of which, Dr. Chapoton, was the first surgeon of Fort Pontchartrain, at the occupation of Detroit by Cadillac in 1701. The Chapotons had been builders for generations back and the deceased learned the trade of stone and brick mason from his father, Eustache Chapoton. He started in business for himself long before he was of age, and acquired a fortune which is estimated at $250,000. He always voted the republican ticket since the Grant campaign of 1868. In 1863 he served a term in the State legislature, and during Governor Baldwin's administration he was chosen one of the three building commissioners to supervise the erection of the State capitol at Lansing, completing it at less cost than the appropriation fund, an achievement scarcely equaled in the history of American public building. In 1881 he was a member of the commission that selected the site for and constructed the Northern Asylum for the Insane at Traverse City. For nine years he discharged faithfully the duties of a member of the board of public works.

Mr. Chapoton was a citizen of public spirit and integrity, and he shared a large portion of his wealth with the deserving poor. School inspector Lingemann, who was for years Mr. Chapoton's clerk in the board of public works, said:

"Very few people knew Mr. Chapoton's goodness of heart. Every Christmas he used to give me a number of envelopes, which contained five, ten, and twenty dollar bills, to deliver to poor people whom he designated. But not alone at that season of the year was he charitable. Every now and then he gave me money envelopes to give to some poor people."

Mr. Chapoton was father of ten children, six of whom grew up and four of whom are still living. They are Alexander Chapoton, president of the Peninsular Savings bank, who is fifty-three years of age; Mrs. Emily S. Brush, Mrs. R. A. Baby and Dr. E. A. Chapoton. His daughter Elizabeth, wife of A. E. Viger, died about eight years ago, and another daughter, Miss Felice, died last year. There are twenty grandchildren.

Stephen W. Leggett.—Stephen W. Leggett died May 9, 1893, aged 85 years.

PAPERS READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF 1893, AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Members of the Pioneer and Historical Society:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The periodical meetings of our association are occasions of mingled joy and sorrow—joy at the greeting of long known and well tried friends, sorrow that so many of our companions have passed to the spirit land and can be with us here no more. They who were the earliest pioneers of our republic, who subdued the forest and laid the foundation stones of its noble institutions and of the prosperity of its free people, now no longer with us, have built for themselves a monument which can never crumble to dust. Generation after generation shall walk in their footsteps enjoying the blessings which their labor and their foresight have secured and never ceasing in grateful encomiums of their fathers.

Our association deals with the historical. As a single state forms but a small portion of the great globe, so its history constitutes only a brief chapter in the history of nations; yet that brief chapter is a part of the great whole and the entire record must be read as one.

The migrations of a people in bodies large or small, the settlement of new countries and the establishment of new nationalities are not a thing of modern times alone. Despotism has always been restless and uneasy and has never ceased to thrust itself upon its neighbors' territory. It came to conquer and not to bless or to aid. It led its phalanx of warriors and sought no place for the agriculturist, the

mechanic, or the civilian. Its victory brought to the conquered only the sad boon of death or slavery, or utter degradation. The past is full of such aggressions upon the territory and the rights of others. How often has the conqueror passed over the wide expanse of Asia! Mede and Persian, Greek and Roman, Mongol and Mohammedan, have in succession planted their foot in this fertile land, but always in hostile array, carrying destruction and terror and leaving no monuments of a higher civilization. Rome, the mistress of the world, extended her power over almost all of Europe, and France and Spain and Germany long submitted to her authority. For almost five centuries England was dominated by her power, and her legions enforced her mandates. But in all these we seek in vain for any evidence of the good fruit which all immigration should bear—the building up of communities with rights better secured, freedom of thought and action more safely guaranteed and the field for the higher faculties and aspirations of man enlarged.

But it is not migrations such as these that this association would commemorate. The true pioneer is the bearer of the banner of civilization in the highest sense of that noble word. He comes not as a soldier but as a man and a citizen. He bears no scepter as an emblem of his power to command, for in the company of pioneers all are equal. He is followed by no military retinue, for his mission is peace and he has no enemy to fight. He seeks a permanent location for himself, and the generations which shall succeed him, where prosperity and happiness shall have their home. Whatever of knowledge, whatever of science, whatever of learning, whatever of economic habits and enterprise, whatever of moral and religious principles, were his in the old homes, these are the treasures which he carries with him to the new.

But the life of the pioneer is not one of liesurely ease or voluptuous enjoyment. Here as everywhere success is the outgrowth of thoughtfulness, of judicious action and of toil. Without these success will not come. This necessity, however, he counts not so much an evil as an incentive to press him on in the noble work dearest to his heart, and his bosom throbs with joy as he overcomes obstruction after obstruction.

Civilization in its highest state of perfection with any people, is the growth of centuries. It is a fact not a little surprising that no considerable division of the habitable earth rests in solitude and without inhabitants. Within a little more than four centuries past, the area of the inhabitable world has been wonderfully enlarged by discovery. The great American continent, Australia, Australasia, the West India

islands and the islands of the Pacific, comprising a very considerable portion of the habitable globe, have been discovered within that time. No continent or island was found to be uninhabited, but always by a people sunk in degradation and in the lowest stages of ignorance and savagery. Can these people, unaided by their more enlightened fellow-men, work out for themselves the great problem of civilization? Can they, by their own efforts ever attain the dignity and elevation of character which properly belong to man? Will the uncivilized negro of Africa ever place himself beside the cultivated and christianized fellow man of England, or France, or Germany? If no European had ever placed his foot within our own national limits, would the forest have given place to cultivated fields, the institutions of humanity and of learning, and the innumerable evidences of a highly cultivated population which now surround us? We do not know what Providence may have in store for them in the illimitable future, but we do know that changes from savage life to the refinements, the comforts and the rational enjoyments of civilization are necessarily slow and seldom complete. Indeed modern history gives us no instance of a savage and uncivilized people becoming one of refined civilization by their own efforts and without intercourse with others more advanced and the aid which such intercourse brings with it.

Civilization is itself progressive. Growth within itself and expansion without mark its progress. It is the work of the pioneers of civilization to revolutionize the world. They are not merely the promoters of their own individual interests, but it is upon them that the improvement of the world largely depends. They are the builders of nations. The history of all civilized and highly cultured and prosperous people traces their rise from small beginnings and does not fail to bestow due praise upon the pioneers who have led them on to greatness. It is for this reason and in recognition of the noble work they have performed, that the pioneers of civilized society have come to stand out as a prominent class in public esteem and to be held worthy of honorable regard by future generations.

The history of the world presents no such noble example of the progress of civilization, the building up of a new nationality in a wilderness country and beautifying it with cultivated fields and populous cities and all that can make it delightful as the home of millions of prosperous citizens, as our own republic.

We look for the pioneers of this American territory to the early colonists of Virginia in 1607 and the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth in 1620. Struggling as colonists they stretched their sparse settlements

along a narrow strip of land on the Atlantic shore, and in 1783 they burst the bonds that bound them and became a free though a feeble nation. Yet here was the nucleus of the present great American nation. Here were the pioneers who stand at the fountain head of its greatness. But we can but admit that "They builded better than they knew." In their wildest dreams they never could have fancied that the time would ever come when the little strip of land which they occupied and the great unexplored and unknown wilderness which stretched away to the west, and the south, and the north of them would ever form the great nation which it has now become. Would they could now be with us to know and to realize how great is the result from so small a beginning, in which they bore so prominent a part.

They would find a nation foremost among the nations of the earth, with a population greater than that of any nation in Europe, and an extent of territory exceeded by that of Russia alone. They would find a nation which excels all others in the world in its agricultural productions, in its manufactures, in its mining operations and mineral product. They would find a nation which produces one-half of the gold and one-third of the silver used in the world, a nation with fewer paupers than any nation in Europe except Switzerland, a nation where ninety millions of dollars are paid annually for books and newspapers, and where the proportion of illiterate persons who can neither read nor write is smaller than in any other country in the world. They would find the most wealthy nation on the globe, with more miles of railroad than all Europe, and with the exception of England more ocean navigation. They would find the land which above all others is adorned with churches and institutions of learning and asylums for the relief of all the ills to which humanity is subject.

More than two hundred years have elapsed since these early pioneers, the founders of the nation, finished their labors and passed to their rest, but the legacy which they left to the world and to humanity will be imperishable.

No true American fails to look upon England as the home of his forefathers. The English speaking people have encompassed the earth, and in their course have established the language and many of the institutions of their island home. Mr. Dilke, in the interesting narrative of his travels through English speaking countries around the globe, gives his book the appropriate title of "Greater Britain." Britain is no longer confined to the little island washed by the waves

of the eastern Atlantic. It has outgrown its ancient limits. The city without the walls has become greater than that within. Somehow the English people seem peculiarly fitted for planting the blessings of civilization in foreign lands. Their peculiar fitness for this work is strikingly illustrated in our own history.

As early as 1562 the Spaniards took possession of the southern portion of our national domain and built St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States. For more than two hundred years they held possession of the region, but their struggle for permanent occupancy and dominion came to naught. France planted her colonies on the St. Lawrence before the English settled at Plymouth, or in Virginia, and burning with ambition to build up a nation such as the world had never seen, she spread out her scattered settlements and claimed exclusive dominion over the vast valleys of the St. Lawrence, the great lakes, the Ohio and the Mississippi, but her high ambition was destined to be disappointed and the rich prize fell into other hands. The Swedes, under the sanction of the great Gustavus Adolphus, established a colony in New Jersey and Delaware, but its growth was slow and its continuance brief. The Dutch colonized Manhattan Island and the beautiful region bordering on the Hudson river as early as 1614, and soon extended their occupancy into New Jersey and Delaware. By Mr. Bancroft, the historian, Holland is declared to be "the mother of four of our states," and her industrious, enterprising and prosperous colonists might reasonably have anticipated a growth which would give them, at no very distant day, a national organization and place them at the very front among the powers of the New World. But all of these efforts proved unavailing, and Spain, and France, and Sweden, and Holland, all in turn withdrew from the scene, and England with her thirteen colonies held full and exclusive sway over the land.

We look back to these English colonies as the beginning of our nation, and to the colonists as the pioneers of American civilization, growth and prosperity. But if we stop at this point we leave half the tale untold.

In 1783 the colonies became an independent nation and the nation in its turn became the father of pioneers and the builder of new states. The enlargement of territorial limits by accession has been marvelous. I well recollect reading many years ago an extract from a French writer in which said that the English language would never attain its highest state of perfection, nor English institutions their most perfect condition until the colonists had carried them across the continent and

established them on the shores of the Pacific. When this was written no proposition could have been announced more improbable than that the feeble little colony on the Atlantic would expand until it reached the Pacific and peopled the broad expanse of the continent. Yet all this has happened. From the day when the colonies assumed the dignity of nationality, the star of empire has been steadily on its western course, and thirty-one new states have been added to the Union. Each of these states has had its pioneers who entered its borders while it was yet a wilderness and have adorned it with the evidences of their toil, their intelligence and their patriotism.

And what are these new states? With the exception of the slight restriction contained in the national constitution which connects them with the Union and secures to them blessings beyond all estimation, they are independent nations. They make their own laws. They elect their own rulers. They vote the taxes which they are themselves to pay. Every man is free to enjoy his own opinion, to worship where he pleases and read the books and papers which he chooses. The English language is theirs and they delight in the history and glory of old England—still the American state is not England. All of good that the venerable customs of the mother country can give, all that the common law of the realm in its growth of ages has secured, all the wisdom that her judges and her statesmen have uttered are ours; but many things in our system of government, our laws and our condition, are purely American. We have no recognized distinction of classes, no primogeniture, no entailment of estates, no privileges of rank, no title of nobility. Our written constitution was intended to lay a broader foundation for a popular government than could elsewhere be found, to give to the people more freedom of action, to secure the enjoyment of greater privileges and multiply the inducements to all to press on to a higher type of manhood and civilization. It is the charter of the masses and not of a favored few. It is a guaranty of rights to the democracy and not a grant of license to an aristocracy. It seeks to lighten the burden of taxation and to enforce economy in the administration of the government. While Great Britain pays her Queen $3,100,000 and the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family $1,200,000 annually, this nation pays its president only $50,000, and has no list of idle supernumeraries to support. It was of this constitution that Mr. Gladstone said: "As far as I can see the American constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at one time by the brain and purpose of man." It established a new and untried form of government and the praise which it has received

from hundreds of the most thoughtful men of other countries attest its merits and superiority as compared with others. It is an instrument of few words, but in those few words is treasured the germ of the freest of governments and the most prosperous of nations.

"Through America England is speaking to the world." These are the words of one who is both a true Briton and an admirer of the American Union, and they are true words. Yet the voice of America is not the mere parrot-like repetition of the words of England. She has added largely to the message of the mother country. All that is peculiar in her institutions and her form of government, all that her history tells of the blessings enjoyed by a self-governing people, she proclaims in language not to be misunderstood, and her message meets with the hearty response of all liberty-loving people. The colonies of England are scattered far and wide over the globe and the time is sure to come when they will become independent nations. When this time comes who can doubt that each in turn will yield to the voice and follow the example of our country and become a republic like the American Union rather than a monarchy like England?

It is the pride of Michigan that she is one of the states that sprung from the "old thirteen" on the Atlantic. There are those living who well remember the venerable men who were the first of our lineage to enter its borders and whose death occurred before the present State organization. Peace be to their ashes and honor ever to their memory!

I see before me some of the pioneers who have witnessed the growth of our State from its beginning and whose energy, judgment and untiring toil have largely contributed to make it what it is. If you, my friends, could recall and record your hopes and your fears, your discouragements and your joys, your aspirations and the many brilliant fancies of the future which you indulged during the period of its growth, it would be the most interesting history of the childhood and advancement of the republic which could be written.

But certain it is that the most enthusiastic of the band of early pioneers could never have dreamed of a success which should make the Peninsular State what it has already become. The richness of its soil, the beauty of its scenery, the charm of its many rivers, the grandeur of the ocean-like lakes that encompass it, were enough to attract the beholder and mark it for his future home. But nature did not then reveal even to his searching scrutiny half its treasures. He did not know that in ages long past old ocean had here deposited, now far beneath the earth's surface, its treasures of salt and fountains

of brine which were awaiting the discovery of man and since have proved a mine of wealth. He did not then know that there was hid in the far away forest that store of pine timber which has since yielded millions of wealth to the laborer and the enterprising operator. He did not know of those vast deposits of iron ore, the working of which has since given employment to thousands of workmen and furnished capital for the building of towns and cities and maintaining fleets of carrying vessels on the lakes. I have not at hand the means of ascertaining the aggregate sum of the product from this source since the opening of the mines forty years ago, but a single furnace which closed down only a few days ago is reported to have turned out pig iron to the amount of thirty millions of dollars, and official documents show that Michigan produces more iron than any other state in the Union, and nearly half of the entire quantity furnished by all.

The copper mines, now so famous, were for all practical purposes unknown until their discovery by Dr. Houghton, the geologist of the State in 1840. In the abundance of the yield and the richness of the ore these mines have no equal in the world. For more than forty years they have given to the market a product almost beyond estimate in value. A single mine, the Calumet and Hecla, is said to have paid its owners in dividends for two years the princely sum of four millions of dollars and to have yielded forty millions of dollars worth of copper since the organization of the company in 1867.

But it is not merely secrets such as these that nature has revealed in modern times to aid in human progress. Science has disclosed many a fact in the natural world of great practical value. Steam, which no man can see, is so applied as to do work beyond all human power. It labors at the mine, it works at the mill, it operates the machinery of the manufacturer, it gives continuous motion to the press of the printer and folds the printed sheets, it warms our houses, it propels the steamers of the world and draws the cars upon the world's three hundred thousand miles of railroad. Electricity, that mystery of mysteries, has just put itself at the service of man for practical use. It propels the car and lights our streets and dwellings. It carries written messages around the world; and if we would hear the voice of a distant friend we have but to turn our ear to the telephone and we listen to his words.

All these are but instruments in promoting the welfare of man, and they aid in pressing him forward to the highest stage of civilization, intelligence and happiness which man can attain on earth.

In all these blessings Michigan has had her full share. In all the labors necessary for true progress Michigan has borne her full part, and we may well congratulate ourselves on the result.

MEMOIR OF DR. T. C. ABBOT.

BY PRESIDENT O. CLUTE.

A pure, strong, brave spirit has gone from among us. These halls, where for so many years his work was done, will know him no more. Not again will he pass under these beautiful oaks; his daily tasks will lead him not again over these green lawns. This great school which he did so much to establish, will remain and grow, but for it his personal work has ceased. In the lives of the many students whom he quickened and strengthened, his influence will grow from year to year, but his voice will no more be heard to counsel and to inspire. I would recall some of the events of a life so strong and so reverent, some of the qualities that gave him influence so deep and lasting, some of the deep gratitude that today lives in the hearts of men, scattered in many lands, who have been helped by that influence.

From the eastern and the middle states has come the great stream of manhood that has brought strength, industry, education, religion, the institutions of law and liberty throughout the mighty west. In the most eastern of the Eastern states, Theophilus Capen Abbot was born, the home of his infancy being in Vassalboro, Maine. While he was yet an infant his father removed to Augusta, Maine, where in the public schools he received his early training, and from whence, at the early age of fifteen he entered the classical course in Colby University at Waterville, then known as Waterville College. He graduated in 1845, a leader among the thoughtful men of his class. He taught for a short time in an academy, then for several years in a seminary in

northern Maine, spending his vacations usually at Waterville in graduate study.

His temperament led him to reflect on the great questions of religion and to think of entering the ministry. He took a course in theology at the Bangor Theological Seminary in preparation for this work, on completing which he again took up teaching, this time entering the faculty of his college as teacher of Greek, where he continued for a year and a half.

He had now been for many years closely engaged in school work, either as student or teacher, and desired rest and change. He desired to see somewhat of our "old home" across the sea, and to go among the scenes endeared to all, where have been enacted some of the great deeds in the progress of human liberty, where have lived some of the greatest poets and historians and orators of the world. He went to England and Scotland and remained about a year, studying their history, their literature, their people on the spots made famous by some of the greatest men of all time. Soon after his return from abroad he came to Michigan, in 1856. He taught for a few months in Berrien Springs, Berrien county, then accepted the principalship of the high school in the city of Ann Arbor, then one of the important educational positions in Michigan. Here he first met the lady who afterwards became his wife, Miss Sarah Merrylees, she being then preceptress in the Ann Arbor high school. During his first year at Ann Arbor he was chosen to the chair of English Literature at the Agricultural College, but his engagement there prevented his coming here until the year following. In 1858 he entered upon his duties here where the remainder of his great work, extending through nearly thirty years, was to be done. His thorough knowledge of the subject he taught, his clearness as a teacher, his constant courtesy and kindness made him from the first successful. He won friends at once among students, faculty, and board of control.

In 1860 he was married to Miss Merrylees in Ann Arbor. The coming of a bride to the college was in those days an unusual and important event. Under the efficient leadership of Dr. George Thurber, then professor of botany, the faculty and students decorated the house (now Dr. Beal's), in which the newly wedded couple were to live, with branches of evergreens, with great ferns from the woods, with the few flowers that in those early days were to be found on the campus. As the carriage containing the couple drove to the door it was greeted by the whole college population, cheerful lights gleamed from the windows of the flower-decked rooms, and a great balloon, made for the occasion

under the Doctor's direction, sailed into the skies to proclaim the welcome. His home at once became the chief social center of the college, and so continued during the many years that he and Mrs. Abbot lived on the campus.

It was in the summer of 1858 that he entered upon his work here as professor of English, in which work he continued until 1866, when he was transferred to the chair of logic and mental philosophy, which he held until his death. From 1858 to 1861 he was treasurer of the college. From 1861 to 1863 he was the secretary of the board of control. In 1863 he was chosen unanimously to the presidency of the college, which place had been left vacant by the resignation of the first president, Joseph R. Williams, in 1859. For more than twenty-five years, through the days when the college was poor, small, struggling, unknown; through the days when it began to have wealth and influence and success; until after many years it had fame and friends in many states and in foreign lands, he controlled its policy and guided its fortunes.

His work at the college was always confining and severe. There was little rest from year's end to year's end. Sometimes his support, from those of whom support was most to be expected, was not hearty. As years went by the strain told on his health and spirits. In 1874 he took his family to Europe for a year's rest for his wife and himself, and to give his daughter and son the benefit of schools in Paris. But on returning the old steady grind settled down upon him. He worked under a pressure too severe, he carried a burden too heavy for any man to bear. Several times he sought release from the duties of the presidency, but each time it seemed impossible for his request to be granted, and so the weary work went on. At length, in 1885, it became evident that he must stop. The board of agriculture acceded to his request and relieved him from the office of president, continuing his duty as professor of logic and mental philosophy. His family and friends hoped much from the change. For a short time his health and strength seemed improved. He taught with something of his old clearness and force; he went among his books with something of the old interest. But the change had come too late. The brain, once so clear and alert, was too deeply affected. It a few months it began to be whispered that he would not be better so long as the diseased body should be the prison of the spirit. The prediction was only too true. Quietly, gently, without suffering the dissolution went on. Month by month, year by year, the body became more feeble, the brain became less able for its work. For six years his wife

and daughter cared for him with all gentleness. Every want was attended to, every comfort was supplied. At length in the morning of Monday, November 7, 1892, his day of freedom came.

Shrill November gave gloomy skies and bitter winds for the day of burial. Old friends and students assembled at the home in Lansing. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. H. Beale, of the Congregational church, then the body was borne to the church for a funeral service. Plants and flowers from the college greenhouses decked the pulpit and the coffin. Friends came from far and near. The faculty of the college had been so changed since his retirement from active work, that many of them had never met him, yet they gathered in sorrow at the grave of one who had done so much for the college which they served. Scarcely one of the present students had ever seen him, but they knew of the loyal devotion of those former generations of students, who were indebted to him so deeply, and they came to look upon the coffined body whence had fled the spirit that wrought so well for the development of the school that now trains them for life's work. Rev. C. H. Beale read from the Bible and led the hearts of all in prayer. The choir gave such music as lifts the thoughts to God. President O. Clute, a graduate of the college in the class of '62, spoke, alas, how inadequately, of the manly qualities and the noble character of him whose happy release had come. Then the body was borne to the cemetery at Mount Hope. Ashes were returned to ashes, dust to dust. The spirit so true to all goodness, so faithful to all noble work, so able in knowledge, in training, in grasp of thought, freed now from the feeble body and the clouded brain, had come to the day of its ascension.

Agricultural College, May 16, 1893.

The discourse given by Pres. Clute at the funeral service is printed below.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits." Matt. v.i, 16.

We have been drawn together today by a common appreciation of the noble friend whose emaciated body is in the casket before us, by a common sorrow for his loss. For years that loss has been slowly coming. The overworked brain gradually lost its powers; the clear thought faded, the bright eye dimmed, the friendly grasp relaxed. The dissolution, so long in progress, was completed two days ago. To him, whose once strong mind had been so long hampered by the imperfections of the bodily machinery, the dissolution surely came as a happy release. Freed from the trammels of the flesh, he is now once more

himself. Again he will rejoice in keen thought, in high purpose, in noble activity. Again will he take his place as the companion of great souls in the divine works of God's many mansions. Those of us who knew him and loved him, when in strength he worked among us and for us, now bid him God speed in his onward journey, glad that from eclipse he has entered into that realm of being where his noble spiritual powers are freed from the bondage of the body, and may go forward into those paths of study, and thought, and work that gave him his chiefest pleasure here.

We judge men by the difficulties which they surmount, by the work which they accomplish, by the friends whom they bind to their hearts with hooks of steel, by the character, the inner life, which they attain. Dr. Abbot's busy life shows us the organizer, the teacher, the man. Let us consider him for a few minutes in these three aspects.

To organize a great enterprise requires the clear vision to see the completed work before that work has existence. The great organizer has a great imagination. We often wrongly think that it is only the poet, the artist, the orator who has this creative vision; but they share it with all great organizers, with all leaders of business and of men. The poet expresses this vision in rhythmic sweeps of song, the business man expresses it in his warehouses, the railroad manager in his mighty roads, the educator in his great school. Dr. Abbot saw the school he would create, while as yet the elements of that school were in chaos. He studied the methods by which that school could be created; he in great measure trained the men who were to aid him; and he educated the State which was to give him money to accomplish his work. The successful general knows clearly the forces which he must conquer. So Dr. Abbot knew well the difficulties which were in his way. When he came to the presidency of the Agricultural College the students were few, the faculty was small in numbers and entirely lacking in experience in such a school as was to be founded, the friends of the school had vague ideas of what they wanted and of the methods to be pursued; often these friends were divided in opinion and most impatient for speedy results. The whole income of the college depended upon legislative appropriations which were easily cut down by watchful opponents. The ready gibe was often hurled in the press or in public address against the "hayseed college." With few students, untrained faculty, small and uncertain income, impatient and divided friends, numerous and bitter enemies, he entered upon the work. To do so required the courage of a warrior. To win victory against such odds required a generalship not less able than that which conducts a great

campaign. His invincible courage and his masterly generalship enabled him to hold his ground, and year by year to win points of vantage. His genial temper and honorable methods won the friendship of good men of all parties. Slowly the college buildings increased, the equipment improved, the faculty became permeated with a common idea and gave to that idea loyal devotion. Foes, convinced of his clearness of head and honesty of heart, became fast friends of his ideas and of himself. Before his failing health compelled him, in 1885, to resign the presidency, he saw the college established on sure foundations, with a large body of united and influential friends, with an increasing number of alumni and of those students who had not remained to graduate, and with an endowment from the national grant yielding a generous income. Surely the results of his many years of faithful service proved the clearness of his insight, the wisdom of his plans, the courage of his purposes, the force of his work.

The teacher, like the poet, is born, not made. Perhaps the first requisite of the good teacher is keenness to see quickly. He must be alive to his subject, to his class, to his time. He must have, moreover, a perfectly clear understanding of what he teaches. He must have studied it from every aspect, so that it is to him as open as the sun. He must so have absorbed it that it is a part of himself. He must then insist on keenness, clearness, thoroughness from his pupils, having at the same time sympathy for the student's ignorance, and dullness, and difficulties, so that he may meet them and conquer them by rousing enthusiasm and attention. All these qualities Dr. Abbot possessed in an unusual degree. His manner in the class room was quiet. Not a shadow of fuss or bluster, never the slightest attempt at joke, or sarcasm, or brow-beating. But from the first hour the student felt that his professor was in earnest, that he understood the subject he was teaching, and that he expected earnestness and understanding from every student. As the weeks, and the months, and the years went by, the greater part of students found themselves in intellectual affiliation with their professor. They, too, became keen, clear, enthusiastic, faithful, thorough.

Some of the "old boys" are now old in fact as well as in the familiar college speech, for they are grandfathers. They are scattered far and wide in Michigan and in other states and in lands beyond the sea. Wherever you meet them they refer in terms of affectionate appreciation to the service rendered them by President Abbot in their student days. Successful and honorable men in nearly all walks of life they trace their success to their college training, and especially

to the formative influence of President Abbot. Himself a teacher, many of his students have become teachers. Since his active work at the college ended, his influence planted in college work and spirit has gone on, and not a few of our recent students carry out thoughts and methods, which were his thoughts and methods, into professional work in other states and in distant lands. All are permeated by the spirit and strengthened by the training which he helped so much to incorporate in our study and our work, all are carrying this thought and influence and character around the world. From mind to mind, from heart to heart, his power as a teacher and inspirer will be felt to far away ages.

The idealist is never able to realize fully his ideal. The great business man does not get his business into such perfect shape as he dreams. The poet is never able to put into words the pulsing thought and music which his own ear catches. The orator's speech cannot fully glow with the fire that burns within. That is, the man is always more than appears in his works. Dr. Abbot's works were good; his ideal was nobler than his works; his life was noblest of all. Pure, simple, faithful, strong. He lived in the light. His reverent soul rejoiced in all truth and good. His faithful heart served loyally his God and his fellow man.

His strong character is felt today in his work and in the men he trained. Yet all do but dimly show the force, the strength, the honor, the thought that everywhere gleamed through the gentleness which clothed him as a garment.

Scarcely less noticeable than his gentleness was his unassuming estimate of himself. Some men pose constantly, anxious for admiration; or they go around with a nauseating strut, anxious to show their accomplishments, however small. Dr. Abbot lived in forgetfulness of himself. He thought not of winning applause, but of doing work that would count. He did not display himself; he displayed his college. He showed not his own attainments but the course of instruction which was gradually evolved under his guidance, the valuable equipment of the college collected in all departments, the spacious lawns, the beautiful groves, the wide fields, the noble buildings that grew under his thoughtful care; especially did he delight in the men whose training of brain and hand attained under his leadership made them powers for good wherever they found work to do.

He lived in a time when burning questions were agitating the whole world; questions of human rights, politics, reform, literature, science, religion. For all these great themes he had warm sympathy. They

touched in him responsive chords. They were founded in truth and goodness, and hence in time he knew they would prevail. But he had set himself to do a certain work, and to that work he gave his thought, his strength, his life. However important and interesting were these other themes, he could give to them only sympathy and good wishes. His theme was the college which he led. His work lay in advancing human happiness by creating a noble school. In the words of the great apostle he said, "this one thing I do."

In him the old and the new mingled in harmony. He read with appreciation the great poetry of the ancients. Job and Homer, Virgil and Horace, came to him with revelations of love and beauty, of heroism and religion. When, in early manhood, he visited Europe, he was especially attracted by the scenes made famous in the works of Shakespeare, by the haunts of Burns, the home of Scott, the lake district where Wordsworth dreamed and sang. And the poets of today found him equally responsive to their songs, which deal with the new questions of the new time. In the old and in the new he felt the human struggle and aspiration. In the new as well as in the old he was thrilled with the presence and the struggles of the human spirit as moved by the Divine. Indeed, to his clear vision, there was no old and no new, there was only the one humanity, then and now, groping upward to the light, in response to the same divine leading.

He desired greater opportunity, better education, better wages, more of true liberty, greater measure of justice, a truer obedience to duty for every human being. As one of the most efficient means of securing these he looked to education, the rational training of all human powers and faculties. The new education had in him a faithful worker. By the new education he understood the training of men and women by the best methods, in the most important knowledge, which experience has discovered. In his mind the new education implied no severing of the present from the past, but a gradual growth from the past to the present, and from the present to the future, and an appropriation by the present of all the good the past has brought us. He believed that the new education would develop men rather than machines; that it would make not dreamers only, but workers; that it would so strengthen every faculty as to enable men to learn daily more and more of the secrets that are writ in the constitution of nature, and to become more able to use the powers of nature for the service of man. He made no public displays of enthusiasm for the new education, he had nothing of the eagerness of the young convert to magnify his new thought. But in careful ways he incorporated the new thought, the

new methods, the new results into the courses at the Agricultural College. His successors have followed in the line he marked out. As a result there is, perhaps, no school where the course of instruction in all departments is based more fully on modern knowledge and the modern spirit.

Among the fruits of his life we find a home united and affectionate; friends made from youth to age among the pure and strong; a great school founded in the methods of the new education whose broad and constructive spirit is but just coming to be understood; students from that school planting its influence and that of its organizer and of its faculty in all the varied departments of human activity; a character in himself that was nobler than any work he did, more helpful than any organization that sprung from his clear and reverent mind. By these fruits we know him as one of the helpers of men, one of the servants of God.

MEMOIR OF FRANCIS R. STEBBINS.

BY HON. NORMAN GEDDES.

Francis R. Stebbins was born at Williamstown, Vermont, on the 26th of October, 1818. His father, Captain Bliss Stebbins, was born in Wilbraham, Massachusetts, December 12, 1777, and in 1805 settled in Williamstown, Vermont, where he resided until his death, March 10, 1826. His ancestors were English.

November 17, 1802, he married Miss Betsey Ruth Cossitt, of Claremont, New Hampshire, by whom he had five children, Francis R. being the youngest.

Mrs. Betsey Ruth Stebbins was born in Claremont, N. H., April 21, 1783, and died in Adrian, Mich., February 21, 1870. She was of French descent. Francis R. took his name from an uncle (François René Cossitt). At the age of sixteen years he commenced to learn the cabinet makers trade, with his brother-in-law, Lyman Briggs, at Montpelier, Vermont, earning money enough to pay for several terms

tuition at the Academy in Montpelier. In 1837, he came to Michigan, and joined his brother, C. B. Stebbins, who was carrying on the cabinet business at Palmyra, in Lenawee county (Palmyra then aspiring to become the future metropolis of the county). Here he remained for about two years, and then went to Buffalo, N. Y., in the employ of Cooley & Galligan, cabinet makers.

While at Palmyra he wrote articles for the Michigan Whig, little thinking that at some day he would be its editor. He also contributed to the Michigan Observer of Detroit, and to the emancipator of New York. While in Buffalo he wrote for the Buffalonian, the Commercial Advertiser, the Republican, and several other papers, and was finally given charge of the editorial work of the Morning Tattler, a society paper, with the understanding, however, that it should not interfere with his work as a cabinet maker. Alternating between Vermont, Buffalo and Palmyra, for a few years, he finally came to Adrian in the fall of 1841, and from that time until his death, which occurred on the 29th day of September, 1892, resided in that city. With the exception of a few months spent in the study of law, in the office of Baker, Harris & Millard, Mr. Stebbins, during the entire period of his residence in Adrian (comprising more than half a century of time), was continuously engaged in the business of which he had made himself master in his youth. Commencing in a small way, working at the bench himself, and always doing what he did in the best possible manner, he gradually built up one of the largest, best, and most successful factories and furniture stores in southern Michigan.

A part of the time he was in partnership with his brother, C. B. Stebbins; a part of the time the two brothers carried on the same business, separately, side by side, and always in perfect harmony.

In 1853 the brothers, in connection with S. P. and T. D. Germain, built a four story brick block on east Maumee street in the city of Adrian—then the only four story building in Lenawee county—and in that portion of the block erected upon his land he continued in business until the day of his death.

While Mr. Stebbins was thoroughly master of his trade, and always prided himself in making and keeping for sale furniture made upon honor, and of the very best quality, and in so managing his shop and store as to keep them well in hand and completely under his control; yet his strong literary bias and the urgent solicitations of the proprietors, induced him to assume the editorship of the weekly and tri-weekly Expositor, of Adrian, which position he held from 1850 to 1860; and so long as he lived he continued to write for the press. Few men

have made more of their opportunities than did he. For nearly thirty years prior to his decease, he spent a portion of each year in travel, and while on these excursions wrote many interesting and instructive letters of travel, covering the country from Lake Superior, and the river and gulf of St. Lawrence to the gulf of Mexico.

He was fond of what is termed "outing"—had a cottage at Grand Lake, Presque Isle county, Michigan, and one at Sand Lake, Lenawee county, and as long as he lived spent a part of each summer at one or the other of these cottages; and, during the latter part of his life, a part of each winter in Florida, where he made very thorough explorations of Indian River.

He was a lover of nature, and with a few congenial friends, derived the greatest possible pleasure from these annual excursions.

Mr. Stebbins was a public spirited man and identified with the growth and prosperity of the city of Adrian and of the State of Michigan for more than half a century. He was a zealous and active member of the pioneer society of the county of Lenawee, and also of the State pioneer society, contributing during his membership interesting and valuable articles to each society. He served as alderman of his ward in the common council of the city of Adrian, also as a member of the public school board, where either as president or chairman of the building committee, he had the leading charge of the erection of the present central school building, the main features of the plan of which were furnished by him and adopted by the board. He served as a member of the old volunteer fire department of the city and had much to do with the erection of its buildings; was a member of the committee having charge of the erection of the soldiers' monument, furnishing the design which was adopted for the base; and, in short, has been directly or indirectly identified with almost every movement that has been made calculated to advance the best interests of the city, during his long residence therein.

In politics Mr. Stebbins was a whig and cast his first vote in Buffalo for William Henry Harrison for president, and subsequently became identified with the republican party and did yoeman service therein so long as he lived. He was an active politician but never sought for any public office. He was a religious man in the best and broadest sense of the word, was liberal and catholic in his views, and a member of the Presbyterian church. It can be truly said of him, that he was an honest, conscientious, and good man. When it became apparent to him, as it did some little time before his death, that he had but a short time to live, he had no fear. For him death had no terrors.

He had so lived that when his summons came he could "Wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams."

Mr. Stebbins was twice married; his first wife being Miss Mary E. Meyer of Buffalo, N. Y., to whom he was married on the 3d of August, 1841, and by whom he had three children, Francis G. Stebbins and Mary L. Colvin, who survive him, and Ellen C., who died in childhood. Mrs. Mary E. Stebbins was born in Coxsakie, N. Y., June 15, 1820, and died in Adrian, April 16, 1852. He was again married October 24, 1853, to Miss Sarah Louise Briggs, of Claremont, New Hampshire, by whom he had three children, Lilla Louise, Fred B. and Edwin J. Mrs. Sarah Louise Stebbins was born at Charlestown, New Hampshire, February 25, 1833. She and her two sons, above named, survive her husband, and reside in the city of Adrian. Lilla Louise, the daughter, married Mr. Edwin J. Pierce and died in Hingham, Massachusetts, on the 27th day of September, 1890.

The three sons, Francis G., Fred B. and Edwin J., who had long been in the employ of their father, continue the business, which he had spent over half a century in establishing on a firm basis. Mr. Stebbins will be greatly missed in the city, in the county and State, and in this Society.

We can only add: "The end of a well spent life."

MEMOIR OF ANSON DE PEUY VAN BUREN.

BY STEPHEN D. BINGHAM.

No Michigan man has done more to preserve the records of leading pioneers, especially those of southwestern Michigan, than Anson De Peuy Van Buren. Of Dutch descent he was "the son of Ephriam and Olive (Jay) Van Buren, and was born April 22, 1822, at Kinderhook, Columbia county, N. Y. He was the youngest of nine children. The family, in 1826, removed to New York Mills, Oneida county, N. Y.,

where Anson received such an education as the village schools of that day gave a boy of his years. And here, in his later boyhood, he had the rare opportunity of listening to the preaching, lectures, and public discussions of the foremost preachers, orators, and reformers of that day. Here he heard the eloquent McDowell, of New York, on moral reform; Theodore Weld, on temperance; President Besiah Green, the powerful abolition advocate; Gerritt Smith, the anti-slavery reformer; Charles G. Finney, the revivalist; and that brilliant orator, the James Otis of his day, Alvan Stewart, on temperance and reform. And it was here, being thus early taught by such great masters, that the subject of this sketch imbibed those views of religion, temperance, and reform that governed his after life." The above are his own words, found on page 287, Vol. 14, Pioneer Collections.

With his father's family he removed to Michigan, October 1, 1836. The trip was by canal to Buffalo, taking some weeks, thence by the steamer United States to Detroit. The son, then at the age of thirteen, retained vivid recollections of the long journey, and has recalled them in his "Pioneer Annals," Vol. 5, Pioneer Collections. From Detroit the family journeyed in a wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen to Battle Creek, and found a log cabin built on the claim, by older brothers. The son helped his father cut the first trees on the farm and was kept busy with the other boys at hard labor. The family had brought five hundred pounds of dried codfish from their old home, which was exchanged for pork with neighbors, then called "paying with dicker."

The fact is placed on record that in the spring of 1837 "wheat was two dollars a bushel, corn and oats very high, when they could be bought at all, potatoes were ten shillings per bushel, and it was necessary to go to Prairie Ronde, a round trip of some sixty miles, to get them at that price. We gave thirteen dollars for a shoat of the wind-splitter breed, weighing probably sixty pounds dressed. It was so lean it would not fry itself. We had to boil it in half a dozen waters and then it would not pass as 'legal tender' with anyone who knew what pork was." The cattle were kept through with a scarce supply of marsh grass and the buds and tender twigs of tree tops cut down for that purpose. He records as a tender remembrance of those days that after a year had gone by and they had not seen a person or thing they had known in New York, his mother found a house fly that had been caught and preserved between the leaves of a book and exclaimed: "Here is a fly from New York state! Now, children, don't touch it, let it remain in this book, just as it is, for it is a fly that once lived in our old home."

Thus commenced his Michigan life. For the first few years he had no school advantages, but made the chimney corner his school room, and the elementary spelling book, the old English reader, Olney's geography, Daboll's arithmetic, and Kirkham's grammar his teachers. It was an evening school, kept mostly in the winter season, and all the light he had was that which came from the hickory bark thrown on the fire. There he studied, made himself master of the books named, and in the winter of 1838, at the age of sixteen, he received a certificate to teach the Goguac Prairie school. He continued to teach winters in Battle Creek until the spring of 1843, when he entered the branch of the Michigan University at Kalamazoo, remaining there three years. He entered the University at Ann Arbor in the summer of 1847, leaving in the fall to teach at Athens, Calhoun county. He taught in various places until the fall of 1857, when, with failing health, he went to Mississippi. There he soon took charge of an academy near Yazoo City, returning to Michigan after the lapse of a year, opening a select school at Battle Creek, and finally closed his long and successful career as teacher in the Climax high school.

In the fall of 1859 he published his book entitled, "Jottings of a Year's Sojourn in the South," which was favorably received both north and south. This work is a volume of 320 pages and is a racy record of southern life in those days, and worthy of a choice place in every Michigan library. Among the reminiscences are graphic sketches of George M. Poindexter, Henry S. Foote, General Quitman, Joseph Holt, George D. Prentice, S. S. Prentiss, Colonel McClung, Jefferson Davis, and others. Never have we seen elsewhere so vivid and lifelike a sketch as that of the eloquent S. S. Prentiss given by him. He brings the matchless orator before you so that you see the man and almost hear the words that came from his lips and swayed the people like the touch of magic.

In 1864 Mr. Van Buren engaged in life insurance, which became his occupation for the rest of his life. He married Miss Mary L. Gibson, November 14, 1866, and resided in Galesburgh, where he held various town offices. He died June 27, 1892, highly esteemed by every one who ever knew him. His widow is still living in Galesburgh.

Henry Bishop of Kalamazoo says of him: "He was a terse and vigorous writer on subjects congenial to him. No man furnished more interesting historical sketches of old pioneers for the different volumes of the State pioneer history than Mr. Van Buren. He was an honest temperance worker, an earnest Bible student, a great aid to Sabbath schools, and a member of the Congregational church. The greater part

of his life was spent in the school room, where he endeavored to teach true manhood by example as well as by precept."

The counties of Calhoun and Kalamazoo are fortunate that he was a resident, first at Battle Creek, later at Galesburgh. As a writer of biography he has never been excelled by any resident of Michigan, and from his pen preserved in the Pioneer Collections, the names of many leading pioneers have been rescued from oblivion. With a thorough command of language, a remarkable memory, a humor that never exhausted itself, he gives in inimitable style the anecdotes of those hardy pioneers. These alone would form a volume of genuine humor, and this characteristic of the man was fresh and genial as ever up to the last hours of his life. While he did not become a member of the State Pioneer Society until 1883, many of his papers of previous years, written for the county pioneer societies of Calhoun and Kalamazoo, have been preserved in the Pioneer Collections. Some years of his life must have been spent in writing these papers, and all are graphic and enjoyable in the highest degree. Neither time nor space would suffice to give even the titles of all his papers. Among the leading papers of the humorous character are "The Political Campaign of 1840," with incidents, anecdotes, and recollections of its distinguished editors and orators, north and south, in Volume 10, Pioneer Collections; and "That Glorious 5th, How it was Celebrated in 1845 at Kalamazoo," would shake the ribs of a misanthrope. Other valuable papers are "Temperance in Pioneer Days," "History of the Old Branches of the Michigan University," and of "The Branch University at Kalamazoo," "Michigan in Pioneer and National Politics, and in the Campaign of 1856," and a complete history of "The Temperance Conflict."

But in "The Log School House Era," a paper of 120 pages, Volume 14, Pioneer Collections, we get the key of his life and character. As a pioneer school master he devoted twenty-one years of his life to teaching, mostly country schools, for it was all country then, and gives his full experience as a teacher from the age of sixteen to thirty-six, commencing in 1838 and closing in 1859. He was the best type of the western pioneer schoolmaster. He had started with the determination to be a teacher, and after a first trial attended higher schools in summer to make up for defects he found. With the smallest of wages he persevered, and finally gained name and fame as a teacher. What his wages were the first school in 1838 is not recorded, but in 1842, we find him contracting to teach for eight dollars a month and "board around." In 1847 he had reached the figure of $14 a month, and later $18 per month; finally, in a higher grade of school, $75 per

month. He knew only one common school teacher who was a college graduate, and he was not among the best teachers.

Then "the school officers were the 'board of regents' and the school master played the part of president and professor in that rude seat of learning, the pioneer schoolhouse. His advanced students drove him beyond the 'three r's' into natural philosophy, algebra, and perhaps into botany and astronomy." The college bred student was "not so competent to teach a district school as the teacher who had been trained in the curriculum of that school." "When the school master of the old days stepped upon the floor of the log school house his foot was on his native heath, and he was at home amid his surroundings."

He vividly describes his first school house: "It was built of oak logs with 'cobbed up' corners. The roof was composed of shakes that were held in their places by long poles laid lengthwise over the lap of each course, and pinned down at each end. The floor was of puncheon. A fireplace with broad jams was surmounted with a stick chimney, which ran up on the outside and east end of the building. There was but one door and but one window, close beside it, on the south side. The door swung on oaken hinges, and was fastened by and answered to a wooden latch that was raised by the accustomed leather latch string. The logs were 'chinked and mudded up' and the building was considered fit for winter use. There was not a nail or a particle of iron about the house. The glass was secured in the sashes by little wooden pegs, and the cross-piece over the fire place was a wooden support. Our school room furniture, like the building, was of the most primitive kind. Holes were bored into the logs some three feet from the floor, on the sides and west end of the room, into which long pegs were driven; boards were secured on these pegs slanting inward for desks. Rough boards on wooden legs ran parallel to the desks for seats. Slabs with shorter legs constituted the seats for the smaller children. The schoolmaster's table was also of pioneer make." The teacher was without blackboard or bell, and called his school to order by rapping on the sash of the lone window with a book. His equipment was a cherry ruler, whip and penknife. Daily the pens were made for each scholar far enough advanced to write, but he seems to have used the whip but little, in spite of that remark of the many wived Solomon, "Spare the rod, spoil the child," which has cost the descendents of the Pilgrims so many million "lickings."

With such a commencement Mr. Van Buren perfected himself as a teacher, followed it many years at the lowest of wages, because he

loved the profession on which he conferred signal honor. His vivid and thorough record of his long services as a teacher is of itself a monument of which any man might well feel proud. Teacher of the pioneers, thyself a pioneer, we salute thee in death!

In person Mr. Van Buren was tall and graceful, with a head and face that were a model for the sculptor. As a member of the State Pioneer Society from 1883 until his death, he stood very high in the estimation of his fellow members. Except for deafness he would have filled the position of president long before his death. For many years he was a member of the historical committee and his services were of great value in that capacity. His place no one else can fill. He has written much of value for the later writers of history and biography, and for himself has won fame that will inure with the name and fame of the State he loved and served so well.

MEMOIR OF EX-GOVERNOR CHARLES M. CROSWELL.

REMARKS AT THE FUNERAL, DECEMBER 16, 1886.

BY JUDGE THOMAS M. COOLEY.

When one who for more than the average lifetime of man has filled a large space in the public eye, holding important positions, executing high trusts and wielding a commanding influence among his fellows, drops suddenly out of sight, almost without warning, the shock of the general loss is likely at first to be felt by us more than that which is personal, and we stand in the awful presence of death appalled chiefly by the great vacancy in the social and civil state which the blow has made. But ere long the tender chord of memory, responsive to recollections of early friendships, common enjoyments, common trials and common aspirations, make us sensible of the pain of sundered ties, and the sense of general loss gives place to the more exquisite sorrow of personal bereavement.

Charles M. Croswell affords us one of those striking illustrations, of which the history of America is full, of boys without the help of fortune, or education, or influential friends, by the force of native energy and perseverance, raising themselves to positions of eminence and usefulness, and filling them with distinguished honor. He was an orphan at seven years of age, with the prospect before him of a laborious and inconspicuous life, with no adventitious circumstances whatever upon which he could rely for exceptional success. At the age of eighteen, when I first saw him, he was learning the trade of a carpenter. He had the industry and the energy which were the sure auguries of success, and had he continued in that occupation it is not to be doubted that he would in time have become a man of note in the community, if not a man of wealth. He had Franklin's love of books, and it was certain from the first that as he grew in years he would find a congenial sphere of action in which his self-acquired learning would be of special value, and would enable him to compete with others, more fortunate in their early advantages, for important stations.

It is difficult to speak of him fittingly without speaking also of myself, for before he attained his majority we were thrown much together, and with his gifted cousin, George W. Hicks, constituted a trio of youth, all equally without the favors of fortune, equally dependent on individual exertions for all that should be attained or possessed, but with similar tastes, which could only be gratified by hard labor and the strictest economy, and in the gratification of which we might be of mutual assistance. The untimely death of young Hicks had the effect to draw the survivors more closely together, and the intimacy grew and was unbroken until the time came when public affairs almost monopolized attention.

I have spoken of him as having been without the advantages of education. His indebtedness to schools was but small and his upward path was made more difficult in consequence. But the consciousness of the disadvantage only operated as a spur to effort, and he came in time to be a well read man, with a large fund of useful knowledge which by diligence he had made the books impart to him. He was especially attracted by historical works; and few men so much absorbed by business and public avocations as he shortly became, were more familiar with the general facts of ancient and modern history, and especially with the history of his own country and of its leading public characters. He was fond of lighter literature also, and he studied rhetoric as art to the full extent that his circumstances enabled

him to do. As a result his mind was not only well stored with useful information, but what he knew he was prepared effectively to use; and though he was never a ready he was always a favorite speaker, since what he had to say was carefully studied and was delivered with grace and in accurate diction.

When Mr. Croswell decided to study law he entered my office for the purpose, and when admitted to the bar he became my partner. But he had no fondness for the law and was preëminently a man of business. He filled with credit many local and county offices which I will not delay to enumerate, and in 1866 was chosen to the State senate. In that body, although it contained several older and more experienced lawyers, he was made chairman of the judiciary committee, a high compliment from the late governor, which was fully justified by the able and painstaking manner in which the duties were performed. The senate paid him a still higher compliment when by common consent it elected him president *pro tempore*, an office commonly conferred only on a member of considerable experience. But probably not one of his associates was so admirably fitted for the post as was he, for from the time of his election he had given special and careful attention to parliamentary law, and can be truthfully said to have made himself master of its peculiar and to some extent arbitrary rules. He held a seat in the senate for three successive terms, and long before he left it he was the acknowledged and trusted leader of his party in both houses. In 1867 he was chosen to a seat in the convention for revising the constitution of the State, a body to which the people had sent many of their ablest men and best trained intellects. And there again his thorough familiarity with parliamentary rules as well as his fairness was recognized, as they had been in the senate, by his being called to preside, and he did so to the entire satisfaction of all parties. Five years later he was a member of the popular house of the legislature and was made its speaker. In these several public positions as well as in those he held afterwards, his official papers and addresses were conspicuous for terseness and lucidity, and gave cogent evidence that his self-training had been as accurate as it was laborious.

In 1876 Mr. Crosswell was nominated by acclamation in the convention of the dominant party in the State to the office of governor and was of course elected. In that high office he brought undoubted integrity, careful preparation, correct business habits and great industry. The State has never had a more painstaking executive, never a cleaner administration, never a firmer head to its affairs. He had not the faculty, if he had the taste, of impressing the general public by

pageant and demonstration; but in his quiet, patient, industrious, and persistent way, he gave to the State a faithful and strong administration, which was alike an honor to him and an honor to the commonwealth which he loved and was proud to preside over. Many a state, which has suffered in various ways from the want of careful business qualities in more brilliant, demonstrative and pretentious executives, might well have envied Michigan its careful, thoughtful, and untiring governor. And though without full knowledge upon that subject I speak with great confidence when I say that he left this high office with means diminished by his having held it.

On retiring from the office of governor, he took up cheerfully the duties of a private citizen, and these were faithfully and diligently performed until the fatal illness overtook him. Public life with him had not as with so many others, destroyed his regular business habits, and he had no wasteful or vicious tastes to sap his fortune or constitution, or to lead others to ruin. But it is as needless for me to enter upon his every day life as it would be to give in detail the list of his public employments. It is quite enough to say in this presence where he was so well known, that with him public office was always a sacred public trust and that he recognized in his capacity of private citizen duties as imperative as any that could be conferred by the choice of his fellows. As we face any public building in the city, we are reminded of some important service performed or some worthy address delivered in it; as we enter any principal street we are met by recollection of something notable with which in the nearly fifty years of his residence among us he was prominently concerned. A great place was indeed left vacant when he passed away.

Six days ago, on learning of his illness, I came to stand by his bedside, and to say, if I might, a word of cheer. I knew that so well had his intellectual powers been preserved that he was still, as to them, in the prime of life and I hoped that the physical disease was not serious. But I saw at once that death had marked him for its prey, and that the end was nigh. But his mind was not upon the brief tenure of existence; if he had any dread of what was immediately before him he did not express it. On the contrary he directed attention at once to his public life and the wish uppermost in his thoughts was, that when he had passed away it should be said of him in respect to his discharge of duties in his highest office,

"He was faithful."

Into the sanctities of private life we should in the presence of death

be awed from intrusion; but I may be permitted to say how well I knew how the members of his family were held by that great heart of his in anxious but close and loving embrace. The curtain falls now between us and him; but just as the record of his public service will be imperishable, so also to us will be the remembrance of his private virtues.

"Death cannot claim the immortal mind;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust."

Hon. Charles M. Croswell was born October 31, 1825, at Newburgh, Orange county, N. Y., and was son of John and Lottie (Hicks) Croswell. His father was of Scotch-Irish extraction, was a paper maker, and carried on business in New York city. When the son was seven years of age his mother, a woman of superior ability and worth, and his only sister died, and but three months after the death of his mother his father was accidentally drowned in the Hudson river at Newburgh, leaving him the last of the family, without means of support. He found a friend in an uncle, James Berry, a house-builder and contractor, with whom he came to Adrian in 1837, where he resided until his death, which occurred suddenly there December 13, 1886.

MEMOIRS OF DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE BAY COUNTY BAR.

BY A. C. MAXWELL.

In undertaking to write an account of those men who have heretofore been members of the Bay county bar I have found myself so embarrassed by any attempt at discussion of the character of those members still living that I shall only give some account of those who are dead.

I settled in lower Saginaw (now Bay City) in March, 1857. When

I arrived there I found that Messrs. C. H. Freeman, W. L. Sherman, and James Birney had preceded me, and they were all then actively engaged in the practice of the law.

JAMES BIRNEY.

Hon. James Birney was born at Danville, Kentucky, in 1817. His father, James G. Birney, candidate for the liberty party for president in 1840 and 1844, resided in Lower Saginaw from 1840 until 1856. He was trustee of the old Saginaw Bay company, which owned the section of land on which the original plat of Lower Saginaw was first laid out, and no doubt the interests that he left in Bay City was the cause of the settlement of his son at that place.

James Birney was educated at Center College, Ky., and at Miami University, Ohio, from which latter institution he was graduated in 1836. For the two years succeeding his graduation he occupied the position of professor of the Greek and Latin languages at that institution. He afterward studied law at New Haven, Conn., and subsequently entered upon the practice of that profession at Cincinnati, Ohio. While at New Haven he married Miss Moulton, cousin of Commodore Isaac Hull who captured the Guerriere on the 19th day of August, 1812. In 1856 Mr. Birney removed with his family to Lower Saginaw (now Bay City) and at once interested himself in the development of the place. From that time until his death Bay City was his home.

Mr. Birney was a prominent republican in politics and in 1858 was elected to the State senate, and in this office he displayed both great capacity and great independence. In the year 1859 most of that great grant of swamp land which the general government had made to the State for the purpose of drainage and reclamation was appropriated by the State for the building of State roads and to the construction of drains and ditches. And here Mr. Birney rendered services to northern Michigan, for which its people for all time to come should be forever grateful. There was a strong body of men in the legislature that year, who were determined to ignore and neglect the conditions of the trust, and to sell the swamp lands and apply the proceeds of the sale to the school fund, thus leaving the northern portions of the State with its swamps and morasses to take care of themselves. And as the phrase went, let them get out of the woods as best they can. Mr. Birney overcame this faction and secured the legislation which has opened up northern Michigan through every portion of it with the State roads.

So well did he perform his duty as senator as to attract general attention, and in 1860 he was elected lieutenant governor of the State.

He was exceptionally well qualified for the office of president of the senate. He was careful, studious, and absolutely impartial and independent, and managed to perform his duties with a constant suavity and grace that caused the members of that body to be very proud of him, and justly too, for of all the men who have succeeded him in that office, none has reached that high standard attained by Judge Birney as a presiding officer.

In the senate that year (1861) were Henry P. Baldwin, afterwards governor and senator, Byron G. Stout, afterwards a candidate of his party for governor and since a member of congress, and Solomon L. Withey, afterwards judge of the federal courts at Grand Rapids, and many other distinguished sons of Michigan. And it is safe to say that Judge Birney was the full equal of all these distinguished men. He had a natural aptness in the transaction of public business. He frequently debated questions on the floor of the senate; always with sincerity and ability, and always with firmness and kindness. While he was ambitious he was totally above all the low schemes and practices of modern politicians.

In the spring of 1861 Governor Birney was appointed circuit judge of the eighteenth judicial circuit, then composed of the counties of Bay, Iosco, Alcona, and Alpena. He presided four years on the bench of that circuit. He was a dignified, prudent, and careful judge. His administration of justice was satisfactory. He was modest, kind, accommodating, fair and impartial, and generally right, but like all judges he made some mistakes. I remember once he intimated a decision against me. I mentioned to him that the supreme court had decided otherwise, and showed him the decision of Tannahill vs. Tuttle. He refused to modify his ruling and simply remarked "So much the worse for the supreme court." I cheerfully add that he was right, as Tannahill vs. Tuttle was afterwards overruled. He was not well adapted to a judicial position. While his mind was active and clear, he could not comprehend and would not follow many of the rules of law which to the general student appear unreasonable.

After leaving the bench he resumed his practice of law in Bay City. In 1867 he was elected a member of the constitutional convention and actively participated in the proceedings of that body. He was very conservative, perhaps too much so, as the work of the convention was rejected by the people.

In 1870 Mr. Birney established the Bay City Chronicle, a weekly newspaper, and in 1873 it was issued daily. It was published until after Mr. Birney's departure for the Hague, when it was merged into

the Tribune. In 1872 he was appointed centennial commissioner for Michigan and as such was of considerable service to the State. He was noted as such for his affability and kindness.

In 1872 he was appointed minister to the Netherlands. This was a position to which he was exceptionally well adapted. He held this office until 1882, when he returned to Bay City. His father was a graduate of Princeton, a man of fine taste and elegant accomplishments. He was simple and free in his manner, liberal in his views in everything except upon the subject of slavery, perfectly honest, and no doubt from him Judge Birney acquired those elegant manners for which he was noted.

At the court of Holland, as a representative of the United States, he was highly distinguished, and it is probable that of all the representatives of the nations at that court he was the most respected and admired as a man. It is true the embassadors from Germany, France, and Russia with millions of armed men near at hand, and England with her tremendous navy, each able to crush Holland in a month, must be shown great consideration; but this was due to force and to the position of affairs, not to the representative or to the man who might happen to represent the nation. Judge Birney maintained a high position there, and did much to elevate the embassy and in the building up of friendly feelings towards the people of the United States. He died in May, 1888.

Mr. Birney was a man of great public spirit and filled the many public offices, to which he was either elected or appointed, with ability and fidelity. He was devoted to the interests of Bay City and Bay county, and took an active part in promoting their growth and development.

At the time of his death he was president of the board of education of Bay City, and in this office, as in all other positions of public trust occupied by him, he made his duty to the people of paramount importance. He was a man of sensative and refined feelings, firm in his convictions, of fine appearance, and eminently qualified by education and manners to shine in the higher walks of public life. Politicians accused him of being an aristocrat, but he was a true, loyal, tender hearted gentleman who could not play the demagogue.

ANECDOTE.

Although Judge Birney was self-possessed and circumspect in his conduct generally, one morning in the spring of 1859 he said to me,

"I feel most devilishly ugly this morning." The next morning I learned the occasion of his wrath. At this time there was not a rod of made road in Bay county. There was but one span of horses in town. People's cattle, cows, pigs and geese run everywhere at large on the property of every land owner with impunity. Judge Birney had cleared some blocks between Ninth and Tenth streets in Bay City, and had made some clearing where the family homestead now stands. He had cleared his lands, fenced it, and planted it. It so happened that this enclosure embraced a sand ridge over which the settlers' cows had passed out to the woods to graze. On each side of the judge's fences were swamps, so that when the cattle got beyond his enclosure they could not find their way home, and every night the settlers would pull down his fences and let the cattle through to their homes. Finally he laid in wait for them and one evening caught two old German settlers named Mikler and Steinbauer letting down his fences. It was past one o'clock in the morning. He at once woke up Squire Chilson, had both trespassers arrested, tried them before two o'clock in the morning and had them in jail punctually at three.

THEOPHILUS C. GRIER.

Among the members of the bar who gained a special notoriety at an early age of his life was Theophilus C. Grier. His reputation was known all over the State as one of the rising lawyers of our country.

Judge Grier was born at Ravenna, in the state of Ohio, on the 2d day of January, 1834, and was a descendent, on his mother's side, of Rev. John Cotton, of Pilgrim fame. His parents died while Mr. Grier was yet a mere lad, and he was taken and cared for during a short time by an uncle whose name was Carlton, and who was a minister of the Universalist denomination of more than ordinary reputation. At the age of fifteen young Grier became apprenticed as a printer to one Joel D. Brattels, who was then editor of the Trumbull County Democrat. This training was subsequently of immense value to him as a writer. The young man's health became very delicate, and he was necessarily compelled to quit the printing business and cultivate his physical strength. After a short time he became strong enough to attend school and entered an educational institution at Marietta, Ohio. Subsequently he made up his mind to enter the legal profession, and to this end he became a student in the law office of Riddle & Hathaway, of Chardon, Ohio. His circumstances were such that it was necessary for him to teach school during the winter season of the year

and pursue his law studies during the summer, spending what he earned during the winter to enable him to prosecute his studies during the summer. While thus engaged and while yet a youth he became acquainted with Jennie Miller, whom he married in July, 1857. Three children were the fruits of this marriage, the oldest being Carlton Grier, who is now a resident of Spokane, Washington, the second, a daughter, who died in Bay City some years ago, and the third, Rev. A. Grier, who is now one of the most scholarly and eloquent ministers of the gospel of the state of Iowa.

Shortly after the marriage of Judge Grier, he was admitted to the bar in the state of Ohio, and moved with his wife to Pine Run, Michigan, where he commenced the practice of his profession. This practice for the first few years was confined chiefly to the justices' courts, as is the case with most of the lawyers of his training and advantages. In this field, however, Mr. Grier showed indications of his future merits and abilities. He soon sought a more extended opportunity in which to grow, however, and during the year 1859 he took up his residence in Bay City. Here he found remunerative calls for his services from the beginning. His great ability as a rising lawyer was at once recognized, and in the year 1860 he was elected prosecuting attorney and circuit court commissioner of Bay county. As a public prosecutor he was the dread and fear of criminals and at once came to the front as a trial lawyer. During the month of September, 1861, he associated with him A. McDonell, now of Bay City, and this firm, under the name of Grier & McDonell, controlled a very extensive and lucrative practice until Judge Grier was elected to the bench. They were engaged in the trial of as many as one hundred and ten issues of fact during one term of the Bay county circuit court. In 1865, Mr. Grier was appointed city attorney of Bay City. In 1867 he was elected a member of the State legislature. In this body he commanded the respect of his colleagues, and the attention of the State, by his power as a ready debater, his eloquence, and his acute and discriminating mind, as well as his sharp and incisive logic. Few men of the day were equal to him in debate on the floor of the legislative hall. His industry as a committee man was also noticeable. He was called by the press of the State the "Ajax of the House." Few men possessed the power of Mr. Grier before a miscellaneous audience. As a political speaker on the stump his influence was almost matchless, and during our political campaigns his services were in constant demand all over his State. In 1871 the territory of the tenth judicial circuit of Michigan was changed and the eighteenth circuit

was organized, composed of Bay, Iosco, Alcona, and Alpena counties. Mr. Grier was elected judge of the new circuit as the unanimous choice of both political parties, he being a democrat. This position on the bench he held until his death, which occurred on the 5th day of June, 1872. The decease of Judge Grier at this early day of his life, was sorrowfully and keenly felt by his many friends of the Saginaw Valley. It occurred at a period, as will be seen, when he was on the threshold of a brilliant and useful life. He was strictly a self made man, having no advantages except those given him by nature herself. The community in which he lived during the last ten years of his life looked upon him as one of the most brilliant men of his age; his judgment on law questions was considered eminently accurate and sound; he seldom erred in matters of opinion, and his power as a public speaker and especially as a jury lawyer was almost dangerous, because under the excitement of his addresses he ignored everything but the success of his client.

HON. SIDNEY T. HOLMES.

The late Judge Sidney T. Holmes was born at Skaneateles, N. Y., in August, 1815. His father, Judge Epenetus Holmes, was a prominent attorney at that place, but he removed to Morrisville, a thriving village and county seat of Madison county, N. Y., when the subject of our sketch was but four years old. Here the child attended the village school and graduated from the village academy, afterwards completing his education at the Waterville seminary. He then engaged in teaching and in the study of the law and civil engineering. He was appointed chief engineer of the Chenango and Black River canal, and afterwards was engaged on the New York and Erie railroad. In 1838 he married and settled in Morrisville in the practice of the law, a profession to which he became greatly attached and in time acquired a great and well earned reputation. In 1851 he was elected county judge, filling that position for twelve years, and in 1864 he was elected to congress from the twenty-second congressional district of New York, receiving the largest majority ever given to any candidate up to that time. He served his term of two years in congress to the entire satisfaction of his constituents, but declined a renomination, preferring his profession to that of congressional life at Washington. Soon after his return home he became associated at Utica in the practice of the law with Hon. Roscoe Conklin, remaining in the firm three years, but their large practice devolving mostly upon the Judge, his health became impaired and he came to Bay City to recuperate his failing

health, and to visit friends and relatives, and was so favorably impressed with the push and prospects of the place that he determined to locate in Bay City. He returned to Utica and as soon as possible with so large a practice, dissolved his connection with the firm and removed with his family to Bay City, opened an office in the Watson block, with Mr. Haynes and J. L. Stoddard, a young attorney who had come with him from Utica. Mr. Haynes removing to the west the firm afterwards became Holmes, Collins & Stoddard. But for some years before his death the firm was Holmes & Collins. Judge Holmes' death occurred January 16, 1889. None stood higher in his profession or was better known throughout central New York than Judge S. T. Holmes. He was republican in politics and liberal in his religious belief. Honor and the strictest integrity gave him influence not only at the bar but among the citizens who knew him best.

Judge Holmes was a great lawyer. This was true of him not only as counsel with parties about their business transactions, but also in the preparation and trial of causes. He was an all around lawyer. He had been an engineer in early life. Prior to his coming to Bay City, he had made political speeches from his early manhood all over the country. He was for twelve years surrogate judge of Madison county, New York. He acquired an intimate knowledge of the business affairs and details of the business life of the community in which he lived. He had a great knowledge of human nature. His knowledge of the law was profound. He studied hard, earnestly and deeply. His knowledge of New York case law and of the cases governing the general principles of the law was very great. He kept a large library well stocked with text books; kept up his reports and digests and kept abreast of the law as the decision came out. All of this combined, made him an able and wise counselor. When it came to advising about matters of law, particularly in connection with business transactions, his advice and judgment were able and shrewd. Before litigation commenced he was in favor of exhausting all reasonable means to effect a settlement which would avoid litigation, but after litigation was commenced his watchword then was "fight," and from the beginning to the end of litigation he was a zealous, earnest, and able combatant and advocate.

His preparation of causes for trial was thorough and exhaustive. On trial of causes he was alert, vigilant and active. In the examination and cross-examination of witnesses he was very able, and where there were any questions of fraud involved or any question where the

motives of parties were in issue, his cross-examination was wonderfully ingenious and shrewd as well as combative and some of the events in this class of cases are long to be remembered by those who witnessed them.

His presentation of a case to the court was most able, and he analyzed and presented case law with great effect. In arguing cases to the jury he analyzed testimony closely. He argued strongly and made powerful and logical arguments, arguments that were homely and strong. And at the same time from his wide range of reading and study he had many apt illustrations and anecdotes at his command which he used with great effect to enforce his points. His antagonists and the witnesses whom he cross-examined very often thought he was entirely too severe and combative, but his own clients seldom have entertained that opinion. His repartee and hits on opposing counsel were sometimes quite caustic and in the heat of argument he was sometimes severe on opposing parties and witness and counsel; but he could take as well as give, and when the contest was over he carried no spite or ill feeling.

In a trial of a cause he contested every inch of the ground and never willingly gave up the contest that was against him until the last decision of the highest court had settled the question beyond recall.

To sum up in a few words, he was wise and able as a counselor in his office, as a trial lawyer he was shrewd, aggressive and strong before court or jury.

And whether in his office or in litigation, he was both honest and honorable and had the strength that a reputation for honor and honesty gives.

While Judge Holmes was a very great lawyer, careful, studious, and able, he was hampered by natural deficiencies of a very serious character. He was totally deficient of imagination. His speeches to court and jury were strong, direct, and logical, but he had not a trace of fancy. His earnestness lent some interest to his speeches, but he was not an orator, or even a good debater. While he showed greater familiarity with the New York reports than any man I ever saw, being able to turn to the book and page where almost any case was reported in an instant, he was totally unable to extract from the authorities the philosophical reasons on which they were founded. The case was presented by him to the court stripped of all interest, except the bare point of the decision. Here was a decision in his favor, and that was all there was of it. The reason or the rule laid down in the case seemed of no consequence to him. The decisions and the facts on

which they were founded were put fairly and fully before the court, and such reasoning as followed was from the decision as a point established and not to sustain the reason and principle of the case.

These difficulties were apparent to those with whom he practiced law. He was conscious of them himself, but he overcame every obstacle by work. He supplied the place of qualities he lacked by work, work, work, till he became the great and learned lawyer that he was. Judge Holmes, outside of the contentions of the bar, was an amiable and sociable man, and the extent of his information about the public men of the country was astonishing.

One fall I went hunting with him for about a week. In the evenings he used to tell anecdotes about nearly all of the public men of the country. Of Lincoln, Seward, Marsey, and about Kent, Walworth, and the other judges of the state of New York. Also about Seymour, Conklin, Tilden, and Charles O'Connor, and he had a marvelous amount of knowledge about them. His fund of anecdotes seemed inexhaustable. Besides this he had a great fund of knowledge of the inside or secret history of decisions of the courts and in regard to public measures. His mind was stored with this unwritten history more fully than any other man I ever met with the one exception of General Cass.

To the young man aspiring to eminence at the bar no better example could be set before him than the achievements of Judge Holmes which show that careful and continued study will make the good lawyer and overcome all obstacles and personal deficiencies.

In his manner, when out of the court room and out of his office, he was simple as a child. He was a man of simple truth. He had no vein for romance or exaggeration. His conversation was modest, chaste and delicate, yet highly interesting from the fullness of his store of information.

REMINISCENCES OF OCEANA COUNTY.

BY HON. ENOCH T. MUGFORD.

Although still in the infancy of its development, Oceana county possesses many advantages and attractions not enjoyed by other

counties in this great and growing State. It has passed from the critical lumber stage of its existence, and is now fairly entered upon a period of unsurpassed agricultural and horticultural prosperity. Washed by the waters of Lake Michigan, the heat of summer and the rigors of winter are modified, while the invigorating breezes from this great body of water, fan the villages and country, sweeping away the germs of malaria, making a climate delightful and healthy.

The surface is high and rolling. The soil sand and heavy clay loam and light sand. The county is divided by a range of hills running from the southwest to the northeast, making two water basins. From the southeast the White river, fed by small streams, takes its way to White lake, while the two branches of the Pentwater river flow through the northern and central portions of the county and empty into Pentwater lake. These streams have been used in the past for transporting millions of feet of logs from Oceana's grand forests to its great mills. These streams flowing into the main river find their source in springs which furnish waters favorable for the propagation of trout and other fish. The grayling, next to the trout, is the most highly prized, and is native to these waters. In 1878 some enterprising sportsman planted in several of these streams 2,000 brook trout. In 1880, 9,000 more, and in 1881, 75,000. The result of this has been astonishing. At the present time the streams of Oceana county furnish the most delightful fishing waters for sportsmen. Trout weighing from two to four and one-half pounds have been caught; and as many as fifty in a day by one person. The time is not far distant when these streams will have a national reputation for their fish.

For agricultural purposes this county is adapted to the successful cultivation of hay. Corn, oats, wheat, rye, barley, and peas are as successfully raised as in many of the southern counties of the State. Potatoes and all kinds of vegetables are grown in perfection.

It is perhaps the adaptability of soil and climate for fruit raising that has given this section its greatest reputation. The Michigan fruit belt, as it is called, is a strip of territory extending along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan from Benzie county on the north to Berrien county on the south, and being from ten to twenty miles in width. By an examination of the map of Michigan, it will be seen that Oceana county lies about midway between the northern and southern extremes, and it has the greatest projection into Lake Michigan of any portion of the State.

The population of the county is 20,000. Its assessed valuation is about $4,000,000. It has eighty-six school districts employing teachers

and four union schools. The school buildings as a general thing are new, commodious and furnished with modern appliances. There are twenty organizations having church edifices. There is invested in manufacturing enterprises over $1,000,000 capital. There are four banks, five flouring mills and five newspapers. The Chicago and West Michigan railway traverses the county from its southern boundary to Pentwater, its northern terminus. It has one lake harbor located at Pentwater, repaired and maintained by government appropriation. The United States also has a life saving station and lighthouse established at this point, and a lighthouse at Petite Pt. Au Sable.

It has a fine large court house building located at Hart, the county seat, and a poor farm in the same township, well improved, under a good state of cultivation and with good commodious buildings. Standing upon the threshold of a new era in its development, it presents three prominent characteristics that have attracted general attention and which will have great influence upon its future growth and prosperity. We here refer to its fish, fruit, and health. It has been known in the past principally for its lumber productions, but from this time it will be known as the center of Michigan's fruit belt, the healthiest location in the state and a favorite resort for sportsmen.

In February, 1855, an act to provide for the organization of Oceana, Mason, and Manistee counties was passed by the legislature and the first election of county officers was held at Stony Creek (now Benona) on the first Monday of April following, and consisted of the following named persons: John Barr, sheriff; Amos R. Wheeler, treasurer; Harvey Tower, clerk and register of deeds.

The act provided that when by a certain day named, the clerk and register and treasurer elect should file their oaths of office with each other, the official machinery of the county should begin to move, having a legal existence.

On the last day of the time allowed for filing their oaths, the officers elect with other prominent citizens met to consider the question whether, after all, it was not better to remain attached to Ottawa for judicial purposes, as the taxes then were light, than to incur the much greater expense of supporting a separate county organization. But as the people had expressed a desire to organize by electing county officers, it was deemed best to perfect the organization.

How the oath was to be administered was a question that seemed greatly to trouble some of the knowing ones. Anxious to avoid any error that would vitiate the proceedings, they insisted that the officers must be sworn in on the Bible; but to those upon whom devolved the

duty of qualifying that day there was a matter of greater concern than the matter of administering the oath. The nearest officer qualified to do that resided at White River, fifteen miles distant, the only road being the sandy beach of Lake Michigan. Before a conclusion was reached the clock numbered 2 p. m., and it took another hour at least to obtain horses for the journey. About three o'clock Tower led off mounted on his elegant "Brutus," Wheeler closely following on his less showy, but more plucky, "Old Rob." Arriving at White River, after some delay, Justice J. D. Stebbins was found, who going immediately to his office administered the oath with great dignity. Meantime the horses had rested and the officers, full fledged, save filing their oaths of office, mounted their steeds for home, which they reached about ten minutes before the time expired.

To say that the rain fell in torrents would give but a faint idea of that storm encountered on the home stretch. I doubt if it ever rained harder since the time of Noah. The clothing of the riders was wet through and the water ran down filling their boots and running over in streams. Arriving at Stony Creek we found the fire fair, blazing, and the vestment warm, and the new treasurer, after his first official act of filing the clerk's oath, came from an adjoining room with glass and decanter in hand, remarking as he appeared: "Tower, I don't believe a little good Bourbon would hurt either of us." What could poor Tower do but take a little? Ye teetotalers, say—say, ye severest, what would ye have done?

The first board of supervisors was composed of the following persons named: A. S. Anderson, of Claybanks, and Warren Wilder, of Stony Creek, with Harvey Tower county clerk. There were raised for county purposes three hundred dollars, and by a resolution established the county seat at Whisky Creek and adjourned.

Claybanks was the first township organized by authority of an act of the legislature of February 13, 1855. The first election took place the 2d day of April, 1855, supervisor, A. S. Anderson; clerk, Timothy Brigham, Stony Creek (now Benona). The first township meeting was held at the house of Amos R. Wheeler, April, 1855, with Harvey Tower chairman. Warren Wilder was elected supervisor, and Malcom Campbell clerk. Pentwater held its first town meeting at the house of Edwin R. Cobb, April 7, 1856; E. R. Cobb was elected supervisor, and James Dexter clerk. In 1858 Greenwood held its first town meeting at the house of Wm. R. Wilson and elected Oliver Swain supervisor, and Cyrus W. Bullen clerk. 1858 Eldridge (now Hart) held their first

town meeting at the house of S. G. Rollins and elected S. G. Rollins supervisor and H. H. Fuller clerk.

ANECDOTE.

During the month of November, 1866, the Hon. A. B. Turner, then as now, editor and proprietor of the Grand Rapids Eagle, having a curiosity to learn something concerning the new territory north, made a trip through Oceana county in the United States mail stage. Being a gentleman of intelligent appearance, well dressed, and accompanying the mail, and making frequent inquiries of the settlers, he was taken to be a government officer and as such looked upon as an important personage. Writing of this trip he says: "We drew up at a postoffice. Here we are glad to get off and warm while the mail is changing. The contents of a large bag are emptied on the floor and the postmaster and his wife are down in the necessary posture assorting the packages. We are in Oceana county, from which we have not heard the result of the election, and we open a conversation thus:

"'Are you the postmaster here?'

"Receiving an affirmative reply we ask:

"'How are political matters with you?'

"Evidently understanding the question as referring only to himself and family, promptly answers:

"'We are republicans, sir.'

"'Don't you support President Johnson?'

"'No, sir' (very curtly).

"Assuming an air of as much solemnity as possible we remarked that 'the president has a right to the support of the office-holders of the country and that support is expected.' The postmaster here raises himself to an erect position, full six feet high, and giving us a withering look square in the face, emphatically says:

"'Sir, we don't keep principles for sale here, but you can have the office if you like.'

"The wife keeps her recumbency but pauses in her work long enough to give us a searching look over her spectacles and ejaculates:

"'Guess you'll have hard work to find a Johnson man on this road to make a postmaster of.'

"Our solemnity here gives out, but before an explanation can be made to satisfy our friends that we are not an agent of the president on a 'bread and butter' mission we resume our seat in the stage and proceed northward."

And now, brothers and sisters, fearing I have trespassed too long upon your time and patience, I will listen to the experience of others.

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. NANCY B. WHITE, AS WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

Mr. President, Brother and Sister Pioneers:

I am of the opinion that as time passes we are inclined to dwell too much upon the past. But today we are expected to recall some of our pioneer experience, and I will try to do my part as best I can.

We started the first of May, 1857, from Erie county, N. Y., for western Michigan. We were the first to start from the home nest, and our parents thought we could hardly have made a poorer selection; we would have fever and ague and mosquitoes to contend with, besides other hardships too numerous to mention. This was the encouragement we had to commence with.

However we (husband, myself, and two little boys, the oldest not quite four and baby sixteen months old) started Monday morning, after bidding parents, brothers, sisters, and friends a sad good by. By boat on lakes and rivers; by rail, stage, and private conveyance, we arrived at Nelson Green's, in Claybanks, the eleventh day from the time we left home, a distance we can now pass over in twenty-four hours.

To me that journey was the most trying of my pioneer experience. Most of the petty trials I could laugh at, but not that. The hardest was by stage from St. Johns, the terminus by rail, to Lyons, eighteen miles, where we took a flat boat on Grand river.

The stage was two lumber wagons; the women and children rode in one, the men and baggage in the other; so I had to carry the heavy baby alone. Mr. White had to walk a good part of the way and help to lift the wagons out of the mud. We were the best part of two days going that eighteen miles. But I will not go over that journey farther.

The third day after our arrival at Mr. Green's we took up our abode on the plains, where we stayed until the fifth day of July. There were seven miles of road to cut through an unbroken wilderness before we could reach our land. I have heard Mr. White say that was "quite a chore." He had no help to commence with but millions of mosquitoes. But Providence favored us, I think. About the third week after he commenced work, Mr. J. M. Wilson came from Lenawee county with his wife and three children. He had taken land just north of us and would help to cut the road. This was company we appreciated.

Our living while there was very plain. We had started some

provisions around the lakes but they did not reach Grand Haven until late in June, owing to ice in the straits; then it took some time to get them hauled.

I distinctly remember one incident that occurred while we were on the plains. It became necessary for us to have supplies from Mr. Green's so we wives prevailed upon our husbands to let us go for them while they took care of the babies. They said something about our not knowing enough to find our way there. I had been over the trail or wagon road twice, but it was covered with leaves. So we kissed the babies and started very early. Thought to be back by noon. We had a few rods to go before reaching the road, then we started in the opposite direction. This seems strange to me now, but I suppose we were so elated over the idea of seeing some neighbors, and perhaps hearing some news from outside, that we did not even look up. Well, we walked and walked until the thought occurred to us that we were lost. That we knew by the sun. But we were so turned we did not know the direction. Finally we retraced our steps for a time, but failed to find the path where we entered the road. So we turned again and kept straight ahead, and finally came out at Carlton's mill. We got something to eat, had a good laugh over our shortsightedness, and started back, found the path that led to our shanty, stuck up a stick to mark the place if it was dark when we returned, and went on to Mr. Green's, got our provisions and started back in a hurry. We got home about dark, feeling less confidence than we started out with. We had walked about twenty miles, the men judged. We were very foot-sore for a number of days, but thankful we did not have to stay out over night.

To go back, the third day of July the men said: "We will start a load of lumber for the woods tomorrow." "Could I go on the load?" I said, "Yes, it will save three dollars in gold." So in the morning we started for our future home. It took some time to go over that seven miles. Mr. White was already there clearing off a place for our shanty. He had stayed the night before under some boughs. We were very hungry by the time we got there. We could not cook for the emergency as we now do, but I had some bread baked and we had some potatoes, for which we paid two dollars per bushel, some pork at fifty dollars per barrel, and we never knew, when we went to the barrel, what part of the hog we should find. Flour was twelve dollars per barrel, spring wheat, and poor quality at that. Those were the prices and kind of provisions furnished us in those days. This was under

Buchanan's administration, with no protection. Well, they set the stove up on its legs, built a fire, and I proceeded to get some dinner. After it was nearly ready we happened to think we had nothing with which to eat our potatoe and gravy. Abel, our little boy, said, "I can whittle a paddle." And paddles it was. We did not eat many meals in this primitive way for we had some of the necessaries when our goods came.

We soon had a roof over our heads; it did not shed rain, but it was tolerably comfortable. I wanted a door, but the lumber did not hold out so we substituted a blanket. There was no animal found its way in, but one night we were awakened by a hoarse grunt at the blanket. Mr. White got up and found an Indian. He said he wanted some water. We gave him a kettle full and he laid outside until the next day, when he was able to walk away. He came from the trading post. I do not think he was a prohibitionist. This made me a little timid for a time, but we never had another visit of that sort. I did not state we left Mrs. Wilson sick on the plains. In about two weeks she was brought up on a bed and for a long time we did not expect her to get well. The first of August Mr. White started in pursuit of a cow. He was gone just a week and drove home a cow and calf from Ionia, for which he paid forty dollars. As we remember, that was a long week.

The 11th day of August our house was raised; thirty-six years ago this coming August. There was not a man to help but came seven miles. The house still stands, a shelter for farming tools, and the roof still tight. Here we spent many happy days; yes, blissful days, with no serious interruptions as far as our own family was concerned.

After we were fairly located we had a good many chances to entertain land-lookers. The first, I believe, was Mr. Lake, of Crystal Lake, and his father, then an old man, and I believe he has but recently passed away at a very advanced age. Such visits were always a treat as they helped to break the monotony of our shut-in life. They generally came hungry, but we always had enough to place before them, however frugal.

One Monday night I recall, five men came in as we were about ready for bed. They came from the lake shore, where they had landed from a sail boat, and said they were almost starved. We soon had a fire and some potatoes and meat cooking. But I was without bread, having eaten the last for supper. The quickest way to supply the place was, I thought, to fry pancakes, so I stirred up a pan of batter and seating them at the table commenced to fry. I soon emptied the

pan, and finally a second pan before their appetites were appeased. They had considerable fun over it, but I believe that was about where the fun came in. However, I think most of them, if not all, located land near us.

In 1863 was held our first school in Mr. Wilson's house, taught by Christie McArthur, a sister of Mrs. McNabb, for three dollars per week, with seven children. Our rate bill was thirteen dollars and a fraction for two scholars. About this time Elder Darling came with his young wife and baby girl. This was a joyful event. I recall with what pleasure we prepared our whole family for meeting. He worked hard and earnestly for our good, with but a small pittance with which to supply his temporal wants. I wish to speak of a contagious fever that broke out in the families of Messrs. Eagle, Hill and Wheeler, six miles east of us.

This was a gloomy time; in the year 1865, I think. It raged all summer and until snow came in early winter. There were not enough well ones to take comfortable care of the sick. Mrs. Carpenter and myself walked that road over a good many times to help care for them as best we could. Doctors Jenks and Powers doctored them and preached their funeral sermons, for in that time seven were buried from our sight, three mothers, one father, and three children. Many more were sick, but they wore the disease out. I remember one morning Mr. Wilson came in very early, he said: "Well, White, can you find boards for another coffin." I listened with fear and trembling. "Mrs. Wheeler died last night," was what he said. Yes, they made the coffin in our shop, stained it with camwood, found something white to line it with, and it was a fit receptacle for Mrs. Wheeler. In August my dear friend, Mrs. Wilson, was taken from us, but she had set her house in order and was prepared. She was a good woman, beloved by all who knew her, especially the children. They loved her next to their own mothers. She never had a morsel she would not divide with them. I believe she went to her reward. Mr. White went to White Hall and stayed for a coffin to be made for her. Mr. Pratt preached a good funeral sermon.

We lived in the old log house until we outgrew it. The trundlebed still stands in the chamber, and the children cherish what was once their trundlebed. In the fall of 1873 we moved "out of the old house into the new." The children were much elated and their father thought I was unnecessarily long in making ready to move, but I fain would linger upon the threshold. Here our three little girls were born, and our three boys had grown almost to manhood. But I will not stop

to moralize, but will say that, unlike our former move, we had prepared a good supper, and an extension table in the house around which our own family, eight in number, clustered for the first time with plenty of elbow room.

EARLY FRENCH MISSIONS ON THE SAGINAW.

BY FRED CARLISLE.

Some time since, at the suggestion of Judge Miller, of Bay City, "That it was his belief missions had been planted by the French and that they flourished at a very early day on the banks of Saginaw river and its tributaries," the writer took occasion to investigate as to facts in history leading to a confirmation of his opinion.

He finds that as early as 1540 Jacques Cartier, or Quartier, knew about the lower peninsular as the Sagihnaw region. Subsequently that Champlain in 1611 had described the safe harbor afforded by the Saginaw river from the stormy waters of a bay, which formed a part of a great inland body of water, connecting two larger bodies of fresh water which he denominated as "seas," and in his rough map, from which copies have been made and which is now in the office of the French Marine, he has delineated the mouth of that river as correctly as the maps of the present day. These facts would seem to warrant a full knowledge on the part of the French of that stream at a very early period.

Faillon (French) in his history of Canada refers to the Sagihnaw country and to the salt springs at the junction of two large rivers, which were the resorts of the Indian tribes of all the region between Lakes Michigan and Huron.

He further says: "That in 1684 a large body of farmers and artisans came from France, that a portion were sent to the Sagihnaw country, that with them were five Jesuit fathers, who were instructed to found missions in all that country between St. Ignace and Lake Erie." From these statements we must infer that the region of the

Saginaw valley would be an important point at which to establish a mission. In addition we know that in 1686 the Jesuits Engelrau and M. Perrott were exceedingly active in establishing missions and depots in all the country between the missions at Cheboygan and St. Ignace and the islands of Lake Erie, now known as "Put-in-Bay." and the query is, would they pass the valley which was resorted to by the Chippewas, Pottawatamies, Hurons, Ottawas, the Sacs of the upper peninsula, the Fox and Illinois Indian tribes, for the salt which that region was known to produce?

But coming down to a later period, we find that when in 1819 General Cass called the Chippewas and Pottawatamies together at Saginaw certain reservations were made, as follows:

Treaty with the Chippewas at Saginaw, September 24, 1819.

RESERVATIONS.

For use of John Riley, the son of Me-naw-cum-e-goqua, a Chippewa woman, 640 acres of land, beginning at the head of the first marsh above the mouth of the Saginaw river on the east side thereof.

For the use of Peter Riley, the son of Me-naw-cum-e-goqua, a Chippewa woman, 640 acres of land, beginning above and adjoining the apple trees on the west side of the Saginaw river, and running up the same for the quantity.

For the use of James Riley, son of the same Chippewa woman, 640 acres beginning on the east side of the Saginaw River, nearly opposite to Campau's trading house, and running up the river for quantity.

For the use of Kaw-kaw-is-kon, or the Crow, 640 acres on the east side of Saginaw river at a place called Me-ni-te-gow and to include in said 640 acres the island opposite.

Fort St. Joseph, at the head of St. Clair river, was built by Du Luth under the direction of Denouville in 1686. Two years prior there had arrived at Quebec a large number of immigrants who were farmers and artisans and a number of priests of the Jesuit order, and the Jesuit Engelrau was instructed to establish missions throughout the Saginaw region, which he did.—*Rev. Faillon's History of Canada and Prominent men.*

In the memoirs of Captain Whitmore Knaggs, he states in respect to the reservations made to the Riley family: "That John was a man sixty years of age. Peter was at least fifty-eight. Both told him that the 'apple trees,' which formed a point in the boundaries of the lands which were reserved for them, bore apples when they were boys. That Kaw-kaw-is-kou, their chief, said they were grown or brought there by 'men who wore long black robes coming below the knees, white men, whom they knew as Onetia.'"

Assuming that all the statements, in reference to those made by the

biographer of "Quartier," "of Champlain," "of Engelrau," "Perrott," and the history of Faillon to be well based, taken in connection with the physical facts, that the pear and "apple trees" found at the forks of the Tittabawassee, Flint, Shiawassee, and Saginaw by General Cass and Whitmore Knaggs, as early as 1819, must have been over sixty years of age, and the further fact that the existence of saline springs at these points was well known to the early white explorers and missionaries and was traditional with the Indians of Illinois, and all the northwestern tribes, that for a long period prior to Du Luth's construction of Fort St. Joseph at the outlet of Lake Huron in 1786, the Chippewas had their permanent villages on the banks of these streams, we must reach the conclusion that the Jesuit missionaries and the Recollet fathers would utilize this locality and make it important as a permanent stopping place between the upper and lower peninsulas.

SKETCH OF JOHN TANNER, KNOWN AS THE "WHITE INDIAN."

BY JUDGE JOSEPH H. STEERE.

The legislature of this commonwealth did some strange things in the days long since gone by; in fact, even now we find those who, actuated, perhaps, by partisan prejudice, are ready to insinuate that wisdom has not altogether died with the legislatures of these latter days.

On July 30, A. D. 1830, the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, after mature deliberation and discussion, passed a law entitled, "An act authorizing the sheriff of Chippewa county to perform certain duties therein mentioned."

The constitutional lawyers throughout the State who are not criticising, with technical zeal, the enactments of the legislature which recently adjourned, would no doubt take delight in urging that the object of the law was not clearly expressed in its title. This would

seem to be true even to the casual reader; but the modest obscurity of the title is compensated by the specific provisions of the act itself.

The law authorized the sheriff of Chippewa county to remove Martha Tanner, daughter of John Tanner, of Sault Ste. Marie, to some missionary establishment, or such other place of safety as he may deem expedient, provided said Martha should consent; and in the second paragraph of the act, the said John Tanner was honored by what is probably the only law ever passed in America attaching criminal consequences to injuries to a single private person in the following language:

"Sec. 2. That any threats of the said John Tanner to injure the said Martha Tanner, or any person or persons with whom she may be placed * * shall be deemed a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court."

And so it came to pass, pursuant to the provisions of the statute in such case made and provided and in spite of any constitutional objections which John may have argued, that Martha was taken by the sheriff to a certain missionary establishment, where she was cared for and educated. A half breed herself, she became a teacher in the Indian schools of northern Michigan, lived a long and useful life, dying but a few years ago on Mackinaw Island, honored and respected; but, as Rudyard Kipling delights to interject, that is another story.

I propose to tell you a little of John Tanner, her father, and but a little of that which might be told.

His story, more than once written, is fraught with all the fascinating details of captivity among the Indians, of savage warfare, of hunting and trapping, of long and adventurous journeys into the then far and unknown wilderness. You will find it in many books and parts of books, closely identified with the early history of Michigan, now mostly old, out of print and seldom read.

Men, then of national reputation, who yet live in history, interested themselves in the strange career of this strange man.

In this locality where he long lived and from which he mysteriously disappeared, many traditions of him yet linger with the older inhabitants.

Let me give you the first and last chapters in his life, as they come to us through written history or from the lips of aged men who yet delight to dwell upon the exciting incidents of his story as known to them.

It was shortly after the birth of this nation, over one hundred years ago, at a settlers' clearing on the then frontier in Kentucky, near the mouth of the Big Miami on the Ohio river, that a little boy, left at the

irksome task of tending the baby, stole away from his parents' cabin to gather walnuts under a tree which stood in the edge of the woods at the side of the field.

Indians were troublesome to the settlers in those times and some had been seen lurking around the clearings. The child had been instructed not to leave the house, but the sun was bright outside, the day warm and pleasant, the baby was cross, he wanted the walnuts and did not know that the Indians wanted him. He had partly filled his straw hat with the nuts he was gathering, when he was suddenly seized from behind by strong, savage hands, terrified into silence, and swiftly borne away into the thicket. His captors made rapid marches to the north and safely eluding pursuit, returned with the child to their own country. His absence was soon discovered, the little pile of nuts which fell from his hat under the tree were found, with moccasin tracks near by; it was readily understood that he was kidnapped by the Indians. The alarm was given, frontiersmen gathered, and the abductors were followed through the forest for several days, but all in vain. The parents of the boy never saw or heard of him again. The woods had swallowed him up and there the matter ended. Their distress was said to have been great. They long mourned him as one dead, and died sorrowing over the uncertainty of his taking off.

The child was John Tanner, the subject of this sketch, son of the Rev. John Tanner, a clergyman from Virginia, who, under the impulse of western emigration, which followed the close of the revolutionary war, had crossed the mountains and settled in the fertile valley of the Ohio.

Over half a century later, on the 5th of July, 1846, the quiet little outpost of Sault Ste. Marie, situated at the outlet of Lake Superior, at the beautiful falls of the St. Mary's river, was thrown into a state of unusual excitement by the cold blooded murder of one of its leading citizens, named James Schoolcraft, a brother of the well known author, Henry R. Schoolcraft.

He was walking from his residence down a path towards a field he had been clearing near by. Bushes fringed the way and the assassin fired from an ambush at close range, inflicting upon his victim a mortal wound in the side, close below the shoulder. An ounce ball and three buckshot passed nearly through his body. Schoolcraft was a strong, athletic man in the prime of life. He made one great leap forward and fell dead on his face. So violent was his last dying spring, made on receiving the unexpected shot, that a pair of light slippers which he wore were cleared from his feet and left sitting side by side

where he stood when the shot was fired. No one witnessed the deed, but the gun had been heard and the body was shortly after discovered.

Among others who gathered on the spot was Omer D. Conger, late senator from Michigan, then a young man connected with a surveying party on the lakes. He exercised his engineering skill by making a diagram of the scene of the murder.

It was known that a bitter enmity existed between Schoolcraft and a Lieutenant Tilden, then serving at Fort Brady. They had been involved in jealousies over some woman. The buck and ball cartridge was then used in the army and it appeared that the killing was done by a government cartridge fired from an army musket. At first in the minds of some a slight suspicion rested on the officer.

But it was also known that a former government interpreter, named John Tanner, called the "White Indian," bore some grudge against the Schoolcraft family. Suspicion was easily diverted to him.

He was a strange, mysterious, unsocial character, who had lived in and around the place for many years. Though a white man he shunned the whites. His habits and characteristics were those of an Indian. He spoke their tongue fluently, possessed all the arts of hunting, fishing, camping, and general woodcraft belonging to the most skillful savage and excelled them in their own pursuits. Yet he despised Indians and would not associate with them. He then had no family and lived alone in a small house below the town, near the little rapids. An investigation disclosed that his house had been burned the day before and he could not be found. This was taken as conclusive proof that he had committed the murder. A vigorous search was at once instituted for him. Everyone armed and went out; the country was scoured in search of him; the soldiers from Fort Brady were turned out under Lieutenant Tilden, who enthusiastically led in the hunt. Some western Indians returning to their own country from Georgian Bay, where they had been visiting, were then passing. They were known as skillful hunters and great warriors; their services were enlisted in the pursuit. The search carried on by skillful hunters both white and red, is said to have been far reaching and long continued, but in vain. From that day to this no man ever saw John Tanner. Where he went, or where, or when, or how he died, or his final resting place no man knows of a certainty.

His last disappearance was, to those who knew him here, as profound a mystery as was his first to his sorrowing parents, when as a child he left them in their cabin home in Kentucky.

It is true that many rumors were in the air of his having been seen and heard.

A squaw gathering moss in the thicket near the town a few days after the murder came home in terror and reported seeing him skulking away with dead grass and bushes tied around him, in a manner he often practiced when hunting, so that he was scarcely to be discerned from the surrounding vegetation.

Some belated Indians coming along the shore from Lake Superior in their canoes after night, reported seeing his camp fire shine through the trees and hearing him singing Indian songs. Rumors came that he had made his way back to the northwest and been seen among the Indians in the Hudson Bay territory; but all attempts to follow up and verify those clews resulted in nothing.

Many years later a Frenchman named Gurnoe, while searching in the woods above the town for a lost pony, found a skeleton with two gun barrels, some coins, a flint and steel, and other trinkets near it. Fire had long ago passed over the spot, destroying the gun stocks and other articles which would burn.

Some parties claimed to identify the effects found as those of Tanner. Others maintain to the contrary and the mystery yet remains without definite solution.

Strangest of all, Lieutenant Tilden, shortly after ordered to the southwest to join in the Mexican war, confessed upon his death-bed that it was he who assassinated Schoolcraft.

Such are the first and last chapters in the career of one of the most peculiar characters ever identified with the history of Michigan.

The Indians who stole Tanner were Michigan Chippewas, from the Saginaw river. The leader of the party desired to secure a white child for his wife, to take the place of a son who had recently died. They fled with him back to Michigan and he was adopted by the woman, who seemed delighted to receive a boy so near the same age as the one she had lost. She endeavored to treat him kindly, but he was starved, beaten, overworked, and otherwise cruelly treated by the male members of the family. At one time the man, who had stolen him, cut him down with his tomahawk in a fit of anger and left him for dead. To the treatment he received while with those Indians has been ascribed the suspicious, sullen and morose temperament which he at times manifested.

With those people he wandered up and down through Michigan for several years, learning their language and mode of life. He was finally purchased from them by a prominent Ottawa woman, who lived near

where Petoskey now stands. She paid for him a ten gallon keg of rum and some other small articles of barter. She treated him kindly and he remained with her as long as she lived. With her and some of her people of the Traverse region, he emigrated to the Red River country. He married an Indian girl and had several children, one of whom was the Martha already mentioned. He had at least two sons; one became a missionary among the Red River Indians, and one, also named John Tanner, enlisted at Sault Ste. Marie during the late rebellion and was killed in the second battle of Bull Run.

One of the Indians he met and with whom he hunted in the Northwest was a chief named Pe-shaw-ba, from Traverse Bay. His name yet lives in that region.

In 1816 he rendered valuable services to Lord Selkirk in guiding reinforcements through the wilderness to the Red River settlements and in recapturing Fort Douglass, then held by the Northwestern Fur company, with which Selkirk was at war. Selkirk became interested in him and obtained sufficient data from which to institute a search for Tanner's people.

Selkirk visited Kentucky, published a circular in western papers, discovered the living members of the family and sent Tanner to them. He was then so thorough an Indian and so enured to savage life that he was not long content to stay with his people. He soon returned to the Indian country in the wild regions of northern Michigan.

General Cass and other prominent men, became interested in him. He was at different times in the service of the government as an interpreter, and also acted in that capacity for various missionaries. He was at times employed by the fur companies and Indian traders. He made his home at Sault Ste. Marie and while there married a white wife, with whom he lived but a short time.

Much interest was taken in his story and he became a fruitful topic for the paragraphers of the day.

In 1830 Dr. Edward James, post surgeon at Fort Mackinac, published a "Narrative of the captivity and adventures of John Tanner," as related to him by Tanner. The work contains Tanner's portrait, and the incidents of his life, together with lengthy disquisitions upon the history, habits, traditions, languages, political organizations, etc., of the various Indian tribes.

In 1883, this work was re-written by Dr. James McCauley, modernized and popularized, into a genuine Indian story of the day for boys. It was put forth in a flaming binding of green and gold, under the taking title of, "Grey Hawk; Life and Adventures among the Red Indians."

It is a source of congratulation that the author kindly informs the reader what color the Indians were. It was evidently his design to work as much crimson into the book as possible.

Among those who met and wrote of Tanner, a great diversity of opinion prevails as to his character. Some regarded him as a treacherous, dishonest, dangerous savage of the basest sort; others ascribe to him every noble and generous quality.

The first writer who seems to have noticed and mentioned him was Daniel W. Harmon, a fur trader, who lived many years in the Northwest, and made many extensive journeys to distant tribes, in pursuit of his calling. His journal was published in 1820. He met Tanner on the upper Assiniboine river in 1801, and recorded in his diary as follows:

"This day, there came here an American, that, when a small child, was taken from his parents, who then resided in the Illinois country. He was kidnapped by the Santeaux with whom he has resided ever since, he speaks no other language except theirs. He is now about twenty years of age, and is regarded as chief among the tribe. He dislikes to hear people speak to him respecting his white relations, and in every respect but color he resembles the savages with whom he resides. He is said to be an excellent hunter. He remains with an old woman, who, soon after he was taken from his relations adopted him into her family; and they appear to be mutually as fond of each other, as if they were actually mother and son."

In 1824 Professor Keating published a narrative of the second expedition of Major Long (made the year previous by order of John C. Calhoun, secretary of war), to the source of the St. Peters river, Lake Winnepeek, Lake of the Woods, etc.

The party met Tanner at Rainy Lake, where he was recovering from a gun shot wound, inflicted in his arm by an Indian, said to have been instigated by Tanner's wife. The author devotes considerable space to a sketch of his life. He says: "At Rainy Lake we met with a man whose interesting adventures deserve to be made known to the public. We had heard at various places of a citizen of the United States who had been at an early age taken prisoner by a party of Indians, and who, having been educated among them, had acquired their language, habits and manners to the exclusion of those of his own country."

Professor Keating seems to have formed a high opinion of his character, he says:

"He never had been seen to taste of ardent spirits, or to smoke a pipe. Instead of purchasing trifles and gewgaws as is customary with

Indians, he devoted the products of his hunts, which were always successful, to the acquisition of articles of clothing useful to himself, to his adopted mother and to his relations. In his intercourse with traders he appears to have been honorable, and this reflects more credit upon him as it was at a time when an active competition between rival traders frequently induced them to stimulate the Indians to frauds which affected their opponents. Of his attachment to his children he gave strong proof. There is a feature in his character which we have not alluded to, and as it is honorable to him we should be loath to omit it. We allude to his warm gratitude for all those who have at various times manifested kindness to him. His affection for his Indian mother and for her family was great. Of Lord Selkirk he always spoke with much feeling. To Dr. McLaughlin he appeared sincerely attached."

And so that author goes on, ascribing to him all the cardinal virtues. Dr. James and other authors have written of him in the same vein.

But it so happens that the opinions of the critics waver somewhat upon that point, and plenty of authority can be found to the contrary.

Henry R. Schoolcraft, the Indian historian, died in the belief that Tanner killed his brother. He naturally entertained great bitterness towards him, and in his book of personal memoirs, entitled "Thirty Years With the Indian Tribes," he thus takes the romance out of Tanner's history: "He is now a grey-headed, hard featured, old man, whose feelings are at war with everyone on earth, white or red. Every attempt to meliorate his manners and Indian notions has failed. He has invariably misapprehended them, and is more suspicious, revengeful and bad tempered than any Indian I ever knew. Dr. James, who made, by the way, a mere pack horse of Indian opinions of him, did not suspect his fidelity, and put many things in his narrative which made the whites about St. Mary's call him an old liar. This enraged him against the doctor, whom he threatened to kill. He had served me awhile as an interpreter, and while thus employed he went to Detroit, and was pleased with a country girl, who was a chamber maid at old Ben. Woodworth's hotel. He married her, but after having one child, and living with him a year she was glad to escape with life, and under plea of a visit, made some arrangement with the ladies of Fort Brady to slip off on board of a vessel and so eluded him. The legislature afterwards granted her a divorce. He blamed me for the escape though I was entirely ignorant of its execution. Eight years afterwards, in July, 1846, this lawless vagabond waylaid and shot my brother James, having concealed himself in a cedar thicket."

This view of the case seems to be presented with a tincture of acrimony, but if it was not true, Tanner certainly had an invincible case of libel for heavy damages, for defamation of character, against the renowned author.

The weight of oral tradition in this locality seems, though not unanimous, to rather sustain Schoolcraft's theory. It may perhaps be illustrated, if not summed up, in the answer, more pointed than polite, given me by a back-woods philosopher, who knew Tanner personally. "Tanner," he said, after some reflection, "was a regular Injun; more of an Injun than any of the Injuns, and a d——d mean Injun too."

This same philosopher, I regret to state, did not take an optimistic view of the Indian question. He concluded his reminiscences of Tanner with a generality, worthy of the consideration of those who have to do with the Indian problem, and which, shorn of certain improper adjectives, was to the effect, that it is a very easy, short job to make an Indian of a white man; but when you try to make a white man of an Indian that is a different thing.

The many interesting details and incidents of adventure in Tanner's story, are beyond the scope of this article. Those curious enough to inquire further, will find them in abundance in the works already referred to, in "Neil's History of Minnesota," "Campbell's Political History of Michigan," "The History of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan," Vols. 2 and 4 of the "Michigan Pioneer Collections," Dr. Bryce's "Sketch of Tanner," Lanman's "In the Wilderness," "Life on the Lakes" by the author of "Legends of a Log Cabin," and in the secular press of July, 1846.

As the stories run, I take it, Tanner's last days were his worst days. He viewed the issues of life from the Indian standpoint. A veritable savage in all his thoughts and habits, association with the border whites, after he had grown to manhood, worked in him those results we so often see in like cases. He lost many of the virtues of the race with which he was reared and, unfortunately, acquired only the vices of the whites. Measured by the standard of the savage he excelled in the qualities they admired. To civilized and refined sensibilities there was little of the noble or heroic in him.

To the curious, seeking but entertainment in the marvelous, the striking and unusual incidents of his life are well fitted to "adorn a tale;" to the thoughtful and studious they "point a moral" in many ways.

WHEN I WAS A BOY WITH A HEAD LIKE TOW.

BY U. B. WEBSTER.

[Poem written for the Farmers' Institute at Berrien Springs, February 9-11, 1893.]

Things are not now as they used to be
For progress is making us wise, you see,
For a day of progress is over the land
And we see its results on every hand.

Yes, the things of our youth have passed away,
For "Every dog must have his day."
So the tallow dip has yielded to gas,
And that old fire-place has gone, alas!

The "old oaken bucket" and well sweep, too,
At the old red farmhouse no more we view,
That threshing machine that piled the chaff
Today would make all the people laugh,

For a traction engine has come this way
That knocks out two thousand bushels a day.
And a sulky plow on which to ride,
On all modern farms is the farmer's pride.

And a hot weather stove that runs by gas,
A mighty fine thing for the cooking class.
The old stage coach with its horses four,
That rattled along in the days of yore,
The linchpin wagon of days gone by
On the farms of progress no more we spy,

For we speed along without "if" or "but,"
And all of us try to get out of the "rut,"
To find by progression a better way,
And that's what brings us all here today.

But in days gone by we never had need
Of a "farmers' institute,"—indeed,
They never considered a change of thought,
And such a convention they could not have brought.
For men couldn't think as men do now,
And the women, to stay at home, knew how.

To speak in meeting, they mustn't, oh my!
The girls were too modest, the matrons too shy;
In the doctrines of Paul they firmly believed,
"Be silent," "heads covered," let none be aggrieved.

So the women kept still in that primitive day
And the men in their meetings had little to say,
For their means of progression were simple and few,
They found out by the hardest what little they knew.

No railroads, no telegraph lightning dispatch,
No news from a distance which quickly we catch,
No traveling by steamers, no sailing away
To visit far countries, as we do today,
No longing desire to journey or roam,
But all were contented to labor at home;
From sun in the morning till darkness at eve,
The chopping or plowing they never would leave.

But when the day had waned apace,
They gathered around the fireplace,
With its cheerful blaze so cozy and warm
And the family all, a household swarm,
Not one or two as they now think best,
But girls and boys "till you couldn't rest."
For this scripture then they bore in mind,
"Replenish the earth with your own mankind."

And one of our number read aloud
From a book or paper, to all that crowd;
For times weren't then as they are today,
When a dozen papers find their way
To the farmers' homes in all this land,
And there's one for each of the household band.

Of a book or paper we all were proud,
So a sweet voiced sister read aloud
And the rest all listened with eager ear
For that much prized story they wanted to hear,
While dear old grandmother knitted away
Through the long winter evening that closed the day.

And when it was time for all to retire
The last thing to do was to cover the fire,
For matches were dear then, not plenty and cheap,
So we covered the fire that through night it would keep
And I well remember how neighbors would come
To borrow some fire, when they had none at home,
And that was the way things used to go
When I was a boy with a head like tow.

And I went off to school in that old log house,
All day I was silent, as still as a mouse,
For the master was cruel, a grim old c—s,
And I didn't dare make a bit of a fuss,
As I sat on a bench that was made of a slab
And never from me came a word of gab.
So I sat in silence as still as a rat,
Not even daring my eyes to bat,
And my roost on that perch I dare not leave
From nine o'clock till four at eve,
But twice each day he said to me,
"Come here, sir," and stand beside my knee.
Now watch while I point to these letters here,
And speak out their names, now, loud and clear.
I trembled in fear while standing there,
As afraid of him as I was of a bear,
And I said as he pointed, a, b, c,
And clear down the line to x, y, z.
And it took a whole year to firmly fix
In my little noddle those twenty-six.
Then the big boys read of that boy in the tree,
And "Old Tray" that got caught in bad company.
And we all remember that blue beech gad
That he plied on our backs, if the least bit bad,

And we held out our hands for that hickory rule
Or sat in disgrace on the dunce's stool.
And that was the way things used to go
When I was a boy with a head like tow.

And that team of oxen, old "Buck and Bright,"
And that old ox cart, a novel sight,
With its big linchpin and butterflies
For a load of hay of monstrous size,
So one yoke of oxen was chained behind
To hold back down hill, which was rather unkind.
Then we sowed our wheat from a homespun bag
And harrowed it in with an old crotch drag,
And we cut our grain with a "turkey wing,"
For a reaper, then, was an unknown thing,
And we threshed it out in that tedious way
With the swinging flail in that bygone day.
Then the mowers kept stroke with the swinging blade,
And we ate our lunch in the generous shade.
There was no such thing as a horse rake then
So the hay was all raked by sturdy men,
And I raked after the loading cart
To gather up locks that fell apart.
And I rode a horse to plow the corn
Till I wished in my heart I never was born,
From morn till night, day after day,
Till in certain parts I was worn away.
And that was the way things used to go
When I was a boy with a head of tow.

And we sheared the sheep and carded the wool,
And the field of flax we had to pull,
And break it, and hatchel, and comb, and spin,
And weave into cloth that was kind o' thin,
Of a brownish gray, but 'twas good and stout
And it took a long time to wear it out,
And when it was worn at the knees or seat,
Why, mother would patch it so nice and neat,
That what Bobby Burns said, really was true,
That "Auld clothes were e'en-a'-most good as the new.

And this kind of clothing the men and boys wore
Through the summer months, as I said before,
Both pants and shirts, and the women, too,
Wore this for garments hid from view.
In winter 'twas linsy the women all wore
And they never once thought of goods from the store,
And the men wore "jeans," half cotton and half wool,
For store cloths cost, and the purse wasn't full.
Then sweet honey we had from industrious bees
And our sugar was made from the sap giving trees,
But all were contented and happy and strong
And each helped the other on life's way along.
And that was the way things used to go
When I was a boy with a head of tow.

Then we went to church in that good old way,
And heard two sermons every day.
The minister stood in a pulpit high,
And the singers all sat in the gallery,
And he always talked of the wrath of God,
And his face was as long as a mortar hod.
He said we must flee from the wrath of sin
Or the old Satan would surely gather us in.
He said we would burn in a liquid fire
Where the flames forever rose higher and higher,
That the Devil stood on the caldron's edge
A constant war with his victims to wage,
And when they would swim to either side,
Old nick would fork them back into the tide;
But never a lisp of that sweet word *love*,
But wrath, all was wrath from the Father above,
And that was the way things used to go
When I was a boy with a head like tow.

But the work of Christ is a work of love
And that long faced preacher has gone up above,
So today the minister shakes our hand,
And his sermon cheers, and his smile is bland,
And he preaches to us some common sense
For the *love* of God he is called to dispense.

Love lies at the bottom of all God's ways,
And preachers have learned that it always pays
To preach of God's love, and not of his hate,
For love is the greatest of the great,
And earth might be like that world above
If all mankind was taught to love.

In the rushing path of progress we go
And the world is improving as all well know,
For the primitive things of days gone by
We never should grieve, we never should sigh,
But keep in the drift, keep up with the times
In methods of labor or methods of rhymes.

To the singing school we used to go
Over the glistening track of snow,
All loaded into the big farm sleigh
With jingling bells we sped away.
And a merry song we sung, for we
Were happy as girls and boys could be.
And the teacher came with his tuning fork
And he walked around like a crane or stork,
He would sing awhile and then he would talk,
Or write on the board with a lump of chalk.

So we sang for an hour, and at recess,
They gave to their sweet one a sly caress,
And then for an hour we sang away
And all went home in that good old sleigh.
Oh, the singing school, thy joys serene
Will ever remain in our memory green,
And memory now those joys will bring
As we think of the songs we used to sing.
And that was the way things used to go
When I was a boy with a head like tow.

And paring bees then were a common thing,
When all would pare, or core, or string,
Core to core, and back to back,
Was the way we fixed them upon the rack,

And when we had emptied the basket's store,
We swept up the litter and cleared the floor
And joined our hands to form a ring,
And merrily, then, began to sing, "Sailing on the wave."
And that was the way things used to go
When I was a boy with a head like tow.

And those husking bees, in the autumn days,
To "shuck" out the golden ears of maize,
And the lucky one, who a red ear found,
Had a right to kiss the girls all round;
So the way we managed was very queer
To find, as by chance, that bright red ear.
And that was the way things used to go
When I was a boy with a head like tow.

And the chopping bees, and the logging bees,
And the raising of barns and things like these,
Where the men and the boys and everyone went
To handle a pike and lift on a bent,
When the carpenter stood a short way out
And sang to the men in a lusty shout,
"Now set her right up, my boys, just so
When I give you the word, 'He O,' 'He O,'
'He, O heave,' 'He, O heave,' 'He, O heave,' 'He O,'
Set her up, my boys, now steady and slow,"
And everyone lifted till he saw stars
To get up those monstrous beams and bars,
But the will was good and the muscles stout,
And we lifted in time with the boss's shout,
And when it was up, a feast was spread
Of pumpkin pies and gingerbread,
Friedcakes and cookies, and farmer's cheese,
And we ate with a relish of things like these.
And that was the way things used to go
When I was a boy with a head like tow.

But the age of progress is with us, I wean,
And the things of yore no more are seen;
That cheerful fire of beechen logs
That was built on those iron fire dogs,

The swinging crane and the pot hook too,
The skillet and lid no more we view,
And the tallow dip that we used to snuff,
With that little tow wheel and all such stuff,
The linsy dress and the shirt of tow,
Those rolls of wool that we used to know,
And the a, b, c, for the little kid,
By "Webb's Word Method" now are hid.
Now we never hear tell of a lump of chalk,
For the crayon today does blackboard talk.
The master, too, that we used to fear,
With that goose quill pen behind his ear,
And that old slab seat has gone at last
On which we sat till we grew a'most fast,
The old grain cradle and big ox cart,
That "old oaken bucket," so dear to the heart,
The pulpit high and the sermon of wrath,
Have all stepped aside from progress' path,
And things don't run as they used to go
When I was a boy with a head like tow.

SETTLEMENT AND NATURAL HISTORY OF MANCHESTER AND VICINITY.

BY L. D. WATKINS.

Pioneers of Michigan, I come before you with feelings of profound respect, to recall again the old, old story and the incidents familiar now to but few of the millions of people of our great country.

You have seen this fair land before the hand of man had destroyed nature's perfect harmony. Your eyes have seen what no other eyes can see again; the transformation from a wilderness to a country

covered with farms, dotted with cities and villages, ribboned with roads, and girdled by railroads, telegraph and telephone lines.

Never again will the vast succession of coming people know how beautiful this land was in nature. No pen picture can describe the park-like plains and rolling openings or the solemn grandeur of the timber lands. No ear will again hear the howl of the wolf or the scream of the panther. Lost to all coming people is the spring-time bell-toned note of the prairie hen and the chant of the sandhill crane and wild turkey. No more forever will the rush of millions of migratory birds darken the sun in their flights to and from their northern nesting places.

How beautiful and dear to our memories are those days of our own migration.

My father, mother, brother and three sisters left Keene, New Hampshire (I being the youngest of the family) for Michigan on the 9th of April, 1834. My father had purchased ten lots of land in Jackson county (T. 4 S., R. 2 E. on Secs. 13 and 24) the year previous. Hired teams conveyed us to Albany, New York, where we embarked on the Erie canal for Buffalo, thence by steamboat to Detroit where two days were spent in procuring our outfit and supplies, a "breaking-up" team of four yoke of oxen, "breaking-up plow," and two wagons, on which were loaded our belongings. Two yokes of oxen were hitched to each wagon and with these, together with a horse and light wagon brought from New Hampshire, we started for our unknown home in the wilderness. We were six days on the road from Detroit to what is now Fairview Farm, a distance of 59 miles. Now from Watkins' Station, on the farm, we go to Detroit in ninety minutes. Our arrival was on the 10th of May, 1834, just one month from the day of our departure from New Hampshire.

Our nearest neighbors were on the west, seven miles; north, four miles; east, four miles; and south, six miles. Thus we were nearly in the center of a wilderness about ten miles in diameter, on which no white man had ever made a mark since the government survey. This tract of land was exactly on the center of the divide between the great coal and salt basins of Michigan on the north, and the coal, oil and gas deposits of Ohio and Indiana, on the south. This divide, running west by south, is remarkable for its varied surface and soil formations. The surface is a constant succession of plain, undulating and hilly lands with marshes and small areas of heavy timbered land. The soil is quite as varied; tenacious clay, sand, gravel and marsh can be found on a single farm.

The most remarkable feature of this part of the State (a tract 12 by 34 miles) is the great number of its deep, pure water lakes. To illustrate: Within five miles of my home are thirty-seven lakes, some of them quite large. All discharge water freely, forming the sources of five of the largest rivers in southern Michigan. In two hours I can drive you across the Raisin, Huron, Grand, Kalamazoo and St. Joseph rivers.

To summarize: This divide was a constant succession of plains, oak openings, marshes, lakes and rivers. The upland was covered with luxuriant grass and was the natural home of the deer, bear, wolf, panther, lynx and wildcat. The deer and wolves were in great numbers. The rich pastures of the openings, with convenient lakes in which to escape when pursued by wolves, made this section a paradise for deer. Beaver dams in earlier times had caused the overflow of fully one-third of the country. These dams were the origin of our marshes. These marshes at the time of pioneer settlement were the only source of winter feed for stock. The heavy growth sedge and coarse grass (marsh hay) made a good substitute for better hay before grass could be cultivated.

The flora and silva of this section is as varied as the soil and surface. Trees and flowers not common to this latitude were found in great numbers. On the openings, the principal timber trees were white, red, yellow pine, and burr oak, hickory and a few scrub oaks on the sand hills. On the border of streams, on the bluffs, and on the north side of lakes we found a great many trees that in the regular order of distribution would be far to the north or south of us. These strangers form, with our indigenous forests, a regular conglomerate of the forests of three sections each with its peculiar forest grove. From the southward we have the Buckeye, White Wood, Honey Locust, Kentucky Coffee-tree, Mulberry, Black Haw and many others. From the north came Hemlock, Pine and Spruce. The same is true of the admixture of trees and plants, local on the east and west borders of the State. These strangers are not of common distribution, but are generally found in small isolated groups. I believe that the only hemlocks in southern Michigan were on the east shore of Wampler's lake (T. 4 S., R 2 E.), and they were cut down for fence posts by vandals who supposed them to be cedars. One great surprise to all observers of the silva of this region, is the total absence of many kinds of trees for which the soil and climate are perfectly suited, as is proved by planting in after years. Such as beech, maple, basswood, elm, tulip-tree and others, which are common along streams

and in groups all through this section, but are not generally distributed among other trees in the upland timber. Perhaps the great annual fires that swept this opening and plain land, destroyed all trees which had thin, tender bark or that did not reproduce themselves by sprouts from about the stump when the top was killed by fire.

The pioneer found that kind nature had anticipated his wants in an abundant supply of wild fruits and nuts. In succession came the delicious wild strawberry, blackberry, huckleberry, red and black raspberry, blue berry, grapes, plums and cranberries. Nuts were abundant; hickory, black walnut, butternut and hazelnut were abundant and were gathered and stored away for the evening gatherings of young and old around the broad fireplace and stick chimney on the long winter evenings. Of snakes there were an abundance, but only one was really dangerous, the massasaugas, and they were mostly confined to the swamps and marshes. The blow snake was still more feared (they are now extinct); their habit of inhaling air until greatly extended, and then exhaling a sickening breath caused all to fear them, but they were comparatively harmless, as were also the great blue racer, our most beautiful snake, and the black and spotted water snakes. Our lakes were well stocked with excellent fish; bass, pike, pickerel, perch, sunfish and bluegills were the most common and were easily taken, as were also the deer and wild fowl. Thus did nature furnish the pioneer with fish, flesh, fowl, and fruit in the greatest abundance.

There is to the pioneer no more pleasant recollections of these early days than that of the wild flowers. First to greet the homesick stranger was hepatica, she seemed to open her sunny fragrant bloom on purpose to give cheer and comfort. But hepatica was only the herald of coming beauties. One wave of her blue bonnet as she left us, and there commenced a succession of flowers seldom found in any other country. Maples, birches and alders spring into life. The little kittens of the willow begin to show their furry coats. A bloom seems to be gathering along the tree tops of the water courses; our two elms and the red elm file into line flanked by the red maple; cowslips and skunk cabbage meet you on the wet, springy borders of marshes and springs; the buds of oak, hickory and sassafras are striving to outgrow each other; trilliums, violets in all kinds of soils, except the birdfoot violet, which is found on light sands only. Now comes the June berry (three kinds) with its cloud of white in perfect contrast with the surroundings of green and brown. April, says Dr. Beal, should give us fifty plants and trees in bloom and in May more than

one hundred. In June our woods and plains were covered with flowers, some of which are now nearly extinct. Painted cup, lady slippers, phlox, mandrakes, rosin weed, lillies, roses, closed gentians and golden rods. Finally, when the frosts and north winds come, we have only the fringed gentian in its robe of blue and purple, and the witch hazel with petals of gold, to close the gateway of summer.

"These beautiful children of glen and dell,
The dingle deep, the woodland stretching wide,
and of the mossy fountain side.
Ye on my heart have thrown a lovesome spell,
And though the worldlings' scorning may deride,
I love ye all."

FIFTY-TWO YEARS OF ITINERANT LIFE IN THE MICHIGAN CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

BY REV. R. C. CRAWFORD.

In the month of May, 1841, I was licensed to preach, and by the same body that gave me my license, I was recommended to the Michigan annual conference as a suitable person for admission on trial in said conference. The body which gave me my license and this recommendation was the quarterly conference, of Pontiac circuit, with Rev. George Smith as presiding elder, and Revs. James Shaw and Francis B. Bangs, as circuit preachers. The balance of the conference consisted of solid laymen from different parts of the circuit, such as Birmingham, Royal Oak, Bloomfield Centre, Donation Chapel, and Auburn; at all of which places I had been and held services, as an exhorter, several times during the preceding year, and the people had come to know me pretty well, or they thought they did. The quarterly conference was held in the court house, as were all of the services. All of the men composing that quarterly conference, except myself and the Rev. James Shaw, are on the other side of the boundary line. He is a superannuate

of the Kansas conference, in his 86th year and lives at Atchison with his oldest daughter, Lucy, widow of the Rev. L. D. Price, once a member of Michigan conference; and he says in a letter he sent me, "I am trying to keep sweet in my old age."

On Sabbath afternoon of our quarterly meeting I preached my first sermon, or took a text and exhorted in a school house at Bloomfield Centre, five miles southeast from Pontiac, where I had been holding services during the spring. The house was crowded with my friends, who were bent on hearing my first sermon; and we had, what we used to call "The shout of the King in the camp;" but my father used to call it a "Methodist *pow wow*." Father was brought up an Episcopalian and did not take any stock in a noisy kind of religion; but let him go to a barn raising, a logging bee or a general training and no man in Oakland county could beat him on making a noise. Dear old man, I believe he is in heaven now, where I hope to meet him when I cross the line.

Well, the Michigan conference held its session at White Pigeon, in September of that year, Bishop Roberts presiding; I was admitted on trial, and appointed as junior preacher on Palmer circuit, with Lovell F. Harris, as preacher in charge. My father gave me a splendid saddle horse, my uncle loaned me a saddle and bridle, and Dr. Ezra S. Parke gave me a pair of portmanteaus large enough to hold all of my worldly goods, and thus equipped I pulled out for my first circuit, which embraced all of the country bordering on St. Clair river and twenty-five miles on the shore of Lake Huron and reaching inland from five to fifteen miles. We had eighteen preaching places, some of them we visited on the work days of the week. At Port Huron, St. Clair, Newport, now Marine City, and Algonac, we preached on Sabbath mornings and visited some country school house in the afternoon and evening same day. The discipline of our church fixed my salary at $100 beside traveling and table expenses, but the stewards made no estimate of my table expenses, but said I must do as the country school master did, board around; and you may rest assured I did as they suggested, and by this means I secured the full amount of my table. expenses if I did fall short $40 on my salary. In my boarding around I found some very good boarding places. One of which I wish to make special mention. The head of the family was a widow and she had three sons, Tif, George and David. Tif was about my age, George was next, and then came David. They all thought a great deal of my Billy horse, and David would always insist on bringing him out fully equipped for my service, when it came time for me to leave for my ride of fifteen miles

down Bell river to Newport, my next place for stopping, and when that same David was our governor, he used to refer me to the time when he was my hostler, and used to lead my Billy out of the little log stable, all saddled and bridled ready for me to mount. The home of this Jerome family was at that time about three miles east of the Gratiot turnpike where it crosses Bell river. I don't think David, at that time, had any aspirations for the office he has since held; and I don't think George had any thought of becoming the attorney of the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee railroad. But such is life, and that grand old mother of theirs little thought what those boys were destined to become and do after she should depart and join their father on the other shore.

At that time Capt. Ward had his home at Newport and was known through the state as Uncle Sam, the steamboat king. Captain Eber, his nephew, was at that time captain of one of his boats, the Sam Ward, making daily trips between Detroit and Port Huron. Captain Eber died in Detroit a few years ago, reputed to be worth in the neighborhood of $5,000,000. I think the last steamboat Uncle Sam built was the Atlantic, which ran from Detroit to Buffalo, with the Mayflower, in connection with the Michigan Central railroad, carrying its passengers between the two cities just named. Her last trip came to a sudden ending on her way from Detroit to Buffalo. When but a short distance from Long Point she collided with one of the propellers of the Northern Transportation Co's line and went to the bottom of Lake Erie, the passengers all being saved. She was a magnificent steamboat and one of the fastest sailers at that time on the lakes. But I am spending too much time on my first years' itinerancy, and while there are many others of whom I would like to make mention, but I dare not for fear of prolixity, I will therefore merely mention the names of Judge Bunce, the two Sanborns, Ralph Wadams, Esq. Smith, Senator Conger, Judge Mitchell, John Beard, and Esq. Ira Porter, all of whom afforded me excellent boarding places as I went around; but my chief or head quarters for good living was with Tucker and Daniels at Algonac. In the month of June I took to myself a wife, in accord with a previous engagement, but did not consider it good economy to ask her to go boarding around with me during the balance of that conference year, so she remained at her father's until I entered upon my second year in the conference, when we commenced boarding ourselves.

My second circuit was Richmond, embracing a small portion of St. Clair county and two townships in Macomb county in the northeast corner of said county. I had full swing here, being the only preacher

on the circuit, and I made the round once in two weeks, preaching three times each Sabbath, at six different places, and riding each Sabbath about twelve miles. Our churches were all district school houses and not very large at that, but I doubt if Talmadge's tabernacle is more densely packed from Sabbath to Sabbath than were these tabernacles, which I occupied during that year. Being now a married man, I was entitled according to discipline to $200 beside my traveling and table expenses, all of which I received except regular salary, on which I fell short $50. The winter of that year was called our hard winter and we had good sleighing from November 25 until after town meeting in April.

My third and fourth years were upon Shiawassee circuit, as preacher in charge, with W. F. Cowles for my colleague the first year, and F. A. Blades for colleague the second year. We made the round of this circuit once in four weeks, and had eighteen regular preaching places, Owosso, Corunna, Shiawasseetown and Byron were included, being the only cities of importance then existing in Shiawassee county. Here I first became acquainted with our pioneer friend, of precious memory, B. O. Williams, and his brother Alfred. The house we lived in at Shiawasseetown was built for a hotel of vast proportions, and with the expectation of a large city in the near future, provisions were made for the accommodation of a great number of guests. But for some reason the big city did not get there, and the multitude of guests did not come, and the big hotel, only finished in part, was converted into residences for poor families, like us methodist preachers, who were not able to pay extravagant rents. We occupied the large ball room, which was lathed but not plastered. With boards unplaned we made a partition across the hall, so as to give us two rooms; one for a guest chamber and pastor's study, and the other and larger one served for kitchen, dining room, sitting room and parlor with our family bed in the northeast corner of the big room. My colleague, Bro. Blades, had his home with us, he being a single man and was obliged to board around. Our receipts upon this charge compared favorably with previous ones.

Our next circuit was Livingston, with David A. Curtis as my colleague. The circuit embraced the most of Livingston county, and we made the round once in four weeks. Howell, Milan and Pinckney were the only cities of importance, and the rest of our preaching places were in country school houses. At Howell the Congregationalists had a small chapel, which we occupied once in two weeks; and a Congregational minister by the name of Root occupied it each alternate Sabbath, which gave them preaching every Sabbath; the congregation being composed of Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Bap-

tists, Episcopalians, and a large proportion of persons not members of any church. Sectarianism did not exhibit its hydra head to annoy us in a single instance. At Milan the Presbyterians had a comfortable brick church, which they kindly opened for our use each alternate Sabbath; and our congregation was much like the one at Howell. At Pinckney we had no church building and all worshiped together in a school house, the same harmony prevailing as at the two places previously mentioned. On this circuit I made the acquaintance of Hon. Charles P. Bush, one of Michigan's brightest citizens, and one of the shrewdest politicians the democratic party has ever placed in office in this State. He and his family became my fast friends and remained so, notwithstanding our difference in politics. He died comparatively a young man and his death was a great loss to Michigan, and still greater to the democratic party, of which he was a leader in the fullest sense. At that time he carried on farming, his large and splendid farm being located about three miles southeast from Howell, on the Detroit and Grand River turnpike. I suppose the farm lies there still, but Charles P. Bush does not own it now and will not come to cultivate its fertile soil any more. He was a member of the legislature that located the capitol where we are now gathered, and afterward became a resident of Lansing, where he was living when death summoned him away. I am not certain but I think some of his family are living here at this time. Peace to his ashes. I love to think of him as I used to see his manly form in my congregation with his keen eyes fixed upon me as I tried, to the best of my ability, to send the truth into his heart. There were other men in that section I love to remember, such as Ely and Pardon Barnard, Elias Steadman, Judge Stansbury, Deacon Noble and Deacon Gay, Lawyer Whipple, Frank Bush (brother of Charles P.), George Lee and his brother Fred, E. F. Burt, the McPherson family, N. G. Isbell, and some others, I'll not stop to name; while nearly every one named have gone to join the great majority over on the other shore, I hope to meet them when I cross the river, in whose waters my feet have been resting much of the time during the past two years and some of the time it has seemed I should never return, but I am here.

Our next charge was Almont, embracing the village of Almont, in Lapeer county, and three appointments in the surrounding country. At Almont we had a chapel of our own and, as I only preached once in two weeks, our Congregational friends occupied the chapel each alternate Sabbath, and thus services were held every Sabbath; and we worshiped as one family and had no family brawls while I was there.

This charge had no aspirants for national honors, but a host of solid men for all work but whose names have not been very extensively circulated, and probably you would not remember having heard of them if I should repeat them, and as nothing of importance occurred out of the ordinary course of events, I will ask you to take a trip with me to Port Huron, where my next appointment occurred, and here you will discover quite a change since my first appointment to Palmer circuit in 1841. We had a comfortable house of worship on the south side of Black river and this was well filled every Sabbath, as I and my colleague occupied the pulpit each alternate Sabbath. The circuit was changed only in name and the transfer of all territory north of Port Huron to Lexington circuit, so that we preached at St. Clair, Newport (now Marine City), and Algonac once each Sabbath, same as when I first traveled the circuit. The two years term was spent pleasantly and I received my full salary of two hundred dollars per year and table expenses without being compelled to board around, as I did during my first year's experience. Some new comers had appeared while some of the first residents had disappeared. One of the new comers was William L. Bancroft, quite a politician of the democratic school, and was at the time publishing a newspaper, himself proprietor and editor. He became my warm friend, notwithstanding our difference of opinion on political issues, and our friendship remained unbroken while our acquaintance continued. It is a long time since we have met and I presume he looks more like an old man than he did in 1847 and '48. At that time L. M. Mason, Esq., was practicing law in Port Huron, and during the trial of an important suit, in which Major Thorn, a man of large physical proportions, was an interested party, Mason, being counsel for the other side, was making his plea, Major Thorn sitting quite near him, and as he was laying down the points of law some remark dropped on the major's ear that did not please the old man and he belched forth the sentence, "You are a liar," and in a second the old man was stretched on the floor, the blood flowing freely from his mouth and nose. Mason apologized to the court saying he had no idea his arm was so long or he would have been more careful how he swung it when making his gestures. I don't think the major ever accused him of lying after that wonderful gesture was made.

I had a colleague upon this charge and he was of small proportions, always fearful I would be more popular with the people than himself unless he could in some safe way make the impression that I was not as pious as they took me to be. I was the owner of a very fine brown

mare, and she was fat as a seal, and everyone was speaking of her beauty and fine qualities. My colleague brought with him to the charge, a young mare of good proportions, but, as he was not much of a horseman, he got nervous in handling her, and an old jockey took advantage of his weakness and traded him an old mare, that in the matter of flesh resembled one of Pharaoh's cows, and she was afflicted with poor teeth so it was impossible to get any flesh on her skeleton. On one occasion, where were present several of our leading members, some one made some remark expressive of his admiration of my mare. The remark hurt the little fellow so much that he had to make a thrust at me and he said "I am afraid Bro. Crawford's mare gets into the pulpit with him." My Irish wit came quick for once and I replied "Not a bit of it, sir; but if I could count her ribs as far as I could see her carcass, she would be on my back every time I tried to preach." I heard no more of it. Well, we next turn up at Lapeer county seat, where I formed the acquaintance of Hon. A. N. Hart, of precious memory, three brothers by the name of White, two brothers by the name of Terrell, and several other solid men, whose friendship I have always prized, and with satisfaction cherish their memory now that they are all on the other side of the river which forms the boundary line between our world and the great future. Father Clark, the old English pioneer, was on his farm five miles southeast of the village. The old man's welcome to me, as his pastor, was on this wise. At my first appointment in his neighborhood, after I had preached, I held class meeting and calling on Father Clark for his testimony, he proceeded "Well Crawford, I am glad you've coomed, I axed Shaw for you." Shaw was our presiding elder. That same fall the old man took a pair of beautiful male calves to the State fair in Detroit, and on his return had to tell me of his trials on his way to Detroit. He said "ivery body I met axed me about my calves and I got oot of all manner of patience, and I wouldn't talk wi' 'em at all. But jist before I got to Pontiac a fine looking gentleman drove by me and he was in a fine carriage and had a fine team, and he looked as though he might know some'ut. He axed me how old my calves were? and I towld him one of them was six months and the other was six months and two weeks. And he axed me if they were twins, and I laughed him in his face." Father Clark was a man of wonderful natural endowments with no education in the schools, but he was regarded as one of the shrewdest business men of Lapeer county. He had such eccentricities as afforded me, at times, an occasion for a right hearty laugh at his expense. I will mention one instance which must suffice. His wife's brother in

England, having died, left about $2,000 to be divided among his sister's children, and they all thinking it would be so long coming, they had better sell out to their father, providing he would buy; and the old man jumped at the chance, as they offered to sell at fifty cents on the dollar, he being sharp enough to know it would not take many months to bring the money from England. He placed it in the hands of C. C. Trowbridge, of Detroit, and during my pastorate, he came up to the village one day, and found a letter in the postoffice from Mr. Trowbridge, and hastened to the parsonage for me to read it for him, as he could not read his correspondence. The letter informed him his money was ready for him. The old man looked at me, and smiling, said, "Now Crawford, let me say, first of all, glory to God, its coomed; now I'm rich, Lord keep me rich."

We will now come to our next circuit, which was Utica, in Macomb county, embracing the towns of Washington and Macomb as well as Shelby, in which the village of Utica was located. My wife's parents resided within the bounds of this charge, and insisted on our making our home with them while on this charge, which we gladly did, and spent the time very pleasantly. On this circuit I found the Davises, the Chapels (Charles and Frank), the Leaches, the Somers, and many other solid men, all of whom became my fast friends. One incident occurred, while I was on this circuit, that afforded some amusement, and even to this date causes me to smile when I think how the young men looked as they came marching into the church just before I commenced the service. Some of the prominent women of Utica had adopted the bloomer costume and were quite conspicuous on the streets with their short dresses and pantalets. Four of the young men of the village, all very respectable, came to me and expressed a desire to attend service on the Sabbath dressed in uniform, calculated to strike a death blow to the bloomer craze among the women. I cheerfully consented, and after the congregation was mostly in their seats, in came the young dudes in their newly made costumes, and took their seats in the amen corner of the church, looking as dignified and behaving themselves as becomingly as any Presbyterian deacons ever did. They wore white cambric pantaloons, made very large from the waistbands to the ankles and drawn tight around the ankles by means of cord. The rest of their apparel corresponded with their pants; when, at the close of service, they marched deliberately out and went quietly home, and thus ended the bloomer craze in Utica.

My next charge was Birmingham, where my cousin, Poppleton, lived

and was running a general store. Many of my old friends and several of my kindred, such as uncles, aunts, and cousins, were members of my congregation, and all seemed very much pleased with the appointment, and did not seem to tire of my preaching, even though I was a prophet in my own country and among my own kindred. The farm upon which I was raised lay within three miles of the village, and the entire circuit covered territory with which I had been familiar since I was eight years of age, and I had known many of my parishioners during all of those intervening years. We had no very great men on this charge, nor men who aspired to become great. We were so near Detroit on the one side, and Pontiac on the other, that our great men, as well as the ambitious ones, gave us the go by and settled in one of those thriving cities. My next charge was Detroit city mission and my appointments were all suburban, and in making my rounds I encircled the city, which at that time was a trifle smaller than it is today. City missionary as I was, I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with such men as J. C. Holmes, C. I. Walker, Philo Parsons, John Owen, Judge Ross Wilkins, Bela Hubbard, Thomas W. Palmer, and Dr. Duffield, who for a number of years was the successful pastor of the First Presbyterian church in that city, and who finally received a sudden call from pulpit to the church of the first born, which is without spot or wrinkle, before the throne of God. He was a grand man, and lives in my memory as he does in the memory of many others, who knew him but to love him, in the days of his prosperity as a faithful minister of the gospel of Christ.

My next move was to Battle Creek, where I spent two of the pleasantest years of my itinerant life. Here I made the acquaintance of Erastus Hussey, Victor P. Collier, John and Benjamin F. Hinman, and E. C. Manchester. I also made the acquaintance of Dr. O. C. Comstock and A. O. Hyde, of Marshall. Battle Creek has always been a very dear spot to me, since the fall of 1855, when I left there and took my next appointment to Jackson, where I served as pastor of the church one year and was then appointed by the board of prison inspectors as chaplain at the prison, where I remained for three years and preached to the men in stripes. Kinsley S. Bingham was our governor, and William Hammond was agent of the prison, now called "warden." At Jackson I made the acquaintance of Hon. Austin Blair, Judge Gridley, Judge David Johnson, Col. Michael Shoemaker and his brother Joseph, Peter B. Loomis, Fidus Livermore, and many other solid men including lawyers, doctors, merchants, and ministers of the several denominations of christians, including Mr. Grinnel of the Episcopal church, and

Dr. Asa Mahan of the Congregational church; both grand men, and I shall never forget their kindness to me and the help they gave me in my work at the prison. Gov. Bingham was a man with a large heart, and he was full of sympathy for the friends of convicts, who were constantly pleading for pardon for their friends. But he had good judgment and exercised his pardoning power with extreme caution, with one single exception, and that was a peculiar case and I did not censure him for doing as he did in that peculiar case, but I did have some sport with him, which he enjoyed as well as myself and others. An old lady came all the way from the state of New York to plead for her only boy who had been sentenced for five years for larceny. She went to see the governor several times at his home in Kensington, and he invariably promised her he would pardon her boy if she would bring a recommend for his pardon from the warden and chaplain. But this she failed to get every time. After letting matters rest for a few weeks she put out for another interview with the governor. Going to Ann Arbor on the afternoon train, she footed it from Ann Arbor to Kensington, reaching the governor's home about eleven o'clock. She rang the bell and the governor responded with a light in his hand, and he at once recognized the familiar face of Mother McAllister, and the poor, tired old woman, after a walk of seventeen miles, burst into tears and said: "Governor, I've come after my boy, can I have him?" "Well," said he, "you go to bed and rest you the balance of the night and we'll see about it in the morning," and in the morning after breakfast he made out the papers and mailed them to the Secretary of State at Lansing, and sent her away happy in the prospect that, as soon as the papers could get around to Jackson, she would take her darling and hie away with him back to her home in the state of New York. The day after she returned from Kensington, she took her wayward son and departed, and that was the last we knew of them. A few days after her departure, the Governor came to visit us, and he was sitting in the agent's office talking with Mr. Hammond as I entered the office on my return from dinner. He looked at me as much as to say, I wonder what he has in store for me? He met me with a hearty hand shake, as he always did, and after the usual salutation, I said to him, "Well, Governor, you have given me an insight into one passage of scripture that I never fully comprehended until now. 'Lest by her continued coming she weary me, I'll revenge her of her adversary.'" His reply was, "Well, chaplain, I guess if she had called you up at eleven o'clock at night after a walk of seventeen miles in the dark, and your wife had joined in her plea, as mine did, you would have yielded,"

and I said, "Amen, God bless you, Governor," and the agent responded, "Amen."

At the close of three years, I retired from the chaplaincy of the prison and was stationed at Niles, where I stayed but one year, for reasons I will not stop to explain, except to say, that the people of Ionia asked the bishop for my appointment to their charge, and he said he would grant their request if I would consent to the change, and I did so, greatly to the annoyance and grievance of the most of my congregation at Niles; and while I had a warm reception and a pleasant pastorate of two years at Ionia, I have always regretted that I consented to the change. We had one of the most gracious revivals in Niles of any one year of my ministry, and the converts were all well cared for by my successor, Rev. Hiram Law. While at Niles, I made the acquaintance of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of South Bend, Indiana, a village about ten miles south of Niles. Our acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship as lasting as life, and no one, outside of his own immediate kindred, could have felt his sudden death, while in his vigorous manhood, more deeply than I did. At Ionia I formed the acquaintance of Hons. Hampton Rich, Sandford Yeomans, George and Jack Webber, Hon. Albert Williams, John C. Blanchard, Esq., and W. W. Mitchell, Esq.; John C. and I could agree in our religious views but in politics we had several tilts. It was during my first year's pastorate at Ionia that the rebellion was inaugurated, and when the news reached us of the attack upon Sumpter, John C. came to me, with blood in his eye, and charged me with having a hand in dividing the Union, as I had been somewhat outspoken against the abominable system of slavery. But I told him the Union was not divided and would not be, but that slavery was now doomed to die, and the slaveholders had themselves inaugurated the measures that were destined to do the work of its destruction, and I hoped he and I might live to see the work completed, and we did. Was I a true prophet? John C. was an official member of my church and gave me his hearty support, and before the year was ended was making war speeches, and aiding to raise volunteers, and finally went himself as a sutler in one of the regiments, and on his first visit home, declared if he had the matter in hand he would raise an army of 3,000,000 and drive the whole southern confederacy into the Gulf of Mexico. But after the war closed he sort of cooled off, and since then it is hard telling what his politics have been. My next appointment was Kalamazoo, where I first met Judge Hezekiah G. Wells, of precious memory; also Hon. Charles E. Stewart, General Dwight May, Lieut. Gov. Charles May, Dr. Jas. A. B. Stone, William

A. Wood, N. A. Balch, Thos. C. Brownell, and Henry Gilbert. My next appointment was Albion, the home for many years of Rev. W. H. Brockway, who had his last meeting with us two years ago this month and was obliged to leave before our final adjournment. Perhaps some of you remember how gracefully he took his leave as he retired never to meet with us again. We miss him as we do some others who were with us at that reunion, for instance, Dr. Shepard, Hon. O. Poppleton, and A. D. P. Van Buren. At the end of one year I was appointed presiding elder of Coldwater district and moved to Coldwater, where I had a pleasant home for four years. The district extended from White Pigeon on the west to the meridian line of the State on the east, the eastern boundary of our conference, and embraced the counties of Hillsdale, Branch, and the largest part of St. Joseph; and took in White Pigeon, Mottville, Centreville, Constantine, Sturgis, Burr Oak, Bronson, Coldwater, Girard, Quincy, Allen, Jonesville, Hillsdale, Osseo, North Adams and Pittsford, Reading and Cambria; so you see my chances for extending my acquaintance were greatly enlarged, and well improved. I will mention but few of the many I met for the first time as I took the rounds of my district. Hon. Charles Upson, Hon. Caleb D. Randall, Harvey Haynes, Ex-Gov. Cyrus G. Luce, S. C. Coffinberry, Esq., Henry H. Riley, Esq., Witter J. Baxter, E. O. Grosvenor, Judge Eastman Johnson, Harvey Warner, Esq., Jonn Wolf, Wm. Allman, and Comfort Tyler. At the end of my four years term as presiding elder, I was appointed pastor at Centreville, where I had already become acquainted with nearly everybody residing within the bounds of this charge, and where resided some whose names I have already mentioned, therefore I will only ask you to remain here one year, and then take you, with me, back to Jackson prison, where I was appointed chaplain by the board of inspectors, and here I spend another three years, under the administration of Gov. Baldwin, with Henry H. Bingham as agent, he having acted as clerk of the prison during the time of my former chaplaincy; and I think if Latimer had been an inmate at that time he would not have succeeded in getting that clerk to bring him prussic acid, not knowing whether it was poison or something good, with which to flavor his lemonade and render it more palatable, as was the case with clerk Tabor, recently. We had prison discipline when he was clerk, and prison discipline when he was agent. He resigned while I was serving as chaplain, and John Morris of Charlotte was appointed to succeed him, who still held the office when I resigned. During this term, clerk Hulin, a man in whom we all placed confidence, was detected in the embezzlement of a large amount of the money belonging

to the State, and, after trial and conviction, was sentenced for five years penal servitude. I had known him since my first pastorate in the church in Jackson. His wife was an honored member of my church, and he was a regular attendant on the services and contributed as largely toward my support as any member of the church, being at the time a hardware merchant and having a good trade. He afterwards failed in business, then was elected justice of the peace, and when Mr. Bingham was made agent of the prison he recommended him to the board of inspectors for the clerkship of the prison, and he was appointed, and still held the office under Mr. Morris at the time of his detection. A careful examination of the books revealed the fact that he commenced his embezzlement soon after entering the office, and had carried it on successfully and without suspicion from the first, until some transaction caused Mr. Morris to suspect him, and his foot was soon in the trap adroitly set for his capture. I don't think there was an officer of the prison who did not weep like a child when we saw him come through the gate under the guidance of the sheriff of Jackson county. He served his term and was discharged with a broken spirit, and only lived a few months after his liberation.

On my retirement from the chaplaincy of the prison in the fall of 1872, I recommended the appointment of Rev. George Hickock, a Baptist minister, as my successor and that you may see whether I made a mistake in my judgment of his fitness for the position, I am proud to say, that he has given such general satisfaction that he still holds the office, and probably will until he resigns from choice, unless death shall call for him before he tenders his resignation. If I had the time, I would like to give you some of my experience in dealing with convicts, but this I cannot do as I must hasten around. My next appointment was at St. Joseph, where I spent two years very pleasantly, and formed the acquaintance of Hon. A. H. Morrison, whose name appears among the deceased members of this Society, having joined it in 1877. He was at that time general manager of the Chicago and West Michigan railroad. During the first year I was there, I was on board a train returning from Grand Rapids, having but one passenger coach and a baggage car, and while rounding a curve the forward trucks of our coach left the track, and the coupling between it and the baggage car gave way and our car rolled down an embankment, making one revolution, and I turned a sort of somersault and fell upon the floor face downward, with the stove, well loaded with fire, across my back, spilling some of the coals on the left side of my neck and face, causing my whiskers to appear very much demoralized. I was laid up

for about four weeks, and after I was fully restored, Mr. Morrison called me into his office, and after introducing me to the attorney of the road, Mr. Nims, he asked me what damages I intended to demand. I replied, "not any." "Why," said he, "you are entitled to damages according to law." "Yes," said I, "I suppose I am, but my half fare pass has certain conditions printed on the back, which I accepted when I received the pass." "Yes," said he, "but that don't amount to anything according to law." "I am well aware of that," said I, "but if I should demand damages you would refer me to those conditions, and say, 'what about the moral question involved in your demand,' wouldn't you?" "Perhaps I should," said he, "but I intend to give you something." "Very well," said I, "give me what you please and I'll not refuse your donation." "Well," said he, "I propose to give you $50 and a pass for yourself and family while you remain on the line of our road, will that be satisfactory?" "Anything that will satisfy you, will satisfy me," was my reply. He then turned to his clerk and told him to order a car load of four foot wood delivered at the M. E. parsonage, and another carload next year, if Mr. Crawford remained in it, and I did, and the wood came, and of good quality. Our next move was to Allegan, where we spent two very pleasant years, forming many acquaintances and securing new friends. Among these were Judge Stone, Judge Littlejohn, Judge Williams, Judge Arnold, Dr. H. F. Thomas, Don C. Henderson, Esq., Duncan McMartin and Joseph Fisk. The most of these are gone to swell the majority on the other side, while Stone, Thomas, Williams and Henderson, are still here in active service, and are held in high esteem by men of all political parties and religious creeds. Our next move was to Cedar Springs, a little village on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad, twenty-two miles north from Grand Rapids. Here we spent a pleasant year, and was then appointed presiding elder of Ionia district, and returned to renew old acquaintances, and form a great many new ones, at Greenville, Stanton, Portland, Hubbardston, Carson City, Lyons, Pewamo, Muir, Woodland, Bowne Center, Saranac, and Lowell; among whom was Hon. Jas. W. Belknap, Westbrook Divine, Col. Ellsworth, John Lewis, Esq., and many others whose friendship I highly prize. After spending four very pleasant years at Ionia in district work, I was returned to the pastorate, and appointed at my own request to East Street, Grand Rapids. Here I succeeded, after much effort, in building a new church, to take the place of the little chapel, where we worshiped for two years. Our new church cost us when completed, including furnishing, $5,000 and I had the pleasure of occupying its pulpit all of my third

year, and at the close of my term, had the entire indebtedness provided for, and only three hundred dollars remaining unpaid, which was soon wiped out by my successor, Rev. Mr. Carlisle. We left many warm friends at East street, when we were appointed to Ames church, another charge in another part of the same city, and where we spent three very pleasant years. While serving these two charges I made the acquaintance of Dr. Charles Shepard, Henry Fralick, T. D. Gilbert, Judge Champlin, Harvey J. Hollister, J. C. Fitzgerald, Allen Durfee, Henry Spring, and Major Watson, and a host of others I cannot take time to name. At the close of this pastorate, and at the completion of forty-six years continued service, I took a superannuated relation for the purpose of taking a trip to Oregon and Washington, to spend a few months with our friends on the Pacific coast. We left home the last of October and returned the first of August following, having had a most delightful visit with our friends, and a view of much grand scenery, going via Union Pacific railroad, and returning via Northern Pacific, from Seattle to St. Paul, and from thence to Chicago, via Wisconsin Central, and from Chicago to Grand Rapids, via Chicago and West Michigan. We made the entire trip without accident or delay on either route, except one-half hour in Bear River valley, on Union Pacific, from a heated journal, which was easily made up in the next run, so that we were at all stations on schedule time. At the next session of our conference, I was returned to the effective list and appointed to Holland City, twenty-five miles southwest from Grand Rapids. At the close of one year, having received a meagre support, and finding myself advancing in years, I thought best to retire from effective work and took a superannuated relation, designed to be permanent, and returned to Grand Rapids for our permanent home, where a generous friend, Mrs. Jas. Dolbee, built a good commodious house known as "The Cottage in the Orchard," and presented us with a life lease of the same; and we find ourselves nicely settled for the balance of our lives, among our East street friends and our East street church, our place of worship. Soon after our return to Grand Rapids, I was invited by General Pierce to act as chaplain at the Soldier's Home, where my duties were to consist of one sermon on the Sabbath and attend all funerals of soldiers dying at the home. I took this work in hand on the 6th of April, and continued the work until the 25th of October, the second year, when I resigned, as I had supplied the work by proxy since the 28th of June, at which time I held my last service with the veterans, being prostrated with malarial fever, from the effect of which I could not rally, and resigned, feeling that I must be

relieved of the responsibility of looking after the work of supplies for funerals and sabbath services. Meantime, I had done some successful canvassing for some valuable books, but now laid upon the shelf by sickness, my little salary at the Soldier's Home cut off, and being unable to do any canvassing for the sale of books, things from my human standpoint looked a little dubious, but thus far God has been better to us than our fears; and our friends have shown themselves friendly in many substantial ways. At the celebration of our golden wedding one year ago, many of our friends outside of Grand Rapids sent their congratulations in substantial form, which, added to those of our city friends, netted over three hundred dollars, which made us feel almost as rich as did Father Clark, when his little dowry came from England, but we did not pray, "Lord keep us rich," but we did pray, "Lord make us worthy of such friendships." At the time of our last pioneer meeting in June, one year ago, I was unable to attend, and thought it quite probable that I should never look into your faces again, until I should greet you on the other shore. But I am here, in much better health than I enjoyed two months ago, and from present indications I am encouraged to hope, that by the time of our next annual reunion, "Richard will be himself again." But what the future has in store for me, no finite mind can tell, but I'll try and keep on in the service of my Master, who has borne with my weaknesses for these fifty-two years; and I am sure I shall find mercy at his hands, when he comes to sign my release, whether this year or the next, or many years thereafter; and in the sweet bye and bye I shall hope for a reunion with all of my pioneer friends who have gone before, or may go before, and all who may come after my transfer to the church triumphant, which is without spot before the throne of God.

PROGRESS IN TRANSPORTATION AND MAILS IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

BY C. T. MITCHELL.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I have a short paper to read on the cost of transportation back in the forties and at the present time, showing the great progress that has been made in cheapening transportation in the last fifty years.

I went to Hillsdale to live in the spring of 1843, first of May. The Michigan Southern railroad was completed there in October of that year by the State of Michigan, at a cost of about $1,400,000, with wooden superstructure and flat rails. The superstructure consisted of, first, a mud sill six by ten inches, on that cross ties about three by six inches, in which a groove was cut, and a wooden rail five by seven inches placed with the inner edge champered off, and to which was spiked down a flat iron bar three-quarters of an inch in thickness and two inches wide.

The State simply transported the produce and merchandise but did not handle it. The State charged for hauling wheat to Monroe, sixty-seven miles, twelve cents per bushel.

I owned and operated a large warehouse and there were five others in town. The warehouseman got three cents for storing and shipping, one cent for buying, which, added to the twelve cents freight, made sixteen cents, and three cents for storage at Monroe made nineteen cents, the cost to the farmer to take his wheat from the team at Hillsdale and place it on board of a vessel at Monroe, sixty-seven miles. A load for a freight car was one hundred bushels and that in bags.

Now, what have the great railroads, or as they say, the great monopolies, done for the farmers? They take, today, his wheat from Chicago to New York all the way by rail, and deliver it in Liverpool for less than it cost to transport it from a team in Hillsdale and place it on board of a vessel at Monroe forty-five years ago, and yet they think, or seem to think, these great railroads their enemies, and are ready to make war on them in every possible way. The railroads barely get justice from a jury of farmers.

Now another item of progress is shown more completely in transporting the mails. At the time I speak of, the Great Western mail from New York and New England came up by stage, along the south shore of Lake Erie in winter, by boat in summer; to Hillsdale by rail from Monroe, and was transported to Chicago on the boot of a stage for six years. Now there passes every evening a fast mail train of eight cars with twenty or thirty postal clerks, and another on the Air Line, besides all the mail carried over the Michigan Central.

These two items in our commercial history show the progress this State has made more perfectly than any other I know of. Here was a railroad built by the people themselves, the State of Michigan, and charging the farmer more for transporting and handling his wheat sixty-seven miles, than it now, this seventh day of June, 1893, costs to

transport it one thousand miles by rail, and three thousand miles by steamer to Liverpool or London, and yet the farmer appears to think these great corporations their worst enemies, are ready to fight them on all occasions.

I suppose it to be true that the two great railroads of this State, the Michigan Central and the Michigan Southern, are managed by as hightoned, honorable business men, as any other great business interests in the country; that any party having a just claim is sure to get a prompt and honorable settlement. It only discloses an unhealthy public sentiment, that has taken hold of the public mind, which has largely been built up by the unthinking public press and ought to be corrected.

The Michigan Southern was sold to a company in the winter of 1846 and 1847 for $500,000, having cost the State $1,400,000. The company had ten years to pay it in, ten per cent down and ten per cent per year payable in the State indebtedness, which was then worth but forty-two cents on the dollar. The late Henry Waldron, John P. Cook, C. W. Ferris and myself took $10,000 each of the stock. At that time we could not have raised $10,000 all together but we still thought it a good business venture. My first $1,000 that I was to pay down cost me $420. The next year the road earned enough to pay the ten per cent, the third year we had to pay eight of the ten and then the road was sold, or rather a majority of the stock, to a new company. Soon after arrangements were made for its extension, supposing we would be called upon to pay the full amount of our stock we sold out, but made handsomely on our investment.

At the time I speak of, the south part of the county was a substantial wilderness. Land three miles from town sold for three dollars to five dollars per acre.

COMPARATIVE SKETCHES OF E. B. WARD, JAMES F. JOY, LEWIS CASS, AND WM. WOODBRIDGE.

BY FRED CARLISLE.

In undertaking a comparison of men with each other for the purpose of determining what benefit the world, or their fellow men, have derived by reason of their having lived, demands an analysis as to the

prominent characteristics manifested to produce the results achieved. Bonaparte declared that "circumstances make men," and the question is often mooted whether character be the creation of circumstances or circumstances the creation of character. If we assume that circumstances create character we eliminate from it that vital causative energy which is its essential characteristic, or to assert that circumstances are the creation of character is to endow character with power not only to create but to furnish the material for creation. The results of both these processes, it seems to us, would not be character but caricature. We, therefore, must admit that circumstances furnish the nutriment for character, or the food which converts it into blood which is the process of assimilation and supplies individual power to act upon circumstances. In all the departments of life success depends upon a knowledge preceding all assimilating of the circumstances connected with each department.

Man standing for the thing, mastered or utilized, all its forces are in himself as a personal power and a personal intelligence. Character being the embodiment of things in persons, it is obviously limited in its sphere to facts and laws it has made its own, out of that sphere it is comparatively feeble.

Many able lawyers, merchants and generals have been blunderers as statesmen, thus injustice is often done to the real merits of eminent men who have been enticed out of their strongholds of character to venture into unaccustomed fields of exertion where their incapacity is soon detected. But confine a characteristic man to the matters he has really mastered and there is in him no blundering, no indecision, no uncertainty, but a straight decisive activity. "Sure as insight and rapid as instinct," which is not to be imposed upon by nonsense of any kind, however prettily you may bedizen it in inapplicable eloquence. The perfection of character depends on the man's embodying the facts and laws of his profession or avocation or object to such a degree of intensity that power and intelligence are combined.

For knowledge unassimilated does not form part of the mind but is only attached to it and often blunders as badly as ignorance itself. While character, in its intrinsic nature is the embodiment of things in persons; the quality which most distinguishes men of character from men of passions and opinions, is persistency and the power to continue in its exercise until the end sought is accomplished. If we scrutinize the lives of persons who have become eminent in any department of action, we find it is not so much their brilliancy or fertility as their constancy of effort that makes them great. The heads of such men are

not merely filled with ideas, purposes and plans, but the primary characteristics of their natures and secret of their success is that labor cannot weary nor obstacles discourage them.

The distinction between the strong and the weak is that one persists, the other hesitates, falters, trifles and at last collapses. We have thus attempted to define the combination of the elements of human nature, and to indicate the great vital fact in human affairs that all influential powers in all departments of practical, intellectual, and moral energy, is that expression of character by forcible persisting and calculable persons, who have grown up into statures more or less colossal through an assimilation of material or spiritual realities.

This fact makes production the test and measure of power; it also imprints on production the mental and moral imperfections of that power and with a kind of sullen sublimity declares, "That as a man is so shall his work be." The possession of these elements and the results reached by their exhibition is demonstrated and exemplified in the lives and acts of those men to whom Michigan is especially indebted for its present prosperous condition.

Among those names first associated with the discovery and first settlement of Michigan are those of Sieur de la Salle and de la Motte Cadillac.

The former was born at Rouen, France, in 1643, of an honorable family, and named Robert Cavelier. He was educated among the Jesuits, but being dissatisfied with theology he chose that of science, the pursuit of which led him at the age of twenty-three to sail for Canada, or New France, where he first met Frontenac, then governor, between whom a strong friendship was formed which continued until the latter's recall to France. Parkman says, he was a man full of schemes of ambition and gain. Other of his biographers insist that the love of money was foreign to his nature, but was secondary to his desire to discover a passage to China across the continent, and in the event of failure to anticipate the Spaniards and English and colonize the great west with Frenchmen, to develop its resources, make friends with the Indian tribes, to obtain control of the mouth of the Mississippi, and thus secure an outlet for a vast trade which should redound to the benefit of his native country. The last would seem to be, in the main, the ruling object of his life, for, while he did not find a direct route to China, he explored the whole southwest to the mouth of the Mississippi and established posts in Michigan and at numerous intervening points between it and the mouth of the Mississippi and took possession of all the vast territory watered by the latter stream in the

name of the king of France. Unfortunately he was not permitted to enjoy the fruits planted through toil, personal pecuniary loss, and the jealousies and persecutions of enemies in the old and new world, for on returning from France, through a mistake of his navigator, the mouth of the Mississippi was passed and he landed at Matagorda Bay, Texas, where, after building a fort, which he named St. Louis, he remained three years exploring the country, and while on one of these expeditions was murdered by one of his own men, March 20, 1687.

Antoine de la Motte Cadillac, born at Toulouse, France, in 1661, was educated for the army and came to Quebec in 1682, was appointed to the command of Michilimackinac in 1694. In 1699 he visited France and laid before the king his plans for the establishment of a permanent settlement at Detroit. His plans meeting the approval of the king, he returned and July 24, 1701, founded the first settlement of a civil and permanent character in Michigan.

It is needless to enter into details of the events that transpired during the nine years he was commandant at Detroit.

It is sufficient that, against the wishes of the Canadian company and in opposition to the intrigues of designing men, he succeeded in founding a town composed of civilians, who made substantial improvements for those times, that he succeeded in inducing many of the Indians to adopt the customs of the whites, that he established schools where the children of both the whites and the Indians received instruction, that he encouraged the clearing and cultivation of the lands, erected mills, that from time to time he sent out men to explore and establish posts elsewhere throughout the territory.

In short he did more to civilize the surrounding Indian tribes and to excite in them a disposition to emulate the customs and habits of their French neighbors, than did all his successors the fifty-one years during which Michigan was under French or English rule. Both La Salle and Cadillac were alike courageous and determined men and exercised great influence over the Indian tribes, but each manifested it differently. The former maintained his authority over the Indians through their fear; the latter held them through their love. Both had incurred the animosity of the colonial government and were forced to appeal to the king. Neither profitted pecuniarily through the labor, privations, and dangers they encountered. The former had spent over twenty years in pursuit of his grand scheme to make for himself fame as a discoverer and, doubtless, looked for the time when both wealth and power should be his reward. His heart, however, was in the work of discovery and in this field there are no brighter names in American history. Cadillac

had given the best years of his life in his endeavor to promote civilization by means which should preserve its barbarous inhabitants, and the measure of success he achieved in this direction is strong evidence against the heartless theories which have led to their destruction. His name should always hold a prominent place in Michigan's history.

As but little notable progress was made in the way of civilized improvements in Michigan after the removal of Cadillac, we pass from that period through French and English rule to 1813–14, at which time Lewis Cass and William Woodbridge became prominently connected with the affairs of the territory.

LEWIS CASS.

Lewis Cass was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, October 9, 1783. Was appointed military governor of the territory of Michigan, October 14, 1813, and the following year made permanent governor, with William Woodbridge as secretary. The war of 1812–15 had but closed, the population had been scattered and was still exposed to the ravages of the hostile Indians. A brave, sagacious and firm hand was therefore needed to restore order and confidence, as well as to rebuke outrages perpetrated by the English authorities in Canada under the plea that they had a right to invade the territory in search of and arrest deserters from their army.

General Cass acted in these emergencies with energy and promptness. What the territory now needed was more people and he immediately took the necessary steps to induce them to come and assuming that the survey of lands, which had been directed, would soon be completed, he began to lay out that portion of the territory, where the Indian title had been extinguished, into Wayne county with its seat of justice at Detroit, and to divide the whole territory into road districts. Monroe county was established in 1817, just after Indiana had been admitted as a state. Illinois was admitted in 1818, thus leaving Michigan territory to embrace all north of those states. In all the measures in bringing about these results, the interests of Michigan proper were carefully guarded by Governor Cass so that by the year 1818 the territory began to grow in population and in substantial improvements.

In 1819 its population had reached the number authorized under the ordinance of 1787 to form a representative government, and this gave occasion for General Cass to show himself in advance of any statesman of his time in his ideas of popular interference in the selection of public officers, adhering as he did with great tenacity to the doctrine that the people should have a direct voice in appointments generally.

He continued to hold the position of governor until 1831. During his term of seventeen years, he secured the respect of the men of all parties, which he retained during his life, notwithstanding party spirit at times ran high and apparently disregarded personal considerations or relations in the desire for party success; all, however, recognized his devotedness to Michigan, for, whether as secretary of war, secretary of State, or as minister to France, or as United States senator, he ever manifested for Michigan and all that concerned it, that it was ever first and uppermost in his thoughts. His last public demonstration evinced for and loyalty to it and the constitution. He died at Detroit June 17, 1866.

WILLIAM WOODBRIDGE.

Governor William Woodbridge, a native of Connecticut, was born August 20, 1780, and in 1791 removed with his father to Ohio, then a territory.

He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1806. In 1807 he was a member of the Ohio assembly and state senator from 1809 to 1814, when President Madison appointed him secretary of the territory of Michigan.

He also acted as governor and superintendent of Indian agencies in the absence of the governor and was collector of customs. In 1819 he was the choice of all parties for delegate to congress, inasmuch as the right of the territory to be represented in congress was obtained through his efforts. As a delegate he secured an appropriation to construct roads from Detroit to Fort Gratiot, Chicago, and through the black swamp to the Miami river in Ohio. He also secured the settlement of the old French claims and was instrumental in securing aid for General Cass' expedition to Lake Superior and the upper Mississippi. Refusing a second election as delegate to congress, he acted as secretary until 1824, when he was appointed one of the commissioners to adjust private land claims. In 1828 President Adams appointed him judge of the supreme court. He was a member of the constitutional convention in 1835, and state senator in 1838–9, and was elected governor and served as such until 1841, when he was chosen United States senator, both Whigs and Democrats uniting in his election. After serving his term as senator he retired to private life. He died October 20, 1861.

Gov. Woodbridge was a man of decided opinion and firm in his convictions of right and fearless in expressing them. While occupying the numerous public positions of honor and trust he was distinguished

for the impartial and just manner in which he administered and executed the requirements they imposed.

Although General Cass and Governor Woodbridge differed on political questions, neither suffered them to interfere in the discharge of their respective duties and obligation to public interests and the good of Michigan. Each enjoyed the confidence and respect of all classes of the people. Both came to Michigan when its affairs were in a chaotic state, and were instrumental in bringing them to that condition of order, which resulted in paving the way to its present proud position among its sister states. Neither of them became personally interested, pecuniarily, in large enterprises, yet so far as encouragement and weight of influence could promote, it was exercised in the interests of all that tended to advance the material growth of the State and the development of its resources.

CAPTAIN EBER B. WARD.

While his parents were on their way from Vermont to the west, through Canada, they were compelled to delay at New Hamborough, Upper Canada, where Captain Eber Brock Ward was born December 25, 1811. His parents brought him to Michigan and with them he bore the privations, trials and hardships incident to pioneer life.

At twenty-two years of age we find him at work on the farm of his uncle Samuel Ward, of St. Clair county. In the winter of 1835-6 he assisted his uncle in getting out ship timber, and in the spring of 1836 purchased of his uncle a quarter interest in a small schooner. Thus commenced a partnership which continued during the life of his uncle. In 1840 the firm built its first steamer, and in 1845 it owned and controlled a fleet of twenty steamers and sail vessels. In the latter year he ran two steamers on Lakes Michigan and Erie in connection with the Michigan Central railroad. This service he continued until that road had reached Chicago and the Great Western road was completed and connected with it at Detroit. The Ward vessels afterward did a large general transportation business on Lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior. During a portion of this period Capt. Ward became interested in the mines of Lake Superior, and also in the pine lands lying along the shores of Lakes Michigan and Huron, and soon afterward projected and saw completed the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad across the northern portion of the State. In 1864 he reduced his vessel interests somewhat, devoting his means to mining and manufacturing and in the course of a few years had rolling mills at

Wyandotte, Chicago, and Milwaukee, and had established large manufacturing industries at Ludington, Toledo, Saginaw, and Flint.

Among the most remarkable characteristics of Capt. Ward was his wonderful business ability and his capacity for organizing industrial enterprises. Perhaps no single individual in the United States did so much to disseminate information on the subject of promoting home industries as Captain Ward.

As he has often repeated to the writer, he believed that the best philanthropy of the age was that which afforded the greatest amount of remunerative labor to the working men of the country. His heart was large, his charity abundant, his forethought and foresight wonderful, his will power indomitable, and his physical and moral courage dauntless.

JAMES F. JOY.

About the time when Capt. Ward had successfully established his lines of steamers upon the lakes (1846), James F. Joy and his associates had negotiated with the State for the purchase of the Michigan Central railroad, then constructed to Kalamazoo. In consequence of financial embarrassment, the credit of the State was so impaired as to be totally unable to meet its obligations or to provide the means for completing its public works which had been projected and commenced under the legislative acts of 1836–7. The Michigan Central railroad was among them.

It was then, when the State was on the eve of bankruptcy, that Mr. Joy and his associates came to its rescue and purchased this road and extended it to Chicago. At this time it was the first great line of railroad to enter that city with a population of between 8,000 and 10,000.

Having reached this point, Mr. Joy saw that the Michigan Central must have connections west, and starting from Chicago with his engineers, he projected the present Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad across the Mississippi at Quincy and the Missouri at Kansas City; made its connections with the Hannibal and St. Joseph; thence extending a branch to Fort Kearney, Nebraska, and Fort Scott, Indian territory, established a continuous line from these points to Detroit. In the extension of the Hannibal and St. Joseph road to Kansas City he spanned the river with the first iron bridge across the Missouri, and constructed the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf railroad to the Indian territory and Kansas City; the St. Joseph and Council Bluffs road from Kansas City to Council Bluffs. When returning to Michigan

he, between the years 1861 and 1870 projected and completed the Detroit, Lansing and Northern; Detroit and Bay City; Air Line, from Jackson to Niles; Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw; Chicago and West Michigan; Kalamazoo and South Haven, and the Wabash from Detroit to Chicago.

He is at present the president of the Detroit union depot and its railway connections, and planned the present union depot buildings in Detroit, which are pronounced to be the most complete of any west of New York.

From 1846 to the present, Mr. Joy has been the chief factor in the construction of over two thousand three hundred miles of railroads in Michigan, and the promoter of over six thousand miles of the railroads and their connection entering the city of Detroit.

Mr. Joy was born at Durham, New Hampshire, Dec. 2, 1810. A kind providence has permitted him to live and retain his mental and physical powers in vigor as full as that of his early manhood, and to contemplate the changes which have taken place through his instrumentality, to view the forests disappear and to be replaced by prosperous cities and towns, and the great highways constructed which connects and promotes their growth, to witness the progress of art and the advance of learning and the increase of an intelligent population.

It cannot be regarded as fulsomeness when we say that both the present and future generations of Michigan should recognize Mr. Joy as one of the prominent factors in promoting many of the changes which have occurred within fifty years in Michigan, as well as in the states west, directly through his agency.

The characteristics manifested by both Captain Ward and Mr. Joy are similar in respect to their great undertaking, for what seemed to others boldness in conception, were to them the product of careful thoughts and well matured plans, while neither permitted ordinary obstacles to interfere with their consummation, at the same time both recognized that personal interests should be subordinate to public good, while doubtless personal gain entered into their calculations, still the ruling motive with them was to meet the demands of general business necessities.

Both found in Michigan and its surroundings a field for the exercise of their power to conserve, perfect and complete large enterprises, where millions of money was required but where millions of men and women would be correspondingly benefited.

While Captain Ward was covering the waters of the great lakes with his fleet vessels, Mr. Joy was reducing distances with the iron rail,

thus coöperating, they afforded the workingman compensating employment; the farmer and manufacturer ready sale for their products; and commenced the facilities for transportation and paved the way for the development of all the natural resources of this great State.

Thus, while we have referred to these few names of Michigan's pioneers as demonstrating and exemplifying, in their lives and acts, the possession and assimilation of those elements which form what we have sought in our introduction to define as constituting character, there are hundreds of the pioneers of Michigan whose names and lives remind us as having manifested the possession of these attributes, to whom Michigan is greatly indebted for its development of material wealth as well as in literature, and an educated and refined population.

Gladly would we refer to them and detail the evidences of their influence in bringing our State to its present condition, but time and space will not permit it.

RAILROAD HISTORY OF MICHIGAN.

BY JAMES F. JOY.

The territorial legislature of Michigan, as early as 1833, passed an act to incorporate the Detroit and St. Joseph railroad company. The object of the company was to build a railroad from Detroit to St. Joseph, on Lake Michigan. This was the first mention in the legislation of the State of any railroad to Detroit. There was, at that time, but little railroad constructed in the whole country. The Boston and Lowell, and the Boston and Worcester were all in New England. Albany to Schenectady and a commencement of the road from Schenectady west only, were about all the railroads in the United States north of Mason and Dixon's line. What a difference between now and then!

The Detroit and St. Joseph railroad company was commenced and under great difficuties was in progress and some work done between Detroit and Ypsilanti, in 1836, when the State determined to undertake to build that road through to St. Joseph, to be called the Central

road, and also one from Monroe, and one from the foot of Lake Huron, also, to Lake Michigan. The terminus of the Central road was fixed on the Campus Martius, where the city hall now stands. It came into the city along Michigan avenue, then called the Chicago road. At one time it extended from the Campus Martius along down through Woodward avenue to the border of the Detroit river, and that part of it was constructed by Thomas Palmer (father of the Hon. Thomas W. Palmer) under a contract with the railroad commissioners representing the State. It was a singular movement and illustrates how little the business to come was understood. To build a railroad through the middle of the street and on to the river at the foot of a hill, with no station or station grounds upon which to do business, and with no plan to acquire any, and with no possibility of doing so for such an approach, would hardly commend itself to the judgment of a railway man of the present day. It is needless to say that that part of the road was never used for any purpose and was soon taken up.

In March, 1837, the legislature passed an act, under which it undertook the construction of the three railroads above mentioned across the State, and authorized a State loan on the bonds of the State for $5,000,000 to enable it to build them.

Both the amount of money which was thought adequate for the construction of about six hundred miles of railroad, and the history of the negotiation of the bonds, proves how little the cost of railroads was then understood, and how unfit the then authorities were to manage such negotiations. The parties with whom the business was transacted failed, and as the sale was on the credit of the State, it never received but a portion of the money, and was involved in many difficulties, both embarrassing its own work, detrimental to its credit, and causing it to be treated as a repudiating State, because it refused to pay bonds upon which it had never received the money agreed to be paid for them.

The State, however, had undertaken the work of internal improvement. But it soon became bankrupt. It did not build a mile of the northern road. It built but a few miles of the Michigan Southern from Monroe (now Lake Shore and Michigan Southern). In the course of about eight years it did build the Central to Kalamazoo. It was built with strap rail, so called, about half an inch thick, laid upon wood stringers, which in turn were laid on cross beams or ties sunk or buried in the ground. To accomplish even this the whole means and credit of the State were exhausted. It used its credit abroad where it had any. It then resorted to forced loans in the form of

bills or notes of the State, similar to bank notes, in which it paid for materials and labor till even they could not be used. In 1846 it had become so utterly without credit that it was compelled to negotiate the sale of all its public works, and among them the Central road from Detroit to Kalamazoo. What a difference again between the condition of affairs then, and the credit and ability of the very prosperous and great State of Michigan of the present day!

The Michigan Central charter, proposing a sale to a corporation, to be formed to take and complete the road as provided and agreed in the charter, was passed in 1846. The company was to finish it through to the lake at New Buffalo, instead of St. Joseph, within three years; to relay the already built road as well as the new with sixty pound iron rail; to change its eastern terminus from the Campus Martius and the entrance by the Chicago road (as it was then called), over a new line to the river, where it should acquire adequate yards for its business.

The company which took the road was a strong one. It complied with its charter, and within the three years the road was built to New Buffalo and a harbor constructed there, and the through business by water and rail between Chicago and New York and New England commenced over the road. It was the first considerable road built in the west. The business then begun has been every year increasing in magnitude, though there are five or more roads from Chicago east, all competing for the through business. In three years more it was extended to Chicago, and the first great railroad from the east entered that city, then containing from 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants, hardly as large as Detroit at the same time.

The sale of the Central road to the corporation and the resulting construction of the road, gave great impulse to the progress of both the city and State. The Southern was sold and also constructed through to Chicago.

The Detroit and Pontiac railroad was chartered in 1834 to build a road between Detroit and Pontiac. It was undertaken with inadequate means, and it was many years, even, before it reached Pontiac. It originally came into the city on the north side of the Campus Martius, where the Detroit opera house now stands. In 1850 it was authorized to extend to the river, and also to extend through Pontiac and connect with the Oakland and Ottawa road, which, when built, was to extend to Lake Michigan. This plan was carried through, and the two roads consolidated constitute the present Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee railroad.

A charter had been passed by the legislature for the construction of a railroad from Detroit to Toledo at the session of 1846, to be called the Detroit and Monroe railroad, and some efforts were made to build it, but all failed, and the charter by its limitations expired. In 1855 the first general railroad law was enacted, and under it the Detroit, Monroe and Toledo Railroad Company was organized in the same year, and the road constructed by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern stockholders in the interest of that company, which now is in control of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad Company.

It is a valuable piece of the property of that prosperous company. Now came on a panic and but little was done in the way of building railroads for several years.

In 1871 the Detroit and Lansing railroad was organized under the general law and was built through to Lansing. It was afterwards, in 1876, consolidated with the Ionia and Lansing, and now constitutes the Detroit, Lansing and Northern railroad. It is an important and valuable road to both city and county.

In 1871 the Detroit and Bay City was organized, and quickly built through to both Saginaw and Bay City, and now constitutes a portion of the line from Detroit to Mackinac. These two roads were built largely by those interested in the Michigan Central Company.

About the time of the construction of these two roads, or perhaps earlier, the Canada Southern, and Chicago and Canada Southern had been undertaken by capitalists living in New York, with the purpose of erecting a shorter line between Chicago and Buffalo, as well as one of the easiest grades to cross the Detroit river at Grosse Isle. The enterprise proved a failure and the company became bankrupt.

The whole plan fell through. The Chicago and Canada Southern being partly built from Trenton west, was extended from Trenton to Detroit, and subsequently from Trenton to Toledo, and became the property of the Michigan Central Company.

The Canada Southern, also in Canada, having been insolvent for some years, was acquired by the Michigan Central and extended from Essex Center, in Canada, to Detroit, and now constitutes a part of the through line of the Michigan Central from Chicago to Buffalo, all the business crossing the river at Detroit.

Next to the Michigan Central the most important road for Detroit for many years was the Great Western of Canada, extending from Windsor, opposite Detroit, to Niagara Falls.

The Michigan Central had been completed to Chicago, and had been

in operation several years before the Great Western was undertaken. There was no road through Canada.

The travel and business was across Lake Erie on magnificent steamers, constituting the Michigan Central line between Detroit and Buffalo. A splendid line of boats, and constituting a most pleasant as well as magnificent mode and route for both pleasure and business.

The Great Western Railroad Company owed its origin to the Michigan Central Company. The men at the head of the latter company were its promoters. They enlisted with them the New York Central Company, and started into life the interest of Canada all along the line of the proposed road, and at Detroit. By the united strength of all, the required life was given to the enterprise, and the road was built, though with immense difficulty and effort. It was the first road built in Canada. It was injured by the alliance of the Michigan Central with the Canada Southern, and finally fell into the control of the Grand Trunk, of which system it is now a part, and is known only as Grand Trunk.

The Detroit and Port Huron branch of the Grand Trunk road was built entirely by this company in about 1855, and was for many years its main line for all through business connecting with the Michigan Central Road at West Detroit, and for many years all the large business of the Grand Trunk to and from the west was done by that road. It is now reduced to a mere local road by the extension of the Grand Trunk connections to Chicago.

The Detroit, Butler and St. Louis Railroad, extending from Detroit to Butler in Indiana, was undertaken in 1880 by public spirited citizens of Detroit to connect the Wabash Railroad with the city of Detroit.

It was undertaken after all means had failed to bring that great system to Detroit. Negotiations had been had to use one of the lines between Detroit and Toledo, and obtain the connection that way, but it was found impossible to accomplish it, and no other way remained but to build a new road. As above stated, it was undertaken by citizens of Detroit, and finally the road was completed in 1881. At Butler it connected with the Wabash, making a very straight line by that road to St. Louis, and opened the southwest, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri to the business of Detroit, and brings largely the productions of those fertile states to and through Detroit.

The last of the railroads connecting with Detroit has been the Canadian Pacific. It is another road from Detroit to all the eastern centers of the Dominion of Canada, and all the eastern states of the United States. It is destined to become one of the great through

routes of the country, connecting as it does at Detroit with both Chicago and St. Louis railroads, and by them reaching the whole west and northwest of this country.

The condition of several of the roads connecting with Detroit has made necessary many depots and stations for their accommodation. To accomplish their establishment and construction, several of the citizens of Detroit have united together and established at first the Detroit Union Railroad Depot and Station Company, and constructed it with a connecting railroad through the western section of the city to the Wabash and other railroads there, and have also brought about the establishment of the Fort Street Union Depot Company, principally as a passenger station. This brings the roads nearer to the center of the city and furnishes as convenient a passenger station as is perhaps possible. These depot and station establishments are as important, perhaps, to promote the convenience of the public, as any public improvement which has been undertaken at Detroit, save the sale of the Central railroad to the company now owning it.

In looking back over the progress of many years of the State and city in prosperity, the transfer of the Central road to the present company must be considered the most effective in its influence upon the prosperity of the whole State as well as of the city. It was a strong company. The influence of the company upon property was immediate and has been constant. Its strength has been felt in the construction of many other railroads, lateral and otherwise, extending largely over the State, and always tending to bring the benefit of all its connections to the city. While contributing greatly and immensly to the interests of the whole State, it has equally been the largest factor in the progress and prosperity of the city of Detroit. Each new enterprise has done much, and all of them in the aggregate have contributed to carry forward the State from its bankrupt condition to its present state of prosperity and wealth, and build up the present large and prosperous Detroit. While, therefore, all have been valuable, the Michigan Central has been always easily the most important factor in the State's prosperity.

JAMES F. JOY TELLS HOW HE WENT INTO THE RAILROAD BUSINESS.

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Discoursing with Mr. James F. Joy on early railroading in the west, apropos of the recent publication in the Free Press of the experience of Mr. A. B. Priest as a locomotive engineer for forty-six years and of

Mr. Samuel Skelding as a conductor for a somewhat longer period, Mr. Joy was requested to relate how he came to engage in railroad work.

"In the summer of 1845," said Mr. Joy, "Mr. John W. Brooks paid a visit to Detroit, bringing letters to me from friends in New England. He came to the office of Joy & Porter, and after several conversations upon the subject of the Michigan Central railroad, I unfortunately took the step which led me away from the practice of the noble profession of law to become a railroad man."

Mr. Joy's eyes twinkled as he made this remark, and he laughed quietly as his interlocutor looked at him in some surprise. "Without judging from your standpoint about that, Mr. Joy, I should say that it was a fortunate thing for Detroit and Michigan—for the rest of us—that you took that step."

"It was that circumstance of meeting with Mr. Brooks," continued Mr. Joy, "which engaged me in railroad work and took me into such enterprises deeper and deeper until they engrossed my whole time. Perhaps if we look further back it may have been some articles which I published in the Detroit papers quite a while before this, advocating the selling of the railroads then owned and operated by the State. If you will look into the old files you will find several letters on this subject written by me, a long time before the visit of Mr. Brooks to the office of Joy & Porter in 1845, and without any thought of having personally any part in the matter except as a citizen favoring a sound and proper policy for the State government.

"You must understand that at this time the State of Michigan was in extreme financial difficulties. It was overburdened with liabilities and there was no money in the treasury. It could not meet the interest on the public debt and there was serious action taken looking to the repudiation of the State's bonded indebtedness. In fact in financial circles we were looked upon as dishonest, and Michigan was charged with being a State repudiating its debts. A kind of state treasury note known as 'scrip' circulated hazardously at a woeful discount. That was all the money within the State's resources. The railroads owned by the State were terribly dilapidated affairs. The rails were of flat bars, worn and broken into short lengths of a few feet or yards, and everything was getting worse and no prospects for improvement.

"I will tell you how the State became involved. I knew of it from the beginning. It started in 1834–35. I was in Augustus Porter's law office. The men who were influential in public affairs were in the habit of coming to the office to talk upon subjects relating to the welfare of the infant State. I heard their discussions and knew of

their projects. Stevens T. Mason was Governor—young, impulsive, gallant and progressive—and public improvements were concluded to be a most necessary thing. A proposition was brought before the Legislature to borrow $5,000,000 for this purpose. It was earnestly discussed. The Legislature held its meetings in the old capitol, in the building now somewhat transformed and used by the Detroit high school. I remember in particular the earnestness of Representative Elisha Ely of Allegan, a member in 1835, '36, and '37, quite an old man then, with a young wife, whose vigorous speech favoring internal improvements brought down the House.

"The loan carried and Gov. Mason and Theodore Romeyn were appointed a committee to negotiate it. They went to New York and saw the officers of the United States bank. That institution was then experiencing the stress of adverse weather. It was toward the close of Gen. Jackson's administration and it was his policy to abolish the bank. The officers of the bank therefore told the Michigan envoys that they could not take the loan, but they would recommend them to the Morris Canal and Banking Company.

"The Morris Canal and Banking Company was a New Jersey institution, and an arrangement was soon made with them to loan the money to the State of Michigan. The terms were not at all favorable, but they were the best that could be had at the time. Mason was not a good business man, but he was honest. He turned over to the New Jersey company bonds to the amount of $5,000,000 and received as cash in hand between $400,000 and $500,000. I do not now remember the exact sum, but this amount was given in new bills issued by the Morris Canal and Banking Company. As I said, Mason handed over all the bonds; Romeyn should have known better. In exchange they received a trunk full of the new bills, amounting to $500,000, or near that sum, and came on to Detroit with the money. It was the first installment on the loan, and the rest was to be forthcoming later.

"The New Jersey men had placed a private mark on each bank note. Their object was to see how long the bills would remain in circulation in the western country, then considered to be so remote, before they would come back to the bank for redemption. Mr. Romeyn did not know of the private mark on the bills.

"The trunk and its contents were taken to the Michigan State Bank of which Mr. Norton was then the cashier. The money was recounted and, to the consternation of everybody, found to be $5,000 short. A singular thing was that the missing $5,000 was not taken in complete packages, but bills were extracted here and there from the different

packages of the trunk. Probably this careful selection was done with the idea of avoiding the risk of tracing bank notes consecutively numbered. At any rate, bills were missing from the several packages, and the amount was $5,000.

"There was a great ado over this discovery. Gov. Mason was greatly distressed about it. He finally concluded not to pay out any of the money. The trunk full of new bills continued to remain sealed and undisturbed in the custody of the Michigan State Bank. It was said that the Governor met Mr. Romeyn on the street and pointedly remarked to him: 'Romeyn, they say either you or I stole that $5,000. I will take my oath that I did not steal it.' One day, quite a while later, the missing money was returned through the mail, the package bearing the stamp of the postoffice at Cleveland, O. The deficiency being thus made good, the State was ready to make a beginning on its work of internal improvements, and had a little money to start on.

"Before all the five millions were paid over—I think, in fact, before as much as two millions were paid over—the United States Bank had failed, the Morris Canal and Banking Company had failed, and over $5,000,000 of bonds had been sent to Europe to satisfy creditors of those institutions over there. Michigan was called upon to pay interest and principal on five millions of dollars, and had realized much less than half that amount from the loan. The State had been cheated, and this fact, of course, gave rise to the indignation and complaint of citizens, the danger of repudiation, and troubles legislative, political and financial, which made us very unhappy for a long time. The end of it was, after years of disagreement, a compromise; the State redeeming principal and interest at the rate of $483.89 for each $1,000 bond that it recognized as valid, which goes to show that it had not realized much more than forty per cent of the whole loan.

"This loan, this $5,000,000, which amounted as a definite sum, paid into the State, to probably not more than $2,000,000, was to be used to construct three railroads across this peninsula and one canal. One railroad was to start from Monroe—the southern road; one was to start from Detroit—the central road; and one was to start from Port Huron —the northern road. The canal was to begin at Mt. Clemens, and by utilizing the Clinton river and lakes and streams which might serve as feeders, connect with the Grand river, and reach a water outlet at Lake Michigan. Some money—a good deal of money for those days—was expended on all of these projects. The Central railroad was by far the most advanced in construction of them all, the day John W. Brooks came into Joy & Porter's office. It was the chief trunk line of the

State. It extended to Marshall. The Southern road was finished after a fashion as far as Hillsdale.

"John W. Brooks was then about 27 years old, a man of great energy and ability, of ideas and industry, educated as a civil engineer and at this time was the superintendent of the Syracuse and Rochester railroad. This road, now known as the 'old road' of the New York Central, ran from Syracuse via Auburn and Canandaigua to Rochester. Previous to this, at the age of 25, Brooks had worked on the construction of the Boston and Maine railroad as assistant chief engineer. When that railroad was completed and no other work of that kind offered, he went to the lumber woods of Maine and was energetically applying himself there when he was called to take charge of the road in New York. As the superintendent of this line, he soon came to have a knowledge of the growing west and the sources of traffic for his railroad. Besides, he wanted to engage in some great enterprise. My letters to the newspapers satisfied him that the State would never complete the Central railroad to a port on Lake Michigan, and being ambitious to do this work he came to Detroit to look over the ground and confer with me. I consented to act with him, drew a charter for the railroad company and was to endeavor to get the legislature to authorize the sale of the road. Brooks, already having some conditional or partial assurances of backing from capitalists at Boston, was to proceed to organize a company to purchase the road, complete it and operate it.

"The legislature met in December. The strongest opposition imaginable was aroused against the bill to sell the Central railroad to a chartered company. The opposition was incited by the jealousies of Monroe and the counties on the route of the Southern road and by Port Huron and the friends of the Northern railroad, and it was urged that if the State abandoned the Central to a private company, the other roads would be crippled, neglected and destroyed. It took until about the last day of the session to pass the bill. When it had passed the Monroe people hastened to have a similar measure adopted for the Southern road. Elisha C. Litchfield, of Detroit, supported by John Stryker, a capitalist of Rome, N. Y., undertook to form a company for the Southern road and succeeded after much difficulty and delay.

"The charter of the Michigan Central provided that the company should pay the State $2,000,000 for the road; $500,000 within six months, and $1,500,000 in twelve months after that, with interest at 6 per cent. A new trouble arose among the capitalists. Many of those

who had provisionally decided to go into the company, refused when it came to the pinch, but offered their good will. The terms of our charter were not enticing, and it was only by great effort and at the last moment that the company was solidly organized and the money paid in.

"John M. Forbes was the first president, continuing as such for many years. He was a tea merchant who had amassed a fortune in Hong Kong and had invested much of it as a partner in Russell & Co., bankers and brokers of Boston. John E. Thayer, one of the leading bankers of Boston, came in; John C. Green, a China merchant; George Griswold; also, Erastus Corning, a great iron merchant of Albany, and D. A. Neal. This was in 1846. William Sturges, whose great wealth had been acquired in the fur trade, and Alexander Duncan, a New York banker, backed out.

"We went to work, Mr. Brooks as general superintendent, and in two years had the road completed to New Buffalo. A slip, something like our ferry landings at Detroit, was constructed in the harbor there, and small steamers ran across the lake to Chicago in connection with the railroad. Capt. E. B. Ward, some years before the time I speak of, had solicited my assistance in forming a company to build a small steamer for the St. Clair river trade. As I knew nothing of the steamboat business I did not engage with Capt. Ward. He went on and built his boat at a cost of $11,000, monopolized the trade between Detroit and Port Huron, and soon made enough to build the Champion, one of the boats that afterward connected our line with Chicago. Capt. Ward also provided two steamers for the Lake Erie connection and the company provided one, the Mayflower. Mr. Brooks found a field large enough to take up his best energies, and was happy.

"As we were getting along toward the Lake Michigan terminus, it came upon us by degrees that the water route was only an expedient and that it would be necessary in the end to lay our rails into Chicago. The Southern company was languishing at this time and we might have bought them out for a small sum. Mr. Brooks and I went to New York to secure the approval of the company. They refused to accept the proposition," said Mr. Joy, with a manifestation of his surprise, which, no doubt, the course of events since that proposal was made has amply justified.

"The Michigan Southern could get no suitable port on Lake Michigan unless it was St. Joseph, and this was not satisfactory to them. Their charter required them to go through Niles. For our part we wished to go through Indiana, but could obtain no charter in that

state. A railroad had been chartered by the Indiana legislature to run across the northern counties of the state—taking in Laporte, South Bend, etc., and it was known as the Northern Indiana. Nothing had been done on this road and in the year 1848 I negotiated with the Northern Indiana company for the purchase of its charter for $50,000.

"I was well satisfied with this purchase and so was Mr. Brooks. He wrote me a letter commending it, using all the obvious arguments for an all-rail route to Chicago, and closed with a prediction that in twenty years Chicago would have a population of 200,000 people. I hastened to New York and saw President Forbes and the directors. The matter apparently received favorable consideration until that portion of Brooks' letter was reached prophesying 200,000 people for Chicago in 1868 and the prospects of traffic with such a city. That unfortunate prediction spoiled the bargain. I remember distinctly the incredulous attitude of the directors. They were undoubtedly the foremost business men of their day—the men engaged in the largest enterprises, and they scoffed at this prediction. They looked upon the man who made it as visionary, so lacking in judgment that they would not pin their faith upon him. Therefore they rejected the proposition to acquire the Northern Indiana for $50,000, and we continued to make connections with Chicago by boat across the lake.

"The Michigan Southern people stepped in, and when it was offered them bought the charter of the Northern Indiana, and commenced to lay rails through that state from White Pigeon to Elkhart through for Chicago. To retrieve the Michigan Central, I went to Indianapolis and labored with the Indiana legislature for a charter to cross the state. The Michigan Southern people fought me. I retaliated in the Michigan legislature against them for their failure to run to Niles, as provided in their charter. Stopping at White Pigeon was a long way short of Niles. They called upon the Northern Indiana towns—Elkhart, Laporte, South Bend, Goshen—for reinforcements. Schuyler Colfax, afterwards vice president of the United States, joined with them. I could not get my charter through. At last we agreed, both sides, to leave Indianapolis and stop the fight.

"The Indiana legislature had chartered a road called the New Albany and Salem to build a north and south line. The road had a few miles constructed on its southern end. Before I left Indianapolis these people came to me and suggested that I could use their charter. I examined it and found that by inserting certain amendments, authorizing the company to extend its line to a point or points off from the main line, to locate any section of its road that it might find expedient,

and to build first any section that it might choose—in short a roving charter—that then the Michigan Central could avail itself of it.

"I left Indianapolis, the other side did the same. The New Albany and Salem charter amendments passed without objection. That company laid out a section of their line from Michigan City, on the Michigan border, to the Illinois line. The Michigan Central Company effected a perpetual lease of this charter for the sum of $500,000, and other engagements in the nature of a mortgage. It was a large price, but there was no help for it.

"I went east the second time within a year with this patched up charter to get across the State of Indiana. President Forbes did not think it was sufficient, and I could not convince him that it was. He sent for Judge Benj. R. Curtis, of Massachusetts, a great lawyer, afterwards of the United States supreme court—the one who wrote the famous opinion of the minority of that court in the Dred Scott case—he sent for Judge Curtis and asked his counsel, Judge Curtis unhesitatingly agreed with me. Mr. Forbes and the directors at once accepted the charter and ratified the bargain at $500,000.

"Being now free to build our line across Indiana, I said to President Forbes that $500,000 was a high rate of interest to pay for $50,000.

"He said that it undoubtedly was but that he could now easier pay $500,000 than he could have paid the $50,000 when that proposal came up.

"Our next trouble was to get across the state of Illinois. I spent time at Springfield, trying for a charter that would give us this privilege. Although I was ably assisted by Abraham Lincoln, I did not succeed in my efforts. The assistance of the future President Lincoln availed not as much for our interests in Illinois as the opposition of the future Vice President Colfax availed against them in Indiana.

"The difficulty was met by diverting the route of the Illinois Central, a duly chartered north and south line, by allowing it to come over to the Indiana border, and thence into Chicago. This was effected by an amendment to the charter. An agreement was made by the Michigan Central for the use of its right of way, and the joint purchase and occupancy of depot grounds in Chicago. That is how it comes about that these two roads have joined together in all their improvements at Chicago, and that is briefly the story of a long and bitterly contested struggle to get the Michigan Central into Chicago."

BY-GONES OF DETROIT.

BY HON. GEO. C. BATES.

[Published in the Detroit Free Press in 1877-8.]

No. I.

BACK THROUGH THE MISTS OF FORTY YEARS.

"Old times have gone; old manners changed."—*Scott.*

Having been for many years a cosmopolitan and a "coast" man, as all inhabitants of that region lying west of the Missouri river style themselves, on the hypothesis that "The Pacific Coast" reaches clear over to the big muddy.

I long since learned that two meals each day are much more healthful and better, and that neither man nor beast can work well on a full stomach; so I put away as far as possible all dinners at midday, and taking a light lunch, dine only when the day's work is over. Whenever the merchants, bankers, business men and professionals adopt this rule, and work by it, they will find they can do much more labor from 10 a. m., to 4 p. m., than by a break of two hours in midday, and that the thousands of people who come in on the morning trains to business and return in the evening will be much better accommodated than by their present mode of business. Courts especially that sit from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., with a ten minute's recess at 1 o'clock can dispatch more business in one day than in three with a recess of two hours.

Looking for a light lunch at 1 p. m. yesterday, I saw at the corner or angle of Griswold and Fort streets the word "Restaurant" in large letters, and in I rushed for a cup of *café au lait* and a sandwich; and as I sat there and looked through the rain over that splendid city hall; that exquisite monument to the bravery and blood of Michigan's sons who died on the land and sea during the war; around over the Russell House, with its staring array of windows and blinds and listened to the clattering of the street cars and merry tinkling of their

bells; and saw all around in every direction the great magazines, warehouses and shops of commerce of 125,000 people, memory, bright as the morning's sunlight, carried me back to the by-gones of

THIS VERY SPOT FORTY YEARS AGO.

Sipping my coffee, the scene changed, and I saw in my mind's eye on this identical location including that occupied by the city hall, the old Baptist church and all of this high ground or knoll, a herd of wearied cows, muddy and worn out by long travel, stretched here and there, just brought from Ohio by Mr. Wight for his milk ranch below town, he then being a hale, hearty, middle aged man, engaged in the milk business, while today he is a retired man of wealth, slowly passing away, and shut out from all the glories and beauties of this great handiwork of God. Between that herd of cattle and the old capitol, now that beautiful union school house, not one single building was erected, either on Griswold street or Michigan avenue; but a long narrow plank walk over the green sward (for it was May, 1833), to the capitol, where the "Supreme Court of the Territory of Michigan" was then in session, was the sole isthmus that connected Detroit with that beautiful suburb.

At the same time (1833) on the west side of Woodward avenue, just below Woodbridge street, stood a low, two story, old-fashioned, wooden building, probably over fifty years old, standing perhaps ten feet back from the avenue, with a steep roof, dormer windows, and a huge brass knocker on the door, on which was cut in deep letters "James Abbott." "The latch string of the old door was always on the outside," for there lived for many a long year one of Detroit's most active and successful old-fashioned merchants, a man of figures and of wealth, a sturdy descendent of an English family, born in Montreal about the year 1791, who, in the "fur trade," in commission business and supplying the military posts of Michigan and the Northwest, had accumulated a very large estate, for he owned nearly half of that whole block, and who always maintained to his death the character of the fine old English gentleman, "all of ye olden time," and who amidst a long life of business entertained with true baronial hospitality all who made his acquaintance and sought society under his roof.

In those days the merchant princes of Detroit, and Mr. Abbott especially, lived in small, snug, cosy houses, richly furnished with real mahogany table spread with solid silver and the finest linen; cellars full of pure old brandy, Jamaica rum, London port, luscious Maderia, and sherries that would make the blood dance in one's veins; and the

richer they grew the more hospitable they became, the more they entertained with elegant dinners. After business was over splendid suppers and dancing parties were the order almost every evening, after navigation was closed until the next summer came.

No better representative home of Detroit, fifty years ago, could be found than that of James Abbott, on Woodward avenue, and he himself, his genial, jolly wife, his beautiful daughter Sarah, too soon to die, Aunt Cad Whistler, an antique sister of Mr. Abbott, the most graceful dancer and waltzer then in Detroit, his then two roystering wild sons, Madison and Bill Abbott, who sometimes in grand frolic rode their horses up into the old Mansion House and drank julep and toddy with Jack Smith from the counter there. All these grouped in a photographic gallery would tell the story of "By-gones of Detroit."

But commerce had increased. The old steamers Niagara, Clay, Sheldon Thompson, had given way to the New York, the Michigan, and such floating palaces. The docks were crowded in summer with vessels and Judge Abbott found that he must move away from the busy, crowded port of Detroit to a quiet retreat in the country remote from all business, and so he built the then elegant home in which I was now sitting taking my lunch. At that time, except the homes of John Palmer and James Williams, directly opposite and where the Moffat block now stands, and a small, old, wooden building at the rear of what was the Baptist church, then occupied by Mason Palmer and Mechanics' Hall, then a small, rickety old shanty, there were no buildings in the neighborhood, and when his new home was completed Judge Abbott flattered himself that he was forever outside of and beyond the reach of business wants, or business property; that in future years there he and his children and his children's children could have a quiet country home, where in peace and quiet they could live and die. Of the house itself, it may be said that, when finished, it was one of the most substantial, costly and elegant buildings in Detroit.

"Now stands it there; and none so poor, so low as do it reverence."

But the house was finished, the grass plat prepared, and the rose bush transplanted from the old home, and with true old-fashioned hospitality there must be a "house warming," and so invitations, written in Mr. Abbott's round English hand, bespeaking order, firmness, health, and true nobility, were sent to all the élite of Detroit to come and help dedicate that home to comfort, enjoyment, pleasure, and hospitality. And they came. As I looked into my coffee cup, nearly

drained, and closed my eyes to the present, memory and fancy, blessed gifts to man, gave me back that brilliant scene and replaced it in those then large parlors, dining rooms, chambers, and ante-rooms, long since gone, never, never to return.

There stood Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, two sturdy specimens of the old English and French Canadian stock, most richly and elegantly dressed; not in the Parisian styles, but in the true English mode; poor Sarah Abbott, such a beauty! Miss Whistler as an aid-de-camp, waiting to receive their guests, who came to exclaim from their very heart of hearts, "Peace be upon this house and all beneath it," and who were welcomed without ostentation or ceremony, but with true old-fashioned western hospitality. There was Gen. Hugh Brady, one of the noblest, bravest, truest soldiers that ever trod with undaunted step the field of battle, in full uniform, with his staff; Gen. Frank Larned, with his suave and elegant address; Capt. Backus, the son-in-law of Gen. Brady; ex-Gov. Thompson Mason, Gov. Woodbridge, B. F. H. Witherell, Augustus S. Porter, Judge Goodwin and a large number of the old lawyers of Detroit, always ready for a big fee, a frolic, a flirtation.

Major Bob Forsyth, a superb, elegant paymaster, United States army, Pierre Desnoyers, Chas. Moran, Chancellor Farnsworth, Edmund Brush, all in complete uniform; Charles C. Trowbridge, John A. Wells, aye, all the men and women of that day, full of life, hope, joyous, generous, fraternal, hospitable, were gathered there and then; and the feast of viands, of music, and of joy, and of wine went merrily on. Such a supper of elk steaks, roast venison, prairie chicken, buffalo tongues and beavers' tails, was never excelled in Detroit; and the claret, and sherry, and Madeira flowed like water, while Jamaica toddies, apple toddies, egg nogg, Canadian shrub, and hot Scotch and Monongahela whisky punches came and went, until the long and joyous feast was over; and even now, here, as memory brings back the aroma of that old Jamaica toddy and Monongahela whisky, my red ribbon trembles with the pleasant memory of long time ago.

But the lights are gone, the music has passed away and nearly all that gay and happy crowd sleep the last sleep in Elmwood, and here I sit alone a stranger, with not one single familiar face today to beckon me beside it, not one friendly hand to bid me to that table where so long ago I was a welcome guest. Such is life. Thompson Mason, Gov. Woodbridge, Gens. Brady and Larned, and Forsyth and Kercheval, and Moran and Witherell, and Farnsworth and Berrien, and Brush, where are they? And of all this crowd around these tables in this restaurant, what one single person either knows or cares that they,

these gentlemen and ladies of "by-gone times" were ever here. Pinkney, the very greatest and most eloquent lawyer of the Union, said that "Time, which changes all things, changes man more than all other things," and it is true.

And here in the Detroit of today, with its broad streets, beautiful river, magnificent railways, immense and growing commerce, we find that all is changed, and that, though wealth has increased by millions, business of all kinds outgrown the hopes of the most sanguine, that, while there are more churches, more schools, more banks, more business places, yet that in elegant hospitalities, true fraternity, kindness of heart, and the practice of Christ's most beautiful command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," the by-gones were the truest and the best. My coffee was ended, my sandwich disposed of, and as I turned from the doors of the restaurant I felt as the dove did when first coming from the ark, it found no resting place for its foot, but I offered up a heartfelt prayer for the spirits of our departed friends, and for all who joined in that house warming long, long time ago of the Detroit restaurant.

No. II.

THE FIRST STATE ELECTION.

"Memory is the purveyor of reason."—*Johnson.*

"Why seeks he, with unwearied toil,
Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
Redeem his long asserted spoil,
And lead oblivion into day?"—*Old Mortality.*

Forty years ago, just about these days, as the almanacs say, or used to say, the old democratic and whig parties of Michigan had sounded their respective bugle calls to action, and our people, then a State not yet admitted into the Union, were summoned for the first time to elect their State and county officers in the November election of 1837. That was the beginning of the political existence of this "Amœnam Peninsulam" now one of the finest, richest, purest, noblest and best states of our grand old Union; and I was there at its birth, God bless it! Today it counts a million and a half of inhabitants, then it had in the entire peninsula not more than sixty thousand people. Today its wealth may be counted by hundreds of millions, then like a new born

child it had nothing to cover its nakedness. Today its commerce sweeps over the great lakes, whizzes over a thousand railways, and whitens all seas, then a few old steamboats, a dozen sail vessels and scows, and flats transported all its products.

Now its golden harvests will yield nearly twenty millions, then we brought from Ohio and New York the bread we ate. Today our cattle and flocks roam over ten thousand miles, then Ruckminster Wight and a few pioneers furnished us with herds of cattle brought from Ohio, and droves of sheep from Ontario and Genesee in New York. Then I could count the humble school houses of Michigan on my fingers twice told, today they rise in architectural beauty in almost every square mile of the State. Then here and there plain and unadorned houses dedicated to God told of our religious culture, today temples gorgeous and beautiful in architecture, grand and sublime in style and ornamentation, costing millions of money, point their gothic spires from every city, town, village and hamlet upwards toward God's throne and thus proclaim to the world, that moral and Christian education go hand in hand with commerce, science and art; while a university, outnumbering in its pupils those of Cambridge and Oxford and Göttingen, where every branch of learning, of science, and of art, is thoroughly taught by professors, savants, and scientists, the peers of the wisest and best, gives evidence that all the sons and daughters of the State, now in its youth and beauty, are bountifully supplied with the means requisite to make them all educated gentlemen and ladies.

But of all this, "More anon, sir."

Now we have to stop a moment to look on a picture, crude but truthful, not ideal but realistic, of the first State election ever held in Detroit or the State. The harvest then, as now, was just over, the month of August nearly gone.

When the gallant whigs were invited to meet in State convention at Ann Arbor, there to nominate candidates for governor and State officers, to be voted for on the first Tuesday of the coming November, the democrats, in response to a call of their central committee, David C. McKinstry, John Norvell, Lucius Lyon, Marshall I. Bacon and Henry Newberry had taken time by the forelock, and determined to carry the State at all hazzards; had already nominated Stevens T. Mason for governor and Edward Mundy for lieutenant governor, and with that most popular ticket had thrown down their gauntlet of defiance, and under such a splendid leader as young Mason bade their enemies to combat. I need not say to the old citizens of Detroit that young Mason, just now twenty-one years of age, was the beauideal of

the democratic party, the cynosure of all eyes, for he was as fine a specimen of a young Kentucky blood as ever stood on earth. Handsome almost as that father whom the Swedish authoress on her visit here pronounced "the most elegant American gentleman she had ever met;" his manners were courtly and lordly, his hospitality boundless; with talents polished, but not of the first rank in oratory; graceful, captivating, and majestic; a voice uncommonly sonorous, sweet and musical; a face as handsome, but more robust than Edwin Booth; manner free and easy, hail fellow well met with all men. Tom Mason was the very impersonation of the young democracy of Jackson's time. And there was something in the warm grip of his hand and the jolly "How are you?" that was worth a thousand votes in every precinct where the ballot box was open.

Bear in mind that in the fall before (1836), Van Buren had been elected General Jackson's successor, and that really "Old Hickory's" will and power and influence still ruled and governed with an iron hand, while the grand old whig party had for its chieftains brave Harry of the west, that splendid, gallant, eloquent, and fiery son of Kentucky; Daniel Webster, the very greatest and ablest of all American statesmen; Willie P. Mangum, of North Carolina; John N. Berrien, of Georgia; Nat Talmadge and Wm. H. Seward, of New York; Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, *et id omne genus*. Party spirit on both sides was at a perfect white heat, where no quarter on either side was asked or given, and we cannot appreciate the importance of the first great canvass in the new State of Michigan.

Well, we met in the old court house in Ann Arbor, just now about to give way to a more imposing structure, and two days were occupied in making the journey via Plymouth Corners, where we passed our first night, and were there joined by Ebenezer Penniman and others, for Plymouth was the only whig town in Wayne county, and on the next day, after patriotic resolutions, earnest and eloquent speeches by Jacob M. Howard, Hezekiah G. Wells, James Wright Gordon, and others, the convention nominated unanimously Charles C. Trowbridge, of Wayne, for governor, and Nathaniel I. Bacon, of Monroe, as lieutenant governor, two of the oldest citizens of Michigan, two men who had done as much and contributed as much to the rise, progress and growth of the territory as any two men ever living within its boundary. Of all those nominees at that election Charles C. Trowbridge alone survives, and his life and labors are so interwoven with the conception, birth, infancy, youth, manhood, wealth, and greatness of our State that they deserve a special mention in some future sketch. It is enough now to

say that as cashier and president of the old Bank of Michigan, as secretary to Governor Cass, so early as 1820–22, as one of the vestrymen and founders of St. Paul's Episcopal church of Detroit, as manager of the Detroit and Milwaukee railway company, as an accomplished gentleman and an old-fashioned, hospitable citizen, he has been well known all over the lake country for over half a century. On that August day forty years ago, in that old court house at Ann Arbor, the writer hereof made his debut as a popular speaker in his maiden effort in behalf of Trowbridge and Bacon, and his maiden vote was cast at the election in Detroit, in November of that year, for that ticket; and now, after "life's fitful fever is almost over," after battling the match with the democrats in 1840, 1844, 1848, 1852, and so on down to this very day, he has never felt any regret for that vote and speech.

And here, in "Abbott's restaurant," where these memories come with blinding tears as he recalls the fact that almost all that grand army of democrats and whigs are sleeping in beautiful Elmwood, he drinks in silence and alone, in clear, cold water, to "Trowbridge and Bacon," to Clay and Webster, to Mason and Mundy, to Cass and Norvell.

But the first election day of Michigan, 1837, has come at last; the leaves have fallen but we have an old-fashioned Michigan Indian summer. Those, too, are now gone forever.

Sunday it rained all day, but we worked hard and fast on Monday, when the sun came out with now and then a shower.

And the streets around the then new city hall, now swept away, were deep with mud, for the clay streets of Detroit were unpaved and locomotion was carried on in the common carts of the day, and pedestrians were always clad with high top-boots, the pantaloon strapped under the feet and inside the boot legs. And so the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November came; and this was the "day big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome," the day that should determine the political name and character of Michigan, just now born into the family of states; the rains had ceased but the clouds hung low, and at early morning the hosts of democrats and whigs were moving; and the "shrill fife and rattling drum" all over Detroit called the voters to their respective quarters. But one voting or polling place then existed for all the voters of this city, and that one was the city hall, standing half way between the Russell House and the opposite corner, a very useful but not stylish or tasteful public building, in which the butchers cut up and sold meats in the market room on the first floor, while on the upper floor were the courts where the

lawyers cut up their clients during the term, and in off days it was used sometimes as a lecture room, always council chamber for aldermen, a then political club room, and, if I am not mistaken, sometimes on the sly for masked balls, fancy balls and dances, and such gay amusements, which even then were rife in the City of the Straits.

It may be that many of the old citizens of Detroit have seen a long time ago a picture not altogether like one of Michael Angelo's, but realistic, truthful and speaking, the outlines of which were taken on the ground on the election day by young Burnham, of Boston, which now hangs in the parlor of Mrs. Gen. Williams, formerly Mrs. James W. Tilman, on Woodward avenue, whose first husband was an earnest whig, and so long as he lived, treasured the picture of "The By-gones of Detroit," with care and affection; a picture which ought finally to pass into the care and custody of the Historical Society of the city, for it tells a story as truthful and honest of that election as a photograph could do, if such a thing had been.

Let us quietly enter that parlor and see that memorial of the past election of Michigan. One of the most prominent figures on the right, in rather heavy coloring, just in front of the city hall, is Col. David C. McKinstry, then chairman of the democratic central committee, a giant in size, holding in his right hand a heavy cane, while a broad brimmed slouch hat drops over his right eye, the deep gray eyes almost covered and concealed with heavy eye-brows. He was in full command of the democratic forces, which were brought early on the ground and gathered around the ballot box and inspectors of election, who, with the talesmen and challengers of both parties, are grouped in the vestibule or deep recess existing in front of the market, but inside the door. It must be borne in mind that at the time none of us wore red ribbons and McKinstry, the Tallerand of democracy, who was always in close communion with his democratic friends, while not a drunken man by any means, was a free and easy drinker, could carry on election day even his full quota of inspiration. His right hand is raised as he gives his orders to Major Stillson, who is mounted on a splendid charger covered and caparisoned like the circus horse with which the clown makes his grand entree, while he himself in the undress uniform of a brigadier general of militia, sits as Jackson did in quiet command at New Orleans. Stillson was an auctioneer, a fellow of soldierly bearing, stentorian voice, unblushing effrontery, and was the very best drill sergeant the democrats ever had in Michigan. In his hand he carried that glorious banner which caused a thrill then

in every democratic heart. "Stevens T. Mason, for governor; Edward Mundy, for lieutenant governor." And some hundred or more figures in double file crowd the picture, representing true as life the bone and sinew of the party, the rank and file of the democracy of Detroit.

Major Stillson, while listening to the orders of McKinstry, has turned partly aside to look with pride on his young chief, Stevens T. Mason, who (this was late in the day), with a hat once shiny and elegant, has manifestly been in a heavy wet, whose high top-boots covered with mud, and full dress coat, buttoned at the top with the wrong button, give him very much the appearance of Mr. Pickwick after the celebrated dining party with his club. Mr. Norvell, neat as if in the dress of the senate of the United States, always self-poised and self-possessed, stands clear down in the corner with self-satisfaction at the democratic crowd as it rolls on and on, and counting too truly that victory which was to make Mason governor, himself senator, and send Trowbridge and his troops back to private life, while Kingsbury, from Maine, shrieks out: "Three cheers! Three cheers for democracy and Mason!" In the left hand of the picture the poor whigs, doomed to defeat, are admirably portrayed; and now, after forty years, as I study that picture those "by-gones" all return.

Frank Sawyer, a scholar and a good fellow, but a sort of a whig giraffe, ordinarily very staid and sober, is manifestly now full of "Trowbridge and reform," and he is shouting loud and long to his whig comrades to "Hurry up! Come on, fellows, and give your votes, the day is almost won;" while still further in the background stands honest Jack Howard, with Websterian brow but soiled garments and very dirty boots, as if in a gale at sea, looking his utter contempt at Stillson, McKinstry and Mason, as if he would and could exterminate them all, and you can hear him, if you put your ear close to the picture, as he hisses out these words: "Vagabonds! Hinds! Throw up your greasy caps, but we will beat you at last." But we did not.

In the very front of the picture, clear outside the crowd, stands the ship "Constitution." A splendid boat, in full ship's rig, named the "Constitution," with Captain Bob Wagstaff in the chains, heaving the lead, and Eugene Watson in the shrouds, like Commodore Farragut with his speaking trumpet, bawling out: "Whigs, ahoy there! Give way! Give way, lads, for the Constitution, Trowbridge and Bacon." In the dim distance Alanson Sheley, John Owen, and a little further a crew of sailors are seen in the grand melée, which ended the day, when the democrats rushed on to the polls and were strewn like autumn leaves, all around by the heavy blows of Bob Wagstaff, Sheley

and Bill Caverly, the mate of the Michigan, just before the polls were closed; while the writer hereof in a seedy hat, torn pantaloons and wearied actions may be seen as a sort of skirmisher, evidently safe himself, driving up the democrats to the front to be knocked down by the whigs, who stood backed up against the city hall, and from whom the war-cry came often, from Sheley and Owen especially: "Give it to them, boys."

But the picture fades, the figures have nearly all sunk away into the grave. "They heed not, they have fought their last battle." Mason was elected triumphantly. The democrats carried everything, and thus they held all the offices of the government, and Charles C. Trowbridge retired from political life.

The curtain rings slowly down and the picture fades gently away, while in the dim distance we can read on the headstones of the graves the names of Mason and Norvell, McKinstry and Howard, Sawyer and Kingsbury, Wagstaff and Bacon, and nearly all the rest, gone.

No. III.

GEN. HUGH BRADY.

No. III of "By-gones" is published in Volume 2, page 573, Pioneer Collections, and consists of a sketch of General Hugh Brady and his military exploits in the Toledo and Patriot wars.

No. IV.

THE BRADY GUARDS.

The memories that cluster around Gen. Hugh Brady, naturally suggest the life and times of the Brady Guards whom the old hero used to salute as Emperor William does his troops as "my children," and no body of men who ever lived in Detroit in those by-gones deserve a better place in history than does that gallant corps.

The original organization of the Brady Guards grew out of an old

company called "The Detroit City Guards," which existed so early as 1834—was commanded by Capt. Charles L. Bull; and was drilled at times out on the commons, where now stands the city hall, by Col. Edward Brooks, who had been a gallant soldier under Gen. Jackson, a Captain of Infantry for many years, and who was a true soldier, a thorough drill-master, and one of the most humorous and witty auctioneers that ever knocked down his hammer.

In Judge Campbell's sketches of early days in Michigan, he has told in his own luminous and classic language the outlines of the history of the controversy between Ohio and Michigan, touching the southern boundary of the State, and briefly hinted at that farcial military uprising called "The Toledo War."

Gov. Mason, who was the hero of that grand epoch in Michigan's history, was not only a whole-hearted, generous, roystering Virginian, but under the discipline and influence of John Norvell, afterwards United States senator, he became a careful, shrewd diplomat; a sort of sagacious, far-seeing young Richelieu; and when he made up his mind to resist by force the aggressions of Ohio, backed up by the general government, it was all-important to enlist under his banner all the whig element in Michigan; because even then party spirit ran very high and personal encounters between ardent whigs and zealous democrats were becoming very frequent. Well, the leading members of the bar, the merchants, ship owners, sailors, fur traders, and most of the business men of Michigan were ardent whigs, and while they admired Mason and Norvell, they were yet very hostile to the democratic party and its policy. Thus, while Charles M. Bull was a sturdy democrat, James A. Armstrong, Jacob M. Howard, Frank Sawyer, John Talbott, the writer hereof, and nearly all the rank and file of the "City Guard" were very earnest whigs, and our old drill sergeant, Edward Brooks, was a very host of whigs in himself.

The time had finally arrived when Governor Mason had determined to call out the militia of the territory, and with an armed force to resist the attempt of Ohio to steal away our twelve-mile strip of land on the south, and it was all important that every Michigan heart should be fired with zeal to protect the territory, that no division of party should exist among its sons and that every able bodied man should come cheerfully to the front. Accordingly, one afternoon in early September, 1835, the City Guards were called out by executive order to drill, and at the personal solicitation of Col. Brooks, the whig young men, Howard, Sawyer, Talbott, and that set went to the commons to exercise and perfect themselves in the company evolutions. Once there,

Col. Brooks put us through the school of the soldier—the manual—the school of the company—the school of the battalion, and after marching and counter-marching, we were quietly taken to the third story of Capt. Bull's store, on Jefferson avenue, next adjoining the old Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, and then, sentinels being placed at the doors, to prevent egress or ingress, an executive order was read commanding us to move on the following morning, with arms and equipments, to Monroe, and there await orders from Gen. Joseph Brown, who was organizing troops from Lenawee, Monroe, Washtenaw and other counties, to take military possession of the disputed strip of land and hold it by armed force. Thus the City Guards became a body of *forced volunteers*, who went bravely forth to crusade for Michigan in Michigan's Holy Land.

Well, they went, and of "their moving incidents by field and flood" we shall learn more hereafter, when we come to photograph that Toledo war, but now we have in hand the old Bradys, that afterwards, in 1839, completed that organization as an independent military company of Detroit, with Isaac Rowland as Captain; Edmund Kearsley, First Lieutenant; James A. Armstrong, Second Lieutenant; — Ashley, Third Lieutenant; John Chester, Orderly Sergeant, and with John Winder, George E. Hand, Rev. John S. Atterbury, Henry Doty, George Doty, Peter E. DeMill, Christian H. Buhl, Marshal J. Bacon, and over one hundred more of such then young gentlemen, as rank and file.

Taking the name of Hugh Brady, and with a superb full-length portrait of that old hero on their flag, no sooner was it unfurled than their ranks were filled up with all the spirited young gentlemen of Detroit, and their reputation and name soon became the theme of admiration all over the Northwest. With a neat but striking uniform of cadet grey, trimmed with black and gold, each member soon became resolved to excel every other member in the style and brilliancy of his equipments, and with the old-fashioned flint lock muskets and burnished barrels the strife was constant to excel, and in many instances from $30 to $50 was expended on these weapons for mahogany stocks, extra burnishing and scouring, and as the company rapidly grew in numbers it increased in efficiency, became better and better drilled, and was an effective command. Capt. Isaac Rowland had been at West Point for several years and was a most thorough and efficient officer, while Edmund Kearsley was a native born soldier, and Gen. Alpheus S. Williams, a soldier by nature, has since proven on a hundred battle-fields what a capital soldier he was, even then, by nature; and no better drill officer, no more painstaking man ever buckled on sword than James A. Armstrong, while young Ashley, whom we soon buried,

was an active, zealous, and good officer. His place was filled by John Chester, one of the most accurate, industrious, and thorough orderly sergeants, and who combined in himself the attributes of a brave soldier, a perfect gentleman and a true Christian. Scarcely had the old Bradys learned the manual of the soldier, the evolutions of the squad, the section, the company, when real work called them to sturdier duties under the eyes of Gens. Scott and Brady, by Gens. Worth and Wool and Col. M. M. Payne, three of the most thorough martinets that ever drilled troops in any army, and there is not an old Brady today in Detroit, who, if he heard the command, "Attention! Fall in, company! Eyes right and dress!" would not instantly take the position of a soldier, complete his alignment, dress by the right, and obey all the words of command promptly and soldierly. The military existence of the Bradys had been short when the incursions of the patriots arrested the attention of the General, and he, having no regular force at his command, made a requisition on this corps for services as United States troops.

The question was taken up, and by the unanimous voice of officers and men they were mustered into the service of the United States as United States troops for three months in the fall or early winter of 1836 or 1837, and for three successive years thereafter. By a resolution of the company it was determined to *pool* the pay of the men and officers, and to expend the money in camp equipage, military excursions and drills; and so they were soon supplied with the very finest camp equipage in the United States. On the Fourth of July, 1837, they visited Niagara Falls, encamped with a regiment of infantry called Williams Light Infantry, from Rochester, on Goat Island, and were afterward entertained by the city of Buffalo—Captain Taylor being then mayor—in magnificent style and at a very large expense.

Nor were the citizen soldiers permitted by any means to be carpet knights or holiday troops or household guards. Just at the close of navigation in 1836 General Brady was advised that the Patriots were about to cross from Canada at Port Huron and take possession of the military stores, arms, cannon, ammunition and munitions of war at Fort Gratiot. There was not one solitary soldier stationed there, so he made a requisition on Captain Rowland, of the Bradys, for a sergeant and five men to go up to Fort Gratiot, take all the material there and transport it to Detroit for safety. In response to that order Captain Rowland detailed Colonel Andrew T. McReynolds, then a sergeant of the Brady Guards, with privates Alpheus S. Williams, Charles M. Bull, George C. Bates, Benjamin B. Moore, and one other, who were dispatched at

once on board the old steamer Macomb for Port Huron, where they arrived in safety, after having been frozen in on the flats of St. Clair for one or more nights. Pursuant to orders they took possession of Fort Gratiot and commenced loading up cannon, arms, equipments, small arms and a large quantity of powder in kegs, when the people of Port Huron rose up as one man and by hundreds insisted "that they would resist by force the removing of these stores, as they needed them there for protection against the Patriots themselves." Here was a situation for our old friend Colonel McReynolds, who afterward won glory and fame at the gates of Mexico; but having been born an Irishman and kissed the blarney stone of Ireland, he negotiated and treated, and parleyed, until they yielded to the five old Bradys, and they brought away all the arms and public property, reëmbarked for Detroit, were frozen in on Lake St. Clair, went ashore on the ice, and finally brought overland to Detroit all that material of war and military supplies, for which we were highly complimented in general orders from Generals Brady and Scott, and for which we subsequently received —each of us—160 acres of land as a military bounty.

During these three years of United States military service, the Bradys were the pets and students of Major M. M. Payne, United States Artillery, who afterwards was wounded in battle in Mexico and died in charge of the Military Hospital at Washington, an old bachelor, a Virginian, a martinet and as thorough a soldier as ever trod the field of battle. It was his pleasure to turn out his command, some hundreds of United States recruits, and the Bradys, form them into a battalion and drill them, and occasionally to catch them by an order of "By right of companies rear into column, march!"—by the most minute inspection of muskets, sabres, side-arms, cartridge boxes, etc., for which, if he discovered any defect, he would send a Brady to the rear, expose him, mortify him, then, after duty was over, call him up to his quarters, give him a real Virginia toddy, and then warn him "to look out in future."

During that same year and the succeeding one the Bradys were divided into detachments, one stationed all winter at the Dearborn arsenal to guard the public buildings there—military stores of large quantities and value—while another detachment here in Detroit did night guard duty at the magazine on the Riopelle farm, away in the northeastern part of the city, where afterwards barracks were erected, and where the headquarters of the Second and Fourth United States Artillery and the Fourth and Fifth Infantry were for many years stationed. In fact, until regiments of the regular army could be sent

here the Bradys and recruits constituted the sole military force by which Generals Brady and Scott preserved the peace on the frontier.

When Brady died they went with him to his grave, and then disbanded forever. At his funeral every living member in Detroit turned out, in full black dress, white gloves, white belts and side-arms, and constituted the mourning escort; and there, around his grave, after the firing escort had discharged their guns, some one hundred and sixty of the old Bradys circled around the grave and the writer hereof having made their valedictory to their old chief, they were forever disbanded.

Detroit has today 125,000 people within her boundaries, enterprising, energetic, honest people, but out of them all there are none more worthy of memory, none more deserving, none more respected than the old "Brady Guards."

No. V.

TERRITORIAL SUPREME COURT.

"As a judge he should be profoundly learned in all the learning of the law. He is to know not merely the law which you make and the legislature makes, but that other, ampler, that boundless jurisprudence, the common law which the successive generations of the State have silently built up. In the next place, he must be a man not merely upright—not merely honest and well-intentioned—this of course—but a man who will not respect persons in judgment. He shall know nothing about parties— everything about the law. He shall do everything for justice—nothing for himself; nothing for his friend; nothing for his patron; nothing for his sovereign."—*Choate.*

What a scene for a historic painting was that which took place last week away up in the British Dominions, near the Red river of the north, when a commission of military and civil officers of the very highest rank accredited by our government, the strongest on earth, sought to treat with Sitting Bull for his return to the United States, and to make with him, there in Canada, a treaty of peace between some few thousand half clad warriors of the Sioux and this mighty people of forty-two millions! Oh would some "gift to gie us" to spread upon the canvas where the whole world could see it, in such colors as would truthfully represent, not merely the silent, stoical Indian chief, surrounded by his half dozen comrades and braves,

crossing backwards and forwards over the medicine woman; swaying here and there, now and then, with his blanket drooping from his left arm, his eagle plume, sole ornament and token of his power and rank, shaking and trembling with the wild passions that convulsed that brave and honest old warrior, as he listened to the propositions which fell from the lips of the plumed warrior Terry and his confreres, but also with such shading and tinting of the canvas as should illustrate to the world the truths sent home by that honest Indian in reply to the assurances given that "if he would come home once more, smoke the calumet of peace, surrender his arms, his ponies, his warriors and women and children to the tender mercies of Indian traders—Indian thieves! Indian agents! Indian Christians! that hereafter he would be happy and his people contented, cared for, watched over and guarded by the Great Father!" Oh, what a picture was that, when, with the eloquence of truth, the sublimity of untutored oratory, with the logic of facts, he turned upon General Terry, and like Logan of old, bade them go; "that they spoke with forked tongues; that their promises were written in sand; that their offered protection was such as vultures give to lambs, such as hyenas give to the dead; such protection as plundered their homes, cut in twain their blankets, then stole one-half and borrowed the other; took flour furnished by the Indian department *nominally* to Sitting Bull and his people, but *really* sold it for the account of agents at Denver City, Cheyenne and Salt Lake; exchanged for buffalo robes by the bale at a glass of whisky each, furnished contrary to the laws of the United States, which year in and year out gave the old chief over to the tender mercies of the public thieves and robbers sent out to the Indian country clad in the garb of religion, who no sooner reached their missions at the Spotted Tail, Shoshone, Cheyenne and Arrapahoe agencies than they sang psalms and said prayers in the morning and devoted the afternoon to drinking hot Scotch Newmans, visiting the young squaws in their lodges and counting their gains made during the previons week by plundering and robbing their wards—their children intrusted to their care by the Great Father."

Let politicians, let partisans, let public thieves say what they may, Sitting Bull told General Terry the truth as it is, and as it is known to all familiar with our mountain mouse and our poor Indians, who are first driven to war and then denounced because they go to war.

If there be a heaven above us, and a God of justice who sits upon his throne there, and "that there is all nature cries aloud," then in

that heaven, before that God, this picture of Sitting Bull's triumph and truthfulness is suspended; and angels and archangels of justice will applaud the dignity, the sublimity and the grandeur of that warrior Sioux as rising in the majesty of truth and clad in the habiliments of justice, he turned his back on the American commissioners and fiercely said: "Away with ye! I know ye! Away with you! I am safe here under the protecting ægis of England's honored queen. I do defy, deny and spurn back upon ye. Your great father may be good and mean well. You, his envoys, may mean well, but your public men are public thieves. They are our Indian agents, less honest and true than the highwaymen of our Black Hills, who rob you of the money which you have just now stolen from our gold mines lying within the very boundaries of our reservation, guaranteed to us by the sign manual of your great father, U. S. Grant, the chief who saved your Union, then sacrificed us."

But it is not of this theme that I would speak today, only the event has suggested with great force a "by-gone" of Detroit of forty-four years ago, when a cause was pending in the territorial supreme court of Michigan, wherein Michael Dousman, a pioneer of Mackinaw, was plaintiff, and Duncan Stewart, an elegant Virginia gentleman, then paymaster of the United States army, was defendant. The cause of controversy was a contract made by the plaintiff with the defendant as agent of Lord Selkirk to supply his settlement on the Red river of the north with cattle, almost the very locality of Sitting Bull. That cause was on trial and the scenes connected with Pembina were vividly brought to my memory as I followed Terry and his commission to the place of meeting last week.

It was a warm, clear, beautiful morning in May, 1833, when with a kinsman and friend I entered the senate chamber in the old capitol, now the Detroit high school building, and there stood face to face with the old territorial supreme court, consisting of Solomon Sibley, George Morell, and Ross Wilkins, the former of whom, having been appointed by John Quincy Adams, had occupied the seat for many years, and the two latter of whom in the political revolution of Andrew Jackson had secured their commissions in the year 1832, or perhaps earlier. Those who consult Judge Campbell's history will find that he marks particularly the period of Jackson's accession to the White House as that which first introduced into the territory of Michigan the doctrine of rotation in office, for up to that period under Madison, Monroe and Adams, few or no changes were made in the territorial federal offices. Hence General Cass held the office of governor of

Michigan through their several administrations with great satisfaction to the people, with the highest credit and renown to himself and honor to the government appointing him.

On entering the court room the first thing which struck the eye of a stranger was the judgment seat, which, when the territorial council was in session in that chamber, was occupied by the "president of the council," an office similar to that of lieutenant governor of a state. It was hung with a rather stunning drapery of blue and gold, was surmounted by a gilded bird—which might answer to the American eagle, the dove that came out of the ark, or the owl that opens its big eyes by night and closes them by day, as the fancy of the beholder might choose—and which in times of high political excitement was apostrophized as the American eagle by Senators Drake, Kingsley, of Ann Arbor, and such eloquent speakers, while Norman McLeod, the member from Mackinaw, denounced it in one of his classic and beautiful phillipics and denunciations as that d——d old buzzard "over your honor's head, Mr. President."

The crier of the court, old Dey, was a most dignified and stately specimen of those officers in by-gone times, whose memory is embalmed in a witty *jeu d'esprit*; the joint work of Charles Clelland, Frank Sawyer and John L. Talbott in poetry, which not long since was published in a city paper by the "Histriographer" of Detroit, the president of the pioneers and the accomplished author of that beautiful poem, Teuchsa Grondie. The officers of the court were the Hon. Daniel Goodwin, United States district attorney, Conrad Ten Eyck, United States marshal, Hon. Benjamin F. Witherell, prosecuting attorney, and Daniel H. Thompson, sheriff of Wayne county, all true blue Jackson men, except Judge Witherell, and he was a whig, with a reef in his topsail, always.

Of the then supreme court bench perhaps three men more unique in their personal, mental and moral organization, more utterly dissimilar in their tastes, habits, education and idiosyncrasies, were never congregated on one seat of judgment; and while as a unit, and in detail, they were all eminently "honest and capable," yet they furnished a photograph of a judicial body composed of men, each born in a different state, each trained in a school different from the other, and wedded to the practice and rules of the locality where he was born and educated, Sibley of Massachusetts, Morell of New York, and Wilkins of Pennsylvania, were all good lawyers; men as honest and pure as any who ever sat on the bench; were anxious to lay deep and broad the foundation of justice in Michigan, and to erect thereon a

temple that should in all time, like St. Paul's in London, challenge the attention of the world, and be an everlasting monument to its architect. But each had been trained in the modes, forms and peculiarities of the law of his birthplace. Each regarded his own state as the best school of practice, where the most eminent members of the bar had been graduated, and each regarded the law reports of his birthplace as entitled to absolute authority with him on the bench. Hence, while a cause was easily settled at *nisi prius*, yet, when the court sat in *banco regis* as on this day, it required a thorough discussion and an examination of all the authorities of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and England, to satisfy this trinity and so make them a unity. Not more unlike in their mental, moral and intellectual structures were they than in their physique, and temperaments. Judge Sibley was quite short, very stout, very deaf, a most venerable, excellent, plodding, slow and careful judge, listening very patiently, studying very carefully and deciding after the most mature deliberation. His long, gray hair, large, projecting eyebrows and heavy set jaws gave him very much the air of Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, of whom Choate compared to the native's view of their Indian God: "He feels that he is ugly, but he knows that he is great," while in his manner, gait, dress and address there was a quiet dignity, a calm, deliberate action, which bespoke the judge always and everywhere. No man would have slapped him on the shoulder any more than he would Washington, and while he was not exacting or arbitrary, any lawyer who had to address him would involuntarily take his feet from the table, his hand from his pocket, eject his quid of tobacco, and address him as "Your Honor."

Born in Sutton, Massachusetts, October 7, 1769, he studied law, removed to Ohio in 1795, and to Detroit in 1797, just eighty years ago, and having been elected to the first territorial legislature of the Northwestern territory in 1799 and to Congress in 1820, was in 1824 appointed judge by John Quincy Adams, which office he held until 1836, when he resigned it, and died here in 1846, universally respected for his manifold virtues and talents, and a long life in the service of his country, without spot or blemish thereon. Had he lived till this day he would have been 108 years old; and perhaps no man ever passed his life in Michigan who went to his grave with a clearer record or his case more perfectly prepared than Solomon Sibley, chief justice of the supreme court of the territory of Michigan, forty-four years ago; and the present chief justice, whose upward march on the judicial ladder has been so steady, so brilliant, so wonderful; whose untiring industry,

intense application and persistent study have made him already in early life the Storey of the west, and has placed in his hands for revision and republication the works of Joseph Storey himself, may well follow through all his future career the good example and sterling virtues of Chief Justice Sibley.

Of George Morell, associate justice and right supporter on that bench, it may be said that he was a giant in size, being over six feet in height, of massive frame, a Websterian brow, large features, whose step and bearing always reminded one of the magnificent, dignified, old-fashioned gentlemen of by-gone times. Such men are now extinct on the bench, in the senate, everywhere. Turn to the United States senate of forty-five years ago. Contrast those men with the senators of today —Hyperion to a Satyr, Benton, Clay, Wright, Berrien, Mangum, Phelps, Webster, giants in frame and muscle as well as mind and learning. Where do we find their peers now? On the bench, too, there were men large in stature, large in mind, great in learning, big of heart, as Marshall, McLean, Thompson, Taney, Baldwin and Catton.

So it was with Judge Morell, from the State of New York. Of New England parentage, he was bred to the bar, and settled at a very early day at Cooperstown. There, his geniality, his judicial mind and thorough legal training commended him to the executive of New York, who at an early day appointed him a judge of the court of common pleas, a tribunal which in that time had enlarged jurisdiction and a mass of civil business, and sitting at times on an oyer and terminer court, it disposed of the highest criminal cases. For many years George Morell held a most distinguished position among the bench and bar of the Empire State. With a heart as big as the body that enveloped it, a sturdy common sense that always told him what the law ought to be, with a sense of justice and right so acute that he could always decide what the law was; trained in all the tactics of practice as laid down by Archold and Tidd in England and Graham, of New York, his rulings and decisions were given almost by intuition, and were scarcely ever revised. Fond of society and amusement, off the bench, he was hail-fellow-well-met with all people everywhere, but on the bench, he was every inch a judge, and as I saw him on that morning, May 13, 1833, with blue dress coat, top boots and tassels, a buff vest with gold buttons, high shirt collar, completely and neatly shaven, with his gray hair swept clean back from his lofty brow, large gray eye, and on his very large nose the golden spectacles, while he took notes of the pleadings in this interesting case of Dousman *vs.* Stewart, it seemed to me then, and so

it seems now after nearly half a century has gone, that George Morell was a natural-born judge and a good man.

In Elmwood there sleeps no more honest man, no purer judge than he was; and his decisions today may be found in the first volume of the Michigan Reports, for on the admission of our State into the Union, in 1837, he with Wm. A. Fletcher and Epaphroditus Ransom, were elected judges of the supreme court, and he continued on the bench as chief justice down to the January term, 1844.

On the left of Chief Justice Sibley sat Ross Wilkins, then about thirty-eight years of age, in the very strength and beauty of manhood, whose whole physical, mental, moral and intellectual organization was so striking and unique as to attract attention instantly as a most remarkable man. Born in western Pennsylvania, Butler county, I think, about the year 1797, of the bluest and best blood in that region, sired by a father who took an active part in the Revolution, nephew to William Wilkins, for many years an eminent United States senator, from the Keystone state, brother to a distinguished officer of the United States army, his surroundings were well calculated to assure his ambition and give him a good start in life. Educated, and thoroughly educated for the bar, he very early acquired local distinction and fame, by his earnest eloquence, his magnetic oratory, and in criminal cases, especially, he soon took a front rank among the eminent gentlemen which at that early day composed the bar of Pittsburg and its surroundings—the Biddles, the McCandlasses, the Rosses, the Forwards, and all those then well-known counselors-at-law.

In his person, manners, address and action, at that early day, Judge Wilkins was a most striking man. About five feet ten inches high, he was full and round, well knit, lithe and graceful, and clad as he was on the bench in a velveteen suit, close fitting, tightly buttoned, he might have elsewhere been taken for a well-to-do farmer or a dashing Kentucky hunter. With very handsome features, large and melting eyes, hair long and curling gracefully, like Charles Sumner's in his handsome day, with a mouth full of pure white teeth, his necktie a mere black wisp or rope and a large flowing Byronic collar; he looked the man he was—genial, gentle, generous, impulsive and good. Many years since in his old home at Tecumseh, hung a fine oil portrait of the judge, taken in his youth, and those who ever studied its outlines and features will remember its resemblance to those of the English bard, only it was more manly, more robust; indeed, in his early manhood Ross Wilkins' features, face and *tout ensemble* would remind one of the combined peculiarities of the pictures of Poe and Byron. Like

all such men, he was quick in his perceptions, instant in his judgment, clear and lucid in his reasoning, concise and precise in the statement of facts, and whether right or wrong in his conclusions he swept away business, as a chieftain does an opposing army. What especially fastened my attention was that while reading the papers and evidence in the case at bar, he moved constantly and restlessly in his chair, seemed to take the whole matter by intuition, and finally getting up and going back of the court he lighted an immense long pipe of tobacco, and circling round and round he smoked away, very much as Sitting Bull did when listening to the platitudes of Gen. Terry. But the moment the final reading was over, and the argument of counsel began, taking his seat and fixing his eye on the speaker, he never moved; indeed, seemed lost to everything but the cause. But no sooner was the argument ended than the pipe was relighted and the smoking resumed until the final business was disposed of.

While in all essentials, Ross Wilkins was a most punctilious judge, yet in non-essentials and when not actually engaged in judicial business on the bench, he exhibited an utter disregard for all the forms, shows, and modes of judicial dignity, and as a boon companion, a wit and "a fellow of infinite jest of most excellent fancy." And of course everybody loved and respected Judge Wilkins. As he advanced in life he became more calm, and less nervous and excitable; and for over a quarter of a century as district judge of the United States for the district of Michigan, he administered the law with eminent success and honor. In admiralty cases he entered upon them with zest and zeal, having a sort of passion for sailors and all the excitements appertaining to their wild and reckless life; but it was in great criminal cases that he was most at home. With the grand inquest of the State before him; drawn from every county of the peninsula, and a foreman selected by himself—generally some old crony from Lenawee like Stillman Blanchard, Sheriff Packard, or Henry Hewitt—Judge Wilkins would take up the whole scope and drift of the criminal law, and with such force of language, and such earnest appeals, would he give to them the law in charge, that no mail robber, timber thief, embezzler of postoffices, or government defaulters, could hope to escape indictment, trial, and certain conviction. Yet no judge ever sat upon the bench who was more careful and cautious in giving the prisoner at the bar every possible protection and insuring him a fair and just trial. Newberry's, McLean's, and Bissel's United States circuit court reports are full of his most important decisions, and bear testimony to the industry and patience which he put into a case of much consequence. Some of

his published charges to grand and petit juries will compare favorably with those given by the more eminent judges of our own and the English bench. Indeed, Judge Wilkins had a passion for the study and practice of the criminal law, and to him in such cases the bench was like "All the world's a stage, where men and women are but players. They have their exits and their entrances, and each man in his time plays many parts."

But he is gone, after an earnest and hard working life in the public service—

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Such is a brief photograph of the territorial supreme court of 1833 and the first cause I ever heard argued there. Of the counsel in that great cause, Wm. Woodbridge and Alexander D. Fraser for plaintiff, and Harry S. Cole and Gen. Charles Larned for defendant, all that can be said here is that if they could burst the cerements of the tomb, take their green bags in hand and enter the supreme court at Lansing, they would be the peers of any and all there, as lawyers, advocates, jurists, and logicians; while as thorough scholars, courtly, hospitable, genial and true gentlemen, they could give us lessons in good breeding, and teach that fraternity and *esprit de corps* which then characterized all the brethren of our bar, lessons which seem now to have gone with all the other by-gones of Detroit. But all that court, those judges and the counsel and officers, save Col. Goodwin, all are gone.

"They sleep their last sleep,
They have fought their last battle.
No sound can awake them to glory again."

Pardon one word more. There is one more, Col. John Winder, the clerk of that court, whom Providence seemed to have created in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and sent, so far back as 1824, to keep the records of the supreme court of the territory and those of the circuit court of the United States for the State of Michigan. Wielding a facile pen, he was the most accurate, careful, and industrious of officers that acted as clerk in the west, and so posted did he become in all matters of practice, that when lawyers were befogged and the court puzzled, Judge Wilkins would turn to Col. Winder, and in an instant the point of practice was settled. But he was wise, and over thirty years since he bought for $1,200 some ten acres then way out of town in the mud, built him a cozy home, then in the suburbs. Detroit woke up, started after Winder's ten acres, covered it all over with

costly palaces, made the old clerk rich, and there today, a retired gentleman, John Winder, with his records complete, without blot or erasure thereon, awaits the summons to come at last before that other tribunal above, "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

No. VI.

JOSEPH CAMPAU AND THE EARLY FRENCH.

"And when the stream
Which overflowed the soul, had passed away
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited on the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die and cannot be destroyed."

—*Wordsworth.*

"Bon jour! Bon jour, Monsieur Bates. Comment se va, mon ami. Il fait beau temps, monsieur."

"Ah, good morning, Monsieur Campau, oui, oui. Il fait très beau temps, mon ami."

Such was the salutation given and returned about the 5th of January, 1842, on Jefferson avenue at the corner of Griswold street, where the First National Bank now stands, then the United States court house, as Mr. Joseph Campau met and saluted the writer in his warm and courtly style. The old gentleman, as was his wont, was clad in a black full dress suit, white cravat, rolling shirt collar, clean and white as snow, and moving along with his long white hair, large gray eyes and steady, sturdy step, he was a man to arrest the attention and arouse the curiosity of all travelers on the streets of Detroit. The conversation continued as follows:

"Ah, Monsieur George, mon ami, de damn fool he come again, heh."

Not comprehending the object of the remark, or its purpose, the old gentleman raised his left thumb and over his shoulder directed my attention to the then old capitol, now the high school building, where the flag was floating over the senate and house of representatives, then just in the first days of its annual session of 1843, and as I caught the idea he repeated with humorous emphasis, as if talking to himself.

"Oui, oui, mon ami, de damn fool he come again; he make de law de tax. Sacre, mon dieu."

Which led to a long discussion, pure French on his part and conglomerate French and English on the other side, touching the constant increase of taxation, the enormous burden which our new State government had engendered, the actual poverty of men rich in real estate, in which the old gentleman in pure and perfect French lamented that law makers and legislatures, with emphasis on the ultimate, "seemed only to exist to make de tax, and on everything worn by man from the swaddling clothes that enwrap the new born child, to the coffin and the shroud of mature old age, were burdened and enhanced in cost by every kind of state, city, county, school and union taxation;" and the old man eloquent waxed warm, and his French grew more and more beautiful as he called my attention to the fact that, while in England only about seventeen articles of luxury, such as wines, tobacco, spirits, silks, jewelry, carriages, paid all their taxes, here in Michigan the bread we ate, the water we drank, the gas we used, the clothes we wore, the houses we live in, the very graves when we died, all, everything, were loaded down by legislative taxes, and what was more, said old Jose Campau, with the energy of truth, "At least one-third of all these taxes are stolen by public officers ere they reach the exchequer of the State," and had he lived until now he would have added: "Oui, oui, mon ami. As it was then, so it is now only more so."

Time that changes all things and man more than all other things has left us the taxes and tax gathering, and like the frogs and lice of Egypt, they can be found at all times, and all places everywhere, always at our births and at our funerals, with extended hands asking and exacting the tax, and it is possible that Monsieur Campau, who was then seventy-four years old, and who lived until he was ninety-four, would have survived even to this day if he had not been chased through the world and into the grave by the tax gatherer.

So long ago as 1833 Mr. Campau owned some nineteen large farms in Wayne county, and you could not turn to the right or the left in the city of Detroit, without running over Campau lots, seeing Campau houses, encountering Campau tenants, and if you entered the tax office to look at the assessment roll, you would find the name of Joseph Campau on every alternate line, while at all hours of the day one might meet the old gentleman all over the city,—always walking, though rich as Crœsus—in his same old style of dress; always courtly and chivalric in his address as if he were in la belle France; always

plodding and studying and not unfrequently talking to himself, as if still discoursing on the tax.

Joseph Campau was a marvelous French gentleman "all of the olden time," and with such friends as Monsieur Pierre Desnoyer, Major Antoine Dequindre, John Baptiste Beaubien, Capt. Frank Cicott, Charles Moran and the Bartletts, and the old French people of Detroit forty years ago, constituted a society of true, accomplished, real gentlemen and ladies, from whom in manners, conversation, sociality, true politeness in business affairs, the newcomers of Detroit may well take lessons today. In those days no man would think of lighting his pipe or cigar in the presence of ladies, or in a neighbor's house, any more than he would of taking off his shoes and stockings there; no man would pass a lady or a friend on the street without lifting his hat and giving the cordial, joyous salutation: "Bon jour, mon ami, bon jour," and no matter how hurried in business these Frenchmen, whenever they met on the street would inquire for the family and children of each other, and in those days to be seen riding or walking with a lady and smoking a cigar at the same time, would have sent the offender to the calaboose.

In true hospitality, genuine fraternity, they were a model people, fond of all social amusements, the latch string of every house in Detroit was always on the outside, and in their little unpretending dancing parties, old and young, grandfather and grandmother, joined with children and grandchildren made one grand round of mirth and jollity; while at the regular suppers and stately evening parties no persons on earth ever entertained more heartily, with more true chivalry and gallantry. To see Joseph Campau, "Papa" Desnoyer, Major Dequindre, majestic Barney Campau, waltzing and frolicing with such beautiful girls as Josephine Desnoyer, Anna Dequindre, Mary Williams, and all that set, was enough to make a young man's head swim, for it told of innocent mirth, refined and genteel social amusements among a whole people where the aged never forget the joys and pleasures of youth, and where youth always respected, revered and loved old age. Alas, that those days and those people are "by-gones!"

In that day no public meeting was ever called, no public measure ever debated, no political movement ever undertaken, without the aid and support of the French people of Detroit, and at the head of every party ticket or on it for State, county and municipal offices, you would read the names of some Campau, Beaubien, Cicott, Moran, or Bartlett.

Joseph Campau was born in Detroit on the 20th of February, 1769, lived there until 1863, when he died at the age of ninety-four years.

During the last sixty-three years of that long and interesting life he resided in the old house on Jefferson avenue between Griswold and Shelby streets, which is as notorious today as the falls of Niagara, and which all the young and bustling, driving business men of Detroit might visit with pleasure and profit. There they may learn prudence and care by examining an umbrella manufactured in Philadelphia in 1802; an anvil hammered on in his blacksmith shop in 1805; furniture manufactured in his own cabinet shop in 1797; unpaid accounts beautifully prepared and endorsed against men who died in the last century, every paper and record filed in the neatest possible manner and briefed by Capt. McKniff, his old clerk, who, upwards of half a century faithfully did work as clerk; an old working desk deeply scalloped out by Campau's left knee, which year in and year out rubbed against it, a large curvature in the windowsill produced by the same attrition, photographs taken years since of his children—everything there just as he placed it long ere nine-tenths of the people of Detroit of today were born.

And that quiet, quaint old yellow house—half trading store, half dwelling house—standing on the very spot occupied nearly two hundred years ago by Cadillac, filled with documents, writings and mementoes of seasons and circumstances and times, existing when no single being now in Detroit was living, a house where the very ghosts and shades and spirits of "by-gones" now meet and gossip by moonlight of an October eve.

There in peace as in war, in the beautiful bright days of an early spring, in the lazy sultry weather of summer, in our gorgeous, golden old-fashioned autumn, in the short, dry, crisp cold of those winters, did Joseph Campau watch the rise, growth and progress of Detroit, and from his dormer windows he saw the old Walk-in-the-water of 1819 supersede the Indian canoe, the pirogue, the scow, the coasting schooner, and then again the Henry Clay, the Niagara, the Sheldon Thompson, the New York, and finally the Illinois, the Empire, the Mayflower, and all those floating palaces of hundreds of tons burthen and speed like the wind, take the place of the old steamers. There in that old house he watched Jefferson avenue advancing upwards until it reached Hamtramck, downward along the river until it ended at Fort Wayne, and there he saw the old Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Methodist churches on the corner of Woodward avenue and Larned street, take up their line of march and reappear in St. Paul's, Christ Church, Dr. Duffield's on State street, that magnificent temple of Dr. Pierson on Fort street, and the Jefferson avenue Presbyterian edifice; Woodward avenue,

shaking the dust out of its eyes and off its feet, and through the heaviest clay and mud running miles away from the river—a splendid boulevard, a street which in architectural beauty, in lawns, shrubbery, flowers, cottages, palaces, and temples, contrasts favorably with the Broadway of New York, Beacon street of Boston, or Chestnut of Philadelphia, and where more capital, more people and more trade exist in a single business hour now than was in all the northwestern states in his early youth, the City of the Straits, beautiful Detroit, whose river, like the turquoise necklace of a splendid woman, intensifies the beauty of that neck that it entwines and that bosom on which it heaves.

When Campau first saw Detroit it was a mere military and Indian trading post. When he died it was the center of a grand civilization, where learning, art, science, wealth, culture, refinement, taste, and religion dwelt and 100,000 strangers surrounded him. Where God had his shrines, learning her palaces, art her schools, charity her asylums, and wealth its treasure houses and lordly mansions.

As a business man in early life Mr. Campau was enterprising, buying and selling real estate on a large scale, importing and improving stock, founding machine shops, cabinet shops, distilleries, and carrying on, on a very large scale, the fur trade with the Indians; and as a member of the board of British trade in 1798, and of the American fur company with John Jacob Astor in 1812, and as a public officer, trustee of Detroit, major of the militia, and a good citizen, he always was a leading man for nearly a century here. He was one of the founders of the ancient city *Conditor Latium*, and in all the parts he played upon the stage for almost one hundred years he lived in, for, and with Detroit; and an Indian trader, manufacturer, neighbor, citizen, merchant and millionaire he lived and died an honest man. *Requiescat in pace!*

Three or four or even more of his old confreres, his countrymen, his "con citoyens des etats unis" spring from the cabinet of memory and materialize themselves before our audience. Monsieur Pierre Desnoyers, that fine-looking, smiling, sweet voiced old gentleman, whose "bon jour! bon jour!" would arrest you as the voice of a lute, whose rosy cheeks, fine mouth, pure teeth and large blue eye, with that drooping lid, present the portrait of a fine old Frenchman, was born in Paris in the days of the revolution, about 1783, and educated as a silversmith. He left there when the cry of "a la lanterne," was heard in the streets, came to this country and settled first in Ohio, ere Cincinnati was born, then followed the army to Detroit, and here for a long period worked for Joseph

Campau in the manufacture of silver goods for the Indian trade. He lived to be a very old man, accumulated a large fortune for those days, and finally left a family large and respected to mourn his departure. He was a genial, elegant, delightful old gentleman, and his sons and daughters and grandsons and grandaughters are among the very "creme de la creme" of the old French people of Detroit, Pierre Desnoyers, the late Mrs. Harry Cole and family, Mrs. Jas. A. Van Dyke, Mrs. Henry Barnard, Mrs. Anna Dequindre Lansing, and a multitude of grandchildren and kinsmen some in the church, some at the bar, some in banks, in manufactories, in mercantile houses, all bear in their veins the blood and refinement, the courtesy and grace of the Desnoyers.

It was amusing, almost half a century since, to meet the old gentleman on the street, to salute him in return for his pleasant "good morning" and slyly to ask him "why he left Paris?" when, in perfect good faith, he would cock up his blue eye and laughingly say:

"Because, monsieur, I did not wish to ornament the lanterne."

Then, too, there was Col. Antoine Dequindre, whose sister married Joseph Campau. He was a Frenchman of the Napoleonic order, tall, straight, with the step of a drill sergeant and the outward and visible sign of a military man. Even in his old age he was perfectly upright, very square to the front, shoulders well thrown back, chest well drawn in and like an old French guardsman, he moved and walked like a man born for the camp. Having distinguished himself in the battle of Monguagon in 1812, before Hull's surrender, he all his life commanded the special admiration of his fellow Frenchmen as a brave old fellow.

For many a long year he was a merchant on Jefferson avenue, owned half a block just west of Woodward avenue, where the Hon. George E. Hand now has and has had his office for years and was a man of considerable wealth; but in the uncertainties and an unsafe partner in 1831 he met with disaster, and as early as 1841 he had lost nearly all he had, but died as he had always lived respected and revered by all.

But time and space fail us, and the Cicotts, Beaubiens, Bartletts, Gen. Williams and all those courtly old French gentlemen must await the future publication, by the Western Biographical Publishing Company, where they will appear.

But not only were they social and polite, good citizens, honest men, hospitable, genial and gentlemanly, but they were all Catholics, and lived all their lives and died in the beautiful faith of that holy church. No matter how gay, how joyful, how social, they never forgot "the awful circle of their holy church," and surrounded themselves with her

power and strong arm, they obeyed her mandates and sought her protection in life and in death. Of course all candid and intelligent men will bear in mind that during the last forty years in our country, as in all the rest of the civilized world, the developments and discoveries of science, the explorations of the interior of the earth, the teaching of Tyndall and Spencer, and Mill and Darwin have weakened if not sapped the foundations of all sects and denominations, and that to those who demand evidence and proof to convince the mind and to satisfy the judgment, in religious, as in all other matters, it is idle to say "*ita lex scripta est*;" that the teachings and preachings of men who can give no reason, furnish no evidence for the faith that is in them, have lost their power; that the dogma "the church suggests or commands it" has with intelligent men or women no more force or weight than a linnet singing; and so it is that while all the Protestant churches of the world have waged a bitter warfare against what they denounce as the Scarlet Woman of Rome, they themselves have from this fire in the rear from savants and scientists weakened and have lost much of the vigor of their attack, and are compelled to turn their weapon from the supposed enemy in front, to their real powerful foes in the rear.

Yet, whatever may be the general weakening of the churches of the world from this great onslaught, the Catholic church today, as then, maintains its power, extends its forces, conquers new fields, subdues new forces, and now Pope Pius IX counts on his muster roll as many nations, people and tongues as ever. Nor is it strange for a church which teaches by object lessons, as she does, the suffering and agony of Christ's crucifixion, that holds up to the heathen Chinese and Japanese, to the North and South American Indian, the beautiful symbols and pictures of Christ's birth in the manger, his holy life and agonizing death, carries therein a power to enlighten the minds and awaken the sympathies of the untutored and unlearned, which no other church does possess.

Call it ignorance, call it fanaticism, call it folly as you may, the Catholics are and always have been the only successful missionaries to the poor Indian, the benighted South Sea Islander, or the untutored savages of the world.

So it was in the "by-gones" of Detroit. The old Catholics were devoted to their church, could always be found in sunshine and in storm, in heat and in cold, constantly attentive to the forms, ceremonies and teachings of their bishops, priests and deacons; and no matter how gay and careless at other times, when holy mother church

called, instantly they responded, "I am here, Lord." So when in August, 1834, the cholera burst upon Detroit with a ferocity and slaughter that it had never exhibited elsewhere, when in sixty days it swept away ten per cent of our people—instead of seven as Judge Campbell puts it; when it crept up and down the river, along our docks, cutting down all ages, sexes and conditions; when it mounted the decks and shrouds of our vessels and men fell as if struck by lightning; when at early dawn the old French carts could be seen in line, like the commissariat of the Grand Army, marshaled by Sexton Noble, stretching away to the old cemetery, a fearful line of festering corpses, when all men, no matter how brave, seemed appalled; when we had no hospitals, no asylums, no place of refuge or safety for the sick and the dying, Father Kundig, God bless him, improvised a hospital on Michigan Grand avenue and summoned to his aid the fair daughters, sweet young girls, of the Desnoyers, the Dequindres, the Campaus, the Morans and Beaubiens, and organized them into a splendid corps of Sisters of Mercy, angels he might well have called them, and there by night and day, amidst death, disease, filth, and misery in its most frightful form, that true, Christian priest and his fair daughters fought death and drove him back, and to Protestants and Catholics administered all specifics and antidotes while life lasted, and when death came they gave to the poor, the hungry soul, the last beautiful rites of their church. Then and there alone, among those Catholic French, in all Detroit, was found an asylum for the sick and decent care and attention to the dying and the dead, and when the final record shall be made up in heaven of old times and "by-gones" of Detroit, high upon that scroll will be inscribed by God himself, in letters of living light, the names of Kundig and his brave and beautiful army of Catholic girls of our city, daughters of the Red Cross, "For verily they did unto others as they would have others do unto them." They loved their neighbors even as themselves; "They visited the sick, clothed the naked, gave drink to the thirsty, and food to the hungry." God bless them all, they shall have their reward.

No. VII.

MY FIRST DAY AMONG THE DOCKS OF DETROIT.

That was May 14, 1833, when the steamer New York on her very first voyage from Buffalo to Detroit after a three days' trip from

Cleveland, had just turned the bend of the river at Fort Wayne, as Capt. Sheldon Thompson, of Buffalo, rapped loudly at the door of my stateroom, and squirting the tobacco juice all over his fine linen bosom, exclaimed: "Turn out, turn out, young gentleman; we are just now at Detroit, the place you have been so impatient to see these last three days. Turn up, sir, turn up."

No sooner said than done. When bouncing on to the upper deck of that once famous steamer from my stateroom I looked over into Sandwich, then across the beautiful strait, and following the bend of the river, where it broadened, on the Cass front, like the Tappan Zee, on the Hudson, I first saw my future home.

The sun had risen in all the gorgeous beauty of a May morning, and glinted and gilded the river, the shore, the old French farm houses on both sides. The soft, south wind permeated everything on the land and the water; the peach and pear trees, some then one hundred and fifty years old, were covered with blossoms and the air was laden with a rich perfume, for May *then* meant *real* spring.

As that scene of quiet beauty; the old wind-mills fluttering in the wind, the French carts along the shore, the old La Fontaine and other log houses, all newly whitewashed, neat, tidy, and surrounded by cackling geese, chattering ducks, squealing pigs and lowing cattle, all of which could be heard on our deck, presented a scene of exquisite beauty, and a land so quaint, so unique, so beautiful, that at once I was in love, with it all, and oh, how glad was I to leave that splendid new steamer New York, and her warm-hearted, enterprising and funny owner, Sheldon Thompson, even then a very wealthy man of Buffalo, who came as supercargo to direct her on her trial trip. One word of her ere we land at Dorr & Jones' dock, at the foot of Shelby street. The changes in the forms, models and propelling powers of the various craft on these great lakes mark step by step the rise, progress and growth of its commerce, and the models of the various vessels from 1820 down to the present time are each pages in a great history of the Northwest. Our steamer New York was the very first on these lakes to lay aside the spars and rigging of steam brigs or vessels—as the old steamers Clay, Niagara, Pennsylvania and Sheldon Thompson were called—and to place an upper cabin, which had hitherto been considered unsafe, and, to give her great speed, she was cut up sharp as a razor at her bow and stern, so sharp that she would roll like a man half seas over; and below her main deck were two engines, fore and aft, with high pressure at that; with two sets of boilers, pointing toward bow and stern, which made

her like the fiery furnace wherein Shadrach, Meschach and Abednego were tried. The Hebrews called such steamers Gehenna; the Greeks, Hades, but in pure anglo-saxon one would denominate it a floating hell, where you would roll and pitch in a seaway, and swelter and sweat like the miners in the lower level of the Comstock Bonanza.

As she had been three long days on the voyage from Cleveland to Detroit, of course we were all glad to get ashore. About half-past seven of that heavenly morning she swung alongside the dock, and amidst the rattling of chains, the hoarse bawling of seamen and mates, she finally swung against the dock, and her first voyage of life was ended.

Jumping on to the land, ours was just begun. Instantly, even at that early hour, a sturdy, quick moving, earnest and robust gentleman stepped alongside, and, with old-fashioned cordiality, greeted Captain Thompson as a friend. As they stood there they were a pair to attract attention.

The new comer was De Garmo Jones, a man about five feet ten inches, very quick in his movements, very stout, weighing perhaps over two hundred pounds; very muscular, with a large, round head; very quiet in manner; of few words, but evidently a man born to command, to succeed, to accomplish, and although in early life deprived of much education, he had worked his way, even then, at about forty-seven, up from a drummer boy of 1812, to become a man of extended business, large wealth, great power and influence, and who, after being mayor of Detroit, senator from Wayne county, alderman, etc., died prematurely in early middle life, leaving a vast estate, very large business affairs, and the respect and esteem of all who knew him. Sudden and quick in quarrel, with a temper always requiring a curb bit, Mr. Jones was a sort of western Vanderbilt, with a great big head, enlarged views, untiring industry, who saw far ahead into the future, and had he lived longer, would have cut deeper and deeper into the tablet of time his career, for he was a most public spirited, enterprising, go ahead man. Born at Erie, Pennsylvania, or coming there young, a mere boy, he was trained by old Mr. Reed, the father of the late Hon. Charles M. Reed, and what teaching he had came from him, who died years ago, a millionaire, a great ship builder, ship owner, and commission merchant of western Pennsylvania. Coming to Detroit so early as 1819, and bringing with him as his wife one of the most dignified, beautiful, stately and lady-like women of the olden time, he bought a farm just below the Cass farm, and there in an old French log cabin, beautifully modernized and most richly furnished, they always enter-

tained in a style of true western hospitality; and under those low ceilings and burnished beams, just above one's head, on the richest carpets, surrounded by fine paintings and engravings on real old fashioned solid mahogany, from pure silver goblets and trays, they dispensed viands and liquids that would have graced the homes of the magnates of our land.

In those "by-gones" it was the fashion for all the rich of Detroit, and even the poor, to hospitably entertain their neighbors, and to make all strangers at home here—a fashion that seems to have gone with many other of the good things of those days. Such was De Garmo Jones, as he met and saluted his *confrere*, friend and kinsman, a man very like him, Sheldon Thompson, who, at Black Rock, so early as 1826, built the Clay, the Niagara, and afterwards the Sheldon Thompson, and after a long and successful life there as commission merchant, ship owner, mayor, I think, died at an advanced age, leaving a very large estate, a most respected and beloved family, and whose name today in Buffalo is respected and revered.

The two partners of Mr. Jones at that day were Josiah R. Dorr and Benj. L. Webb, both young men from Vermont, who came here, and under the patronage and by the aid of their strong-shouldered friend, accumulated very early in life handsome estates, but which in the great financial whirlwind of 1841–5 were swept away, and they both died a long time ago, childless and penniless, substantially.

But at last Uncle Benjamin's, the dear old Steamboat Hotel, at the corner of Woodbridge and Randolph streets, furnishes a nice breakfast, of which more anon; and at once the work of doing Detroit along the docks begins under the chaperonage of a friend who had lived here since 1821, and so we countermarch and go at once to the most southerly warehouse and ship yard of Oliver Newberry, where we found the steamer Michigan on the stocks in the yard, where hundreds of calkers and shipwrights are hammering at her sides, while Capt. Chesley Blake is going here and there, a giant in size, a hero in battle, with a voice like the speaking trumpet of old Boreas himself, guiding and directing the work.

Here we met that most extraordinary of all Detroit's early business men, Oliver Newberry, looking on; now listening to this crew, now that; now pulling that long hair over that strange brow, deep creased in thought; anon taking off his hat, full of papers, accounts, drafts, money and everything else, then replacing it, and taking all Capt. Blake's suggestions and directions as if he were the owner and builder, and Newberry, the subaltern. New then to life and the world, no such

duet of men had ever yet been met; and now after an experience of almost half a century in all the parts and places, the mountains and valleys of our great west, time and again, and all along its grand lines of transit by sea and land, no two such men are remembered. Siamese twin giants, *Arcades Ambo*, nautical Damon and Pythias have ever been seen. Old Blake was almost six feet three inches in height—a very giant in all his being, hands like Old Bluebeard, arms like a gorilla, jaws like a boa constrictor, chest like a volcano just about to heave, and such a voice! Why, in the midst of a storm on the lakes when his vessel was heaving and surging, he would give his commands with such power, accompanied by such oaths and expletives, that the very shrouds and rigging would tremble, that the lightning would cease and the thunders would only mutter and murmur; and in a life of forty years on the lakes he never scratched the paint from his ship or touched bottom or shore.

Born in Maine, he was in boyhood a sailor before the mast. When the war of 1812 broke out he entered a Maine regular regiment, the bloody Ninth, so called, was made sergeant and, at the fearful battle of Lundy's Lane, in 1813, where Scott charged up the hill time and again, and then retreated down before the British fire, and where, finally placing himself at the head of that Maine regiment and mounting his white horse with a long white plume, he said: "Boys, follow me. I have faith that this bloody Ninth will carry and hold those heights. Wherever you see this white horse and this long white plume, you will know where I am."

And they did follow him until they saw white horse and plume and Scott all tumbled to the earth; whence he was carried off with Worth, and Wool and Brady. But on kept the bloody Ninth and old Blake, one of its ordinary sized men, until the heights were taken and held, and until that regiment, going into battle nearly 500 strong, had a mere handful left and were marched off the field by Blake as their sergeant, all its commissioned officers having been killed or wounded, and for which Chesley Blake was made then and there first lieutenant for gallantry on the field.

No sooner had that war ended than Blake came to the lakes, entered the service of Oliver Newberry, and, as master of the schooner Jackson in 1816, and so on down to the steamer Michigan of 1833, the Nile of 1841, the Illinois of 1845–9, always with Newberry, always swearing to leave, yet always standing by his ship, and Uncle Oliver. He finally died of fear. Blake could face all the storms and tempests that ever swept the sea; he could rush in blood knee deep unto the

cannon's mouth, as at Niagara; he could wade in blood before a British regiment; but when he encountered the cholera he quailed—he caved—and finally fleeing to Lake Superior he spent a month or more in the very bowels of the earth there, then ventured back to Milwaukee, where he took the cholera, convalesced and seemed about to recover. But that night his old ship, the Nile, went ashore. News was carried to his bedside, he arose, and with a Blake adjective, said "he would go to her rescue," put on his pants, drew one of his cyclopian boots half on, and with uplifted foot he died. His last words were: "Save my ship." Thus demonstrating in his case the truth of Eugene Sue's horrid picture of cholera before Paris, when this fearful fiend laughed and screeched out: "I kill only one-third, and fear ends the remaining two-thirds of all its victims."

But to return to Oliver Newberry. Born in Connecticut about the last decade of the last century, he migrated early to Buffalo—say about 1809–10—kept a small grocery there, dealing largely in salt and fish. But the moment war came, like a true patriot as he was, he shut up shop, and in some capacity joined the army of the Union. After the burning of Buffalo, and peace, he came on foot to Cleveland, and finally worked his passage to Detroit, where, some time in 1816, he commenced business here on the docks, dealing largely in salt brought from Syracuse, trading in apples and fruit, which, so early as that day, were grown here in great perfection. Having little or no education, but a huge brain, wonderful foresight, sagacity and wisdom, and being always the very soul of honor and honesty, he thrived and grew, and soon among lake men, from Buffalo to Green Bay, was known by the sobriquet of "Admiral of the lakes." Having begun his business with the old schooner Jackson he soon became a contractor to carry supplies to Fort Brady at the Sault, to Mackinaw, Fort Dearborn at Chicago, Fort Howard, Green Bay, Fort Gratiot, Port Huron; and then commenced his extraordinary career as a ship builder, and being a sort of Napoleon himself in his ideas, he formed a wonderful attachment to the grand emperor himself and proved it by naming his vessels the Napoleon, the Marshal Ney, the Marshal Soult, the Austerlitz, the Marengo, the Jena, the Nile, and so on; and each one of these ships brought him fortune, business and fame, and his business prospered and grew, and he commanded the entire confidence and good will of all the old officers of our army on the lakes, and year in and out supplied all the military posts of the Northwest. He was a strange looking old bachelor. His face was wrinkled like an orang-outang, his brain very large, projecting forehead, deep sunk eyes, and his long hair was

always straggling over his face like a Piute chief, and when in study of mind he had the trait of pulling and twisting his forelocks; when he sat in a chair it was thrown clear back against the wall, and his feet dangled in the air like Quilp in his hammock. He was a man of few words, but how they did tell!

Like Napoleon, he was a fatalist and traded on his "luck," and his vessels, bearing the charmed names of Napoleon's early career, were always in *luck*. In early December, 1835, news came "that the Post of Mackinaw was out of supplies, and that the Indian agency and troops there would starve ere spring came unless some vessel could reach them." Old Oliver at once ordered the Austerlitz, which had then been laid up, to be put in commission, put a double set of officers, Capt. Augustus McKinstry and Bob Wagstaff aboard of her, with John Stuart and another first mates, and a double crew, loaded her to the gunwales, with all kinds of supplies, ordered her to proceed to Mackinaw, relieve the people there and return that fall, a voyage then deemed madness at that late season, but the old gentleman went to work making bets—he was a grand sportsman—and actually he did bet several thousands of dollars "that she would return by Christmas," and sure enough, down the Detroit river, on Christmas, 1835, she came with every rag of canvas spread, and rounded to at her dock; making by the trip a very large sum of money.

Betting on his luck, he went on building the steamer Michigan, then the Nile, then the Illinois, then the Michigan again, and finally the most beautiful brig that had ever been launched and he grew richer and richer, and all was gold that came to the old warehouse of O. Newberry.

But the brig went to Buffalo full laden, and after departure a consignor came to get insurance on his part of the cargo, when Newberry, having faith in his own luck, took a *verbal policy* on her freight. The brig stranded, lost her cargo, and the very moment the news came he settled and paid up the verbal policy for thousands. There were no Pembrokes in the insurance business in those days, and with that loss his luck seemed to turn, and from that time until his death he struggled with fortune and fate, and instead of leaving millions to his nephews and nieces, like his brother Walter, he left a small estate, part of which, Oliver Newberry like, he gave with Nancy Martin to the Detroit Hospital. His brother Walter by the bounty of Oliver died worth four millions, tied it up like a miser—and just now a court has cut up the will and given the property half to the Public Library of Chicago, and the other half to the large number of heirs of his brother's. But while

the name of the one will live so long as the water of Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Michigan shall wave, as an enterprising, benevolent, active Western merchant, that of the other will be lisped gratefully by those who regard wealth as the grand aim and object in life. Oliver Newberry from 1836 down to about 1849 was deemed worth millions, but he died comparatively poor.

In his early business career his accounts were kept in a salt barrel, his correspondence was scattered through the warehouse like the sybiline leaves, and disorder reigned seemingly all through his business. It was his wont to carry money and papers in his old straw hat, and in a trip around the lakes in 1836, in that splendid old steamer Michigan, when playing brag, as he did high and deep, he would take the old straw hat off and bring forth hundreds and bet it as indifferently as most men would dimes. But in 1832 there came to him from the Hudson, James A. Armstrong, one of the most correct, thorough, skillful and industrious clerks that ever opened a ledger. Like the brothers Cheeryble, he was always at his post, always at his work, always doing good to all around him, while the entries in his daybook, journals, ledger and letter books, as if engraved in copper, are today marvels of exactness, correctness, and without blot, erasure or interlineation.

From 1832 for many years he was to Oliver Newberry his official right hand, his phonographer, letter-writer, his man of all work, and the two seemed to be needful each to the other. After many years Mr. Armstrong entered the arena of business for himself, and as commission merchant, cashier of banks, secretary of insurance companies, had the varied successes and losses of commercial life in Detroit during those disastrous times from 1839 down to about 1862, but in commercial success and disaster, in sunshine and storm, he always pursued "the noiseless tenor of his way," always bore himself with kindness toward all, and malice toward none, and with a conscience as clear and life unspotted as his ledger, he went to sleep in 1874, and, "leaving on earth no blot on his name," rests now with his old commander, Oliver Newberry in yon beautiful Elmwood. There let them lie. Other men have died richer—other men have gone to the grave with the full tide of fortune sweeping on; but none ever slept more respected by those who knew them best and loved them most. But we must hurry along the docks up the river, as our long weary day of 1833 is nearly ended.

There are the Messrs. Gilletts, Reynolds and Shadrach in the old red warehouse devoted to business, honest, hospitable, successful, there also Jim and Madison Abbott, in the warehouse of James Abbott, and

at the dock lies the steamer Uncle Sam, commanded by Capt. James McKinstry, of the United States navy, but on leave and doing civil duty, and old horseshoer Robinson as mate, with his long hair and squeaking voice, who used to order the wheelsman to "port there—port a leetle, I say." A sort of Yankee fresh water sailor.

Passing on at the foot of Bates street, I saw standing in the full flush of youth, and hope beside, Elliott Gray, and as his then young partner, Samuel Lewis, now a silver gray, straight, active, polite, a true gentleman of the old school, who is rich, but not spoiled nor penurious, who enjoys the goods that God provides him, but never forgets his old friends, and whose then young brother Alex., a mere boy about the docks, has nearly ended his most brilliant and successful administration of Mayor of this dear old city.

Such was my first day along the docks of Detroit and such the style of commission men who then managed the lake commerce of a city containing about 3,000 inhabitants—now the commercial metropolis of Michigan, the abode of 125,000 people, and the spot where millions upon millions of the products of this beautiful peninsula are exchanged.

No. VIII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE MIGHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

A year has rolled away since our visit along the docks of Detroit, and now this morning is May 12, 1834. Still, bright, beautiful and soft; for in those times after a brief, dry, crisp winter of about sixty days, the ice would go out of Detroit river about March 20; gardens were made early in April, and lettuce and radishes shipped hence to Buffalo six weeks before gardening began there. Those were good old times when the Indian summer lasted clear up to Christmas, and as in 1838, plows were going in our prairies and oak lands all winter long, and steamboats came and went every month in the year save February.

It is now nine o'clock in the morning, and directly in front of the old Mansion House, then kept by Mr. Boyer, a handsome barouche is standing, somewhat overladen with Indian blankets, lunch baskets, champagne baskets, trunks and other travelers' baggage, to which

carriage are harnessed two fine horses, while two extra ones are fastened in the rear; and the driver a regular Kentucky darkey, acting as purveyor and postilion both, gets ready for the long, long journey to Chicago. As an assistant to the driver an Indian boy about twenty years old, named Tomma, makes himself busy while the two young gentlemen about to depart go into the Mansion House to take a farewell drink and shake hands with all their friends ere they commence the perilous journey of six long days across the "*Amœnam Peninsulam*" of Michigan. The one of these two travelers was a very stout, robust, red-faced, blue-eyed man, then just twenty-seven, built like a bull buffalo; strong, thick-necked, alert, quick as lightning in all his movements, dressed in complete semi-Indian traveling costume, as Gen. Schwartz called it, with moccasins on his feet, the old Canadian capote on his arm, all marking clearly the Indian trader of that day; while his companion was a pale, slender curly haired young man, just of age, not weighing over one hundred and twenty pounds, neatly, rather fashionably clad for those days, who, just admitted to the bar in Michigan after a six-hour examination in Gen. Witherell's office on Jefferson avenue, by Judge Goodwin, Alexander D. Fraser and Judge Witherell, was now going to Chicago to settle and commence the practice of law there. The elder one of the two was Major Robert A. Kinzie, who died about three years since as paymaster in the United States army; who in 1836 was worth millions by his entry on the north side of the Chicago river, of the "North fractional section 10, town 4 north, of 3 west," a property today worth fifteen millions of dollars, while Major Bob, his brother, Major John A. Kinzie, and the entire family, all died poor, save Mrs. David Hunter, now living in wealth and ease in Washington; and not one foot of the Kinzie addition of 110 acres now remains to the family, save an insignificant lot or two to Gen. Hunter. The younger gentleman, whose curly auburn hair, light build and flashy manner betokened youth and hope, and whose dress and address told of one green in the ways of the west, may now be frequently seen, with hair white as snow, robust body, weighing one hundred and seventy, driving up and down the Union Pacific railway, making himself at home at Grand Island, Cheyenne, Laramie, Evanston, in all the saloons, visiting all the printing offices, and writing articles for the "mountain press," traveling by stage to the Black Hills, and giving back to the road agents fees taken from them in Utah, waiting on the courts of Zion for the trial of the great case of Bates vs. the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints, or attending the funeral of

Brigham Young, and soothing the sorrows of the seventeen widows all in deep mourning; or you may find him like Old Mortality, in beautiful Elmwood, at mornlight, studying the names and bending over the graves of the Bradys, the Larneds, the Coles, the Forsyths, the Kercheevals, of these long gone days, thus finding enjoyment in his memory of "by-gones" and companionship with the dead who lie in this beautiful abode; and whatever fortune or misfortune may have overtaken him he still pushes on full of health, strength, happiness and hope, and with energies unflagged and eyes undimmed still sees in the near future, now as then, wealth lying in his pathway, and plenty of hard work—man's greatest blessing—until he shall fall asleep with his old comrades, and find his resting place among the mountains of Wyoming, or Colorado, or, perchance, alongside James Duane Doty, in the cemetery of Camp Douglass, at Salt Lake, the most beautiful spot on earth.

The two travelers enter the carriage, the colored driver and Indian Tomma mount the box; and around the departing stylish coach are grouped Lieuts. Heintzleman, Center and Berrien in the beautiful undress of the United States infantry, Lieuts. Poole, Brush and Sibley in that of the artillery, while Maj. Bob Forsyth of the staff, and Mr. Kercheval, all bade us adieu. On the balcony stands Judge Morell, large as Washington, Ross Wilkins, Thomas Sheldon, John Norvell, John A. Wells, George B. Martin, John Chester and a great crowd of Detroiters to say farewell, and as we start to the west, away from Newberry's dock swings the steamer Michigan with her splendid cabin, two beam engines—low pressure—Old Blake, like Neptune on the pilot house, and on she plunges like a fiery horse to the eastward. We go for Chicago via Ypsilanti, over the old territorial road. "Night had long closed in, had let her curtain down and pinned it with a star," planets were shining over the deep woods that lay along our road for the first thirty miles, when with a broken tongue, a twisted axle tree, we reached Ypsilanti. Kinzie and his companion on the extra horses, and the negro and Indian Tomma dragging in what remained of Dr. Abbott's $600 barouche. The next day with great industry and labor, carried us to Knickerbocker's, where Jonesville now is. The next to Marsh, an old Indian trapper's about where Coldwater now thrives. The next at White Pigeon where there was quite a settlement; the next at Egbert's, near Door Prairie. The last night to a log tavern on the lake shore, where some forty of us slept in one room, near where Michigan City now stands, and where, looking through the crevices between the logs, we saw a magnificent thunder storm, with vivid lightning, on the lake. And finally, on Saturday,

our sixth day, about 11 a. m., we arrived at Chicago, and on the rolling ground near Twenty-second street we were met with Indian whoop and loud huzzas in Indian-French, by Mark Beaubien, Medor Beaubien, Bill Forsyth and other Indian traders, and welcomed to Chicago, then having a population of about 600 white people and 6,000 Indians. Our ride was delightful, for the woods were all alive with the encampments of the Pottowattomies of the lakes and the prairies, and as Kinzie, the adopted son of old Billy Cauldwell, their chief, could speak Indian as correctly and fluently as English, as we met the beautiful Indian maidens, decorated with wild flowers and draped in their most bewitching costumes, who with true pioneer hospitality invited us to visit their encampment, we had one continuous round of feasting and merriment, and a new page in the book of life was then opened by the simplicity, the generous hospitality and the cordial entertainment by these beautiful daughters of the prairies. Last Friday the younger of these travelers being called on business to visit the great metropolis of today, Chicago, went on board a palace car of the Michigan Central, took his seat in a great arm chair, upholstered richly enough for the Queen of England—surrounded there by many young fashionable lady travelers, dressed in modern style, hair frizzed and frowsy over the eyes, like a skye-terrier, train long like the ladies of Queen Anne's bed chamber, eyelids dyed deep like the *femmes* of the can-can in Paris, gloves buttoned up to the very elbow joints and a dress fitted tight to the form like a straight-jacket—very becoming in a voluptuous, large, round and elegantly moulded woman, but death and destruction to a meagre, thin, spare, skeleton like girl—with new books every few minutes, newspapers and periodicals from all parts of the country, pears from California, figs from Florida, oranges from Louisiana, grapes from everywhere, in a coach as beautiful as any room in Buckminster Palace, servants, conductors, porters, etc., in handsome livery, everything in royal splendor, he whirled on to Chicago in nine hours, went to bed in the Palmer Hotel, a palace equal in size, splendor, equipments and furniture to the Palais Royal of France, Balmoral Castle in Scotland, or Osborne House on the Isle of Wight; and there, surrounded by marble pillars, gilded capitals, frescoes as beautiful as in the Vatican, he went to sleep in a city of half a million of people; but all his old comrades and companions were gone. The contrast between those two trips to Chicago in 1834 and 1877 suggest to our memories the beginning, the growth and the present condition of the Michigan Central railway, one of the grandest, most perfect and best managed routes of travel between the Atlantic and the tranquil sea, one bright link in

the brilliant chain which binds New York to San Francisco, which ensures us forever "one country, one constitution, one destiny."

Everybody, old and young, who has ever studied the topography of Michigan, knows that for forty miles in every direction around Detroit lies one heavy timbered, level, muddy plain, where the soil is alluvial on the surface and a cold, squeasy, heavy clay beneath, through and over which, even now, transit is almost impossible. But no one save the early pioneers of this region can tell the horrors of travel over the same region forty years ago. Through a forest where elm, beech, walnut, maple, fir, and basswood sprang to the very skies, shutting out the rays of a midday sun, a black, sticky road was cut, and when the rush of emigration commenced in 1830, all those highways were cut up with slough holes, dug-ways and morasses, through which it seemed impossible to drag a stage coach or a heavy laden wagon. Yet all the roads leading from Detroit were crowded with them, and it was no unusual sight in those days to see in early morning half a dozen superb covered coaches starting away, while a whole long day would be used up in making Mount Clemens, Pontiac, Monroe, or Ypsilanti, and members of the bar, elegantly mounted in going the circuit, would spend twelve hours on horseback in reaching the Huron bridge at Ypsilanti. Except the road through the Black swamp, from Toledo to Lower Sandusky, there were no more fearful and horrid roads to be found than all those leading out from Detroit in 1833 to 1837. Not unfrequently emigrants were three days reaching Ypsilanti, and a loaded team from Ann Arbor to Detroit via Plymouth Four Corners and return would occupy nearly a week. Hence, so early as 1830, a railroad became the subject of public attention, and in 1832, January 29, the legislative council passed an "Act to incorporate the Detroit and St. Joseph Railroad Company," and authorized John Biddle, John R. Williams, Charles Larned, E. P. Hastings, De Garmo Jones, James Abbott, of Detroit, and sixteen others in the interior, to open books, get subscriptions to its capital stock (one and a half millions), and build a road from Detroit to St. Joseph, Berrien county, at the mouth of the St. Jo river; and now in reading over all that list of twenty-one corporators we find that only two are living today, viz.: Hon. Cyrus Lovell of Ionia, and Talman Wheeler now of Chicago. "Dead, your majesties; dead, my lords and gentlemen; dead, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order; dead, oh, men and women born with heavenly compassion in your hearts, and dying thus around us every day"—twenty out of twenty-two. Nothing, however, was done under the charter, and in 1835, by an act of the legislature, the time was

extended two years to open the books and organize under the charter, and in July, 1836, in the office of Bates & Talbott, under the old Bank of Michigan, three doors east of King's corner, the books were opened by a committee composed of Major John Biddle, General John R. Williams, Eurotas P. Hastings, De Garmo Jones, James Abbott and Oliver Newberry (General Larned had died of cholera in August, 1834), and Geo. C. Bates was made secretary *pro tem.*, and John L. Talbott treasurer, and the first four subscribers for the stock of that road were:

Lewis Cass, by E. A. Brush	$25,000
John Biddle	25,000
Robert Smart	25,000
Dr. Brown	25,000
Total	$100,000

The last two being Siamese Detroit old bachelors, living side by side, and so united in heart and soul that whenever one took a drink of Scotch whisky the other smacked his lips and took one also, and when Brown snuffed, as he did frequently (they were both Scotchmen), old Robert Smart always sneezed, and in every business matter when you secured the aid of one you had both; indeed, they were a beautiful duet in unity, and lived and died almost simultaneously, both glorious, penurious, jolly old Scotchmen "all of the olden time," and if you pass near their resting place in Elmwood of these beautiful autumn evenings, and stop and listen you can hear their old spirits laughing and chatting over the wonderful progress of that great railway begun by them, and realize on the night air the odors of that glorious old Usquebaugh which mellowed their hearts and made them love each other as "na twa" other old crusty bachelors ever did. Well, the stock of the Detroit & St. Joseph railroad was taken after much delay, great and earnest solicitation by some men who subscribed nothing, and liberal subscriptions of Trowbridge, Newberry, Jones, Conant, Major Whiting, and that class. Major John Biddle was made president, Charles C. Trowbridge, Oliver Newberry, E. A. Brush, Shubael Conant, Henry Whiting, J. Burdick, Mark Norris, and C. N. Ormsby, directors; John M. Berrien, chief engineer; Alex. I. Center, assistant engineer; and Alex. H. Adams, secretary and treasurer, out of which list there are just three survivors: Charles C. Trowbridge, Alex. I. Center, of New York, and A. H. Adams, the highly respected cashier of the old Detroit Savings Bank. Under the auspices of the Detroit & St. Joseph railroad company patches of grading and tieing were made between

Detroit and Dearborn in the summer of 1837, and a large body of Irish democrats were employed, whom Jerry Moore, James F. Joy and Geo. C. Bates undertook to persuade to vote the whig ticket for Trowbridge, Bacon, and reform, but who utterly failed, although large meetings were held at Wayne, and Joy and Bates spoke eloquently for the ticket, and the two former spent Saturday night and all day Sunday in their railroad camp, parting with them Monday night before the election in the full confidence that at least three hundred good and true Irish whig votes would be given in the township of Nankin, Wayne county, a confidence that was entirely lost, with the votes, in the mud of that beautiful township.

The entire expenditures of this company were, in round numbers, $140,000, but no part of the road was finished.

In 1837 the State of Michigan organized a board of internal improvement commissioners, and David C. McKinstry, Justin Burdick, Shubael Conant and two others—three democrats and two whigs—were appointed, bought out the road and all its franchises, and finished it to Dearborn in February, 1837, to Ypsilanti in 1838, to Ann Arbor in 1839, to Jackson in 1842, and to Kalamazoo in 1843. Of course the construction was in the cheapest, easiest style. Wooden road bed surmounted by flat, thin rails, which not unfrequently rolled over the wheels, rushed in the form of "snakes heads" through the cars, and as in one case witnessed by the writer, impaled a woman to the top of the car, as boys do flies with a pin. But the State became embarrassed, as it always will in the management of private enterprises, party feeling controlled the commissioners, and everything went to the bad, with the internal improvement schemes and plans of Michigan. But there was here in Detroit at that time, a far-seeing, big headed, sagacious lawyer, a man of untiring labor, plucky as a Nemean lion, whose New England education and constant daily toil had already placed him in the very front rank of his profession, who looking clear away to the great west through the shadows of half a century, saw that that rickety, ill managed railroad would become the thoroughfare of a million and a half of Wolverines, and a burnished link in a steel chain from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate of California, and filled with spirit and energy and zeal he enthused Boston and New England with his own horoscopic views of "the star of empire taking its western way," and they being captivated with his thoughts bought out from the State of Michigan "the Michigan Central railway, paid $2,000,000 and sent John W. Brooks as president, and James F. Joy as solicitor, counselor, *aid-de-camp*, to push on the column, build the road, not to St. Joseph,

but to Chicago; and to construct it in the most perfect, substantial manner, to equip it with engines that should outstrip the winds, and like the discovery of Archimedes, having a "place whereon to stand, should move the world;" to place on its road bed rails, to give it the most airy, comfortable and splendid cars; to furnish weary travelers with night palaces as gorgeous and comfortable as the bridal rooms of Monte Christo, to put its servants in a superb livery and to make them attentive, respectful and kind to all passengers, and behold! you newcomers to Michigan, you have them all in absolute perfection. "*Si quæris monumentum ingenii,*" *circumspice* "the Michigan Central Railway," and "render unto its master builders the things that are theirs." But not only did this young Yankee lawyer press on with fiery energy the Michigan Central railway to its natural terminus, Chicago; but being there he looked away across the Mississippi, saw the plains of Illinois burdened with corn at five cents per bushel. Saw as in a vision the beautiful valley of the Platte, 800 miles of garden; and soon he organized, equipped, and continued the Michigan Central by and through the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Roads to Burlington in Iowa and Quincy, in Illinois; paused to take breath, crossed these rivers with two beautiful iron bridges, linked up the Hannibal and St. Joseph Road, and finally brought up at Baxter Springs, in the Indian country, on the one hand; then ferried over the Missouri at Plattsmouth, and ended substantially "the Michigan Central Railroad" at Fort Kearney, in Nebraska, a distance of seven hundred miles west of Chicago.

The last day of October it chanced that the train crossed the splendid iron bridge from Burlington coming east just at sunrise, and breakfast was served in the hotel car. Jo. Miller, the son of old Morris Miller the colored gentleman who for years served in the "By-Gones of Detroit" as caterer and cook, was head waiter, and his assistants all colored boys of Detroit; and there as the sun shot up and down the Father of Waters; and a breakfast was served on that beautiful iron bridge, whose tracery like a spider's web swung high above the waters, giving to all the viands and fruits and coffees and teas of all climes, in a breakfast room as ornate and beautiful as those of the cafés of Paris, my memory went back to the by-gones in the beginning of that railroad in the office of Bates & Talbott in 1836; and my heart swelled with gratitude to the head that had conceived, the energy and ability, the untiring pluck, which has eventuated in that superb Michigan Central Railroad from Detroit to Baxter Springs on the one hand, and Fort Kearney, in Nebraska, on the other.

These same Boston Yankees, inspired and goaded on by that driving

Detroit lawyer—now a grey-haired but energetic man—have brought here and spent over $100,000,000 in the west since his connection with this road, and a population of half a million of hard-handed, brave-hearted, industrious laboring men—engineers, firemen, stokers, track-layers, etc.—now live along this mighty line, in neat, cosy houses built with the money expended through that *one* instrumentality; and their wives and families are fed and clad and educated with the streams of money that have flowed through that one single channel from 1846 down to the completion of this grand work in 1876.

True it is that we have had short crops; true a great financial panic has swept over the land; true, that these roads like all others, New York and Erie, New York Central and Pennsylvania Central, have not made dividends these last three years; true, they were compelled to cut down wages to their employés, and curtail expenses, as all other persons do, but what of that? Fifteen millions of people are worth more than they would have been without them. Fifteen millions of people ride over them; market on them; live on them and through them, and even now the increased traffic is filling their treasuries, and increased wages and work are making the grand army of employés happy.

Your Railroad Commissioner reports that in 1876 the Michigan Central Railroad (old line) had expended $35,000,000; that its cash receipts last year was $5,500,000, and its expenses were $3,500,000, of which the taxes paid to Michigan were, in round numbers, $176,000; and the muster roll of workmen, independent of the palace car servants, must amount to 15,000 people; while in 1846 the gross earnings were only $209,300, and total expenses $86,167. "Look on this picture, then on that," and see if the mind of man can measure the blessings to the Northwest of the Michigan Central Railroad, and the debt of gratitude due to its herculean architect, builder and founder.

But one thing in connection with this great railroad is so novel, so extraordinary, so unprecedented as to challenge astonishment to this whole nation. Until within the last decade the aphorism has been undoubted that in our boasted land of liberty the "sons of rich and leading men were rarely worth the powder required to kill them," and facts justify the conclusion. In all this land, save in the Adams and Everett and Winthrop and Astor families, few are the rich, educated and exalted fathers that have ever left sons to succeed them, and the Clays, Websters, the Curtis', the Berriens, the Wrights, the Douglass' have, with their own lives ended their family pride and history, and fame forever.

Even among the "by-gones" of Detroit we find scant records of the sons of our richest, best educated and most aristocratic friends who

have ever succeeded to the stations occupied by their fathers. All our institutions seem to lead our young gentlemen, sons of rich and exalted parents, right straight down to the gutter and the grave. The moment a young man realizes *here* that his father is rich, he too often makes up his mind that he is to live a life of pleasure, ease and idleness. So he learns to dress well, part his hair in the middle, as donkeys always do, to play billiards, ten-pins, keno, cribbage, and to chatter like a monkey to silly girls, who, after finishing their education, cannot tell the location of a planet in the Heavens or even the latitude and longitude of their homes. He drives fast horses, he makes the trip to Europe, sees the can-can, drinks Hockheimer and Rudesheimer—returns and can tell you nothing of art, science, learning, history or business; and then he becomes an offensive sot, or falls into the toils of some extravagant woman, whose expenditures outgo her husband's income, and he supplies the place of the one and pays the bills of the other. Such is an ordinary, rich young gentleman. But thanks be to Heaven! the Michigan Central Railway has developed an exception so notable that it must not be overlooked. We must secure and pin this one specimen lest we never find another.

Nearly thirty-five years ago the late *charge* to France—an elegant and accomplished gentlemen—"with a wife lovely beyond her sex and graced with every charm," returned to Detroit, bringing as infants a twin brother and sister—the former of whom was so fragile, that nothing but Dr. Pitchers heroic treatment ever saved him. He was the grandson of Michigan's most wealthy and exalted statesman—the pet of all the family. He grew up, was thoroughly educated, traveled and came to manhood, marrying in Cincinnati the daughter of a railway magnate. But he had sense, he had brains, and today, instead of seeing him flaunting along the highway smoking cigars in the presence of ladies, driving fast horses, you will, if you go to the Michigan Central Railway depot find him at work like a giant as its general manager, fixing rates of wages for thousands of men, dispatching trains here, there and everywhere, now dictating to a phonographer, anon consulting with the solicitor, up early, going home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, at Chicago today, tomorrow in New York, always at work, plainly clad, polite to everybody, but in his whole life and conduct and business furnishing the model of a true American gentleman, an educated American business man, a man born to wealth and station, who is worth preserving, and whose statue ought to be erected of Scotch granite on the Central depot, cyclopean size, in order that all the young men who

pass through it should see what a *man* the grandson of Lewis Cass has made himself.

No. IX.

EARLY HOTELS OF DETROIT.

Time hath moved its finger along the dial-plate, and now, today, it is midsummer of 1835, and the streets of Detroit are all alive with covered wagons by the hundred, laden with women and children, articles of household furniture packed all around; cows and sheep following and led in the rear, and away to the interior they make a long line to Oakland, Washtenaw, St. Clair and Monroe, while each morning the stage coaches are packed full below, and piled high with passengers removing into the Territory. Each day a new steamer arrives, sunk clear to its gunwales with freight, its decks literally black with human beings—men, women and children—between decks, on decks, on the wheel-houses, all over them and every article of furniture that human ingenuity can contrive, or human want demand, may be seen all around them. The new counties, Lenawee, Hillsdale, Ionia, Kalamazoo and Berrien are filling up day by day with new log houses, saw-mills, grist-mills, stores, shops and machine shops. And Michigan is now the grand objective point; the "*Ultima Thule*" of all New England, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania, and from the docks of Detroit clear over to Lake Michigan, crowds of people, transported in every possible form, "move on."

But today is a gala day in Detroit, and we shall soon learn why the old adage, "Tell me where you live and I will 'tell you who you are'" —"a man is known by the company he keeps," has, with a slight change, a direct application to cities "as well as men," and paraphrased thus: "Show me your hotels and I will tell you what your city is," is philosophically true. Casting your eye then to the photograpic view of the Hotel Woodworth, then kept by Uncle Ben Woodworth, the brother of him who wrote:—

> "The old oaken bucket,
> The iron-bound bucket,
> The moss-covered bucket,
> That hangs in the well."

We shall see a specimen of the hotels, the inns, the taverns of Detroit at this early day, where hundreds of new comers, strange faces, were

seen every night, disappearing in the morning, and succeeded by new arrivals during the coming day and night; one living tide, swaying and rising higher and higher with each successive day, month and year.

On the northwest corner of Woodbridge and Randolph streets, just below and on the other side from where the old American, now the Biddle House, stands, was its site; and there we stand today to recall that dear old Stranger's home; and all the hallowed and sacred memories that still linger and play around it, and that rise up like ghosts at the photographic view, which goes away back to half a century ago.

When and how early that old mansion was erected there is no record of; but that it was the home of comfort and hospitalities, the head-quarters of the early pioneers, so far back as 1821, when all the young gentlemen who were even at that early day "going West," we do know.

Built in patches it had grown in size until its veranda facing the east was over 100 feet long, and the main building and its additions reached clear back on Woodbridge street, nearly twice that depth, and every part and parcel was not only utilized but always full. Dashing up Randolph street you will observe a new Concord coach and four beautiful grays just now starting for Ypsilanti, loaded up as an over-loaded ship, below decks, on decks, on the boot, on the driver's seat, with passengers, young, bright, fresh looking men. While just swinging around into Randolph from Woodbridge street is another bright red coach with superb bay horses, equally laden, on the doors of which you read "Woodworth & Co.," bound for Pontiac, each of which will have a hard pull to make their journey, even now in this beautiful weather of July, 1835.

Come a little closer to the front and there you see that same old omnibus, having on its white panels and over its door in great gilt letters, "Woodworth's Steamboat Hotel," and standing, aiding passengers to alight, is a stout, red-haired, blue-eyed, very polite young man, about twenty-eight years of age, whose green frock coat is buttoned very tightly around his person, his dazzling striped pantaloons fitting very closely, while a black string and broad rolling shirt-collar gave the Byronic appearance to Sam Woodworth, the son of its proprietor—the major domo, the man of all work, who accompanied the omnibus to all the steamers, whose politeness, affability and knowledge of all men and things, made him a very different hotel clerk from the diamond-studded, impudent upstarts so common of modern days. Every one, man or woman, who ever entered "Uncle Ben's," as the Woodworth House was called for short, will remember Sam's suavity of manner, his graceful, smiling politeness, smacking a little of Sam Weller's, but still a kind-

hearted, truly polite and quite well-educated son of a brave old father, who, after serving in the capacity of general manager of Woodworth's Hotel for years, became possessed of the vaulting ambition to step up the ladder and become the master of a steamboat, to stand like old Commodore Blake on the pilot-house, pull this bell, then that, and shout in loud tones, "Avast there!" "Port, sir!" "Port, sir!" and who having purchased a very small steamer, called the Spy, or some such non-nautical name, commenced his regular trips to Truax's and Newport, down the river and back, all in a single day, touching at Windsor, Sandwich, Springwells, Ecorse and all the intermediate points, "wind and weather permitting," until one day when lying at the Windsor dock, the tea-kettle engine of poor Sam exploded, and the last ever seen of him was when he was observed with outstretched arms and wide-spread limbs going up higher than a kite, where many of the old sailors on the steamers of those days followed him.

The steamer was split up into matches and what was left of poor Sam was followed to the old cemetery—Sexton Noble and his pipe managing the hearse—by all the old habitues of that inn, and no man ever deserved more justly the tears that were shed over his remains than he did.

But come, let us enter this hospitable old home and first pay our respects to Uncle Ben, a broad shouldered, gray-eyed man, then nearly sixty years of age, with very firm lips, mild in his outward seemings, but when enraged a perfect old volcano, whose increasing pallor and deepening of the wrinkles on his face told of the higher barometer of passion within; a great handed, strong, old-fashioned Yankee, whose heart was open as the day, and whose industry and cordiality made his home the headquarters of all the steamboat men; the pioneers of the Straits, and who may be still living today, a fading, weakening old by-gone. Having shaken hands with Uncle Ben we pass into the barber shop, and behold, here is Wm. Clay, the learned tonsorial artist; the cultivated, educated barber from England, a man *sui generis*, who would cut your hair in the very latest fashion, and chop logic with you *ad interim;* who would give you a superb shave, and simultaneously discourse on the Greek roots; who would furnish an elegant "shampoo," and all the while interest you by quotations from Socrates, Longinus, Thomas Aquinas; who would give you the catalogue of his private library—where the very finest edition of the Greek, Latin and English classics could be found; a man who would make you a wig, and at the same time weave you a web of philosophy, of metaphysics and religion, that you would carry to your grave; a learned, scholarly, thoroughly

educated barber, who only went to rest these last few months, and who was indeed a marvel of the by-gones of Detroit.

"When shall we look upon his like again"—a scholarly barber; a logical wig-maker; a classical hair-dresser; a most learned shampooer, a tonsorial artist, and an expounder of Greek philosophy, all combined; a marvelous conjunction of the vulgar art of living, with the æsthetics of the academy, the homely drudgery of every day life, united with the beautiful teachings of Plato, Socrates and Cicero, on the banks of the Ilyssus.

But let us look the Woodworth Hotel over, it will take but a moment. Observe that it is only two stories over the basement; it is plain in its construction and model. On entering from the street you find the stage office, the bar—where in those days one could get a glass of pure Monongahela whisky, old Jamaica rum, brandy imported from Quebec, that had no adulteration in it—by-gones—now giving place only to liquid hell fire, adulterated stuff composed of vitriol, red pepper, fusil oil and corn whisky, fit only to make murderers, suicides and maniacs. Then came a large sitting-room, accidentally inscribed as setting-room; then a large dining-room, all neatly, simply furnished, but all most comfortable; where in the next flight of stairs was the ladies' parlor, a very large room which we used to occupy for whig meetings, several large double rooms, where you would find not infrequently at least eight members of the legislative council, all living and sleeping there.

The carpets were not velvet nor Royal Wilton, but three ply, softened by heavy linings of hay which gave rather frowsy odors to the room. The furniture was very substantial, not mahogany; the forks were of steel, not silver, and the knives had bone instead of ivory handles; but every room and bed in that hotel was year in and year out full.

In February of each year, after the session of the supreme court of the territory, around that table were wont to congregate the members of the bar; and the annual bar dinner was given when Judge Woodbridge, that witty old gentleman, at the head of the table, was flanked by Chief Justice Sibley and Justice Morell, and at the foot sat Harry S. Cole, with Ross Wilkins on his right, and midway between the two was Gen. Charles Larned, one of the most elegant, dashing and princely of all that bar, having on either hand George McDougall, the father of the bar, and Charles Cleland, its poet, editor, toastmaster, while on the other side sat Augustus S. Porter, pulling his nose in nervous enjoyment of the wine and wit, when every member was condemned to give a toast, tell a story, make a speech, sing a song or drink a glass of salt and water, and when Cleland's last toast was always to

old McDougall, a legal Jack Falstaff, *redivivus*, the quandam father of the bar, then light-house keeper at Fort Gratiot, and which was always drunk standing, somewhat in these words:

BRETHERN OF THE BAR—"We drink now to the Nestor of our Bar, George McDougall, who in early life shed the light and brilliancy of his genius over our profession in beautiful Michigan, but who now in his old age illuminates the dark waters of Lake Huron with his magic lantern, and so guides the tempest tossed mariners safely through storms and dangers of the lake down to the silvery streams of St. Clair."

At which three cheers and a tiger were given, heel taps all around, and then after a valedictory from Judge Hand, the bar went back into chancery.

But let us hurry on to the new Grand Hotel, the then Palmer House of Detroit, the old Mansion House, where all the *elite* of Detroit, the military, naval and civil officers of our government did then most congregate. In these "by-gones" the Detroit river in turning around so as to swing Sandwich Point, made a huge detour just at the foot of Cass street, and sweeping away inland made a second Tappan Zee. Its banks at that curve were the Cass farm, the Jones, Woodbridge, Baker and Thompson farms, very high and bold, and Gen. Cass' orchard came almost to the edge of the bluff. High up on the bank just below Cass street stood this dashing old home, the Mansion House, built many years before our visit of today, July, 1835. It was made of stone some three stories high, with a veranda along its entire front and huge pillars reaching clear away to the roof, and then extended back some two hundred feet deep. From that veranda you could look right down over old Uncle Oliver Newberry's warehouse, across the Detroit iron works, and have an exquisite view of the river, the dwellings and gardens at Windsor and Sandwich, down around the point, Springwells, and the smoke of the coming up steamer could always be seen far away round Sandwich Point. That old porch was very cool and delightful; and there today you see grouped on the veranda, young Gov. Tom Mason, so handsome and genial, prim John Norvell, Lieutenants Alex. Centre, John M. Berrien, Heintselman, all drawn up with rheumatism, Lieut. Poole, Capt. Russell, Major Forsyth, of the army, Judge Morell, Judge Wilkins, Thomas Sheldon, Justin Burdick and numerous other long-time habitues of this old inn, for today was a gala day in Detroit.

They all adjourn to the bar to drink a mint julep. This is hot weather, and we enter and look through the office into the high and spacious parlor and the dining room, and where all looks lofty com-

pared with the Woodworth Hotel, which we have just left. Mr. Boyer, the proprietor, whose wife died here of cholera last summer—1834—is a heavy, ponderous, sluggy Pennsylvanian, brought here by Gov. Geo. B. Porter, who also died of cholera last summer, and the house feels sensibly the loss of Mrs. Boyer, the landlady, who was the more active, energetic and useful one of the proprietors, while Churchill, then its clerk, bar-keeper and man of all work combined, had none of poor Sam Woodworth's cheeriness or courtliness. The records of that old Mansion House, if they could be exhumed and read now, would furnish a sketch of Detroit, its old citizens and guests that would astonish, interest and amuse. Perhaps old mortality will still grub them up, chip away the moss and clear off the dust that time has scattered over them.

On that veranda at midnight, after the wedding of G. Mott Williams and the beautiful Miss Mary Strong, stood all our crowd, and saw with amazement and fear the first meteoric shower ever witnessed, which old George McDougall, Charley Cleland and Eb Canning all declared was the *feu de joie* from Heaven, at the wedding of Detroit's most beautiful belle. Poor Mott—a good fellow, an honest man, long since gone upward where the heavenly shower originated; and his widow still remains, beautiful in her white hair—a cheery, genial "by-gone" lady, a mother, grandmother and noble woman. On that veranda in 1837 Daniel Webster was welcomed to Detroit, and in Gen. Cass' orchard—afterwards graded down by Abraham Smolk, dumped into the river, making some seventeen acres of new river front—made one of those godlike speeches which no other man ever had, ever can or ever will make.

In the kitchen, directly under the long dining-room in those "by-gones," dancing or waltzing parties were sometimes improvised, as after the meteoric shower in which the blue pants and white stripes of the United States infantry, the scarlet and gold of the artillery, the learned lawyers and dashing M. D's. might all be seen mingled in the giddy mazes of the waltz with the German and French girls, who at other times waited on the tables, performed the duties of *femme de chambre;* and where, at rare times, even judges of the supreme court, attorney general and United States court officers were very joyous when the partners of the rosy cheeked, blue eyed and beautiful German waltzer of the kitchen department.

At that dining table during a whole season sat Silas Wright, New York's greatest Senator, *vis a vis* to Judge Morell, wife and daughter; Capt. J. B. F. Russell, of the United States artillery, with his gorgeous wife, a blue blooded Peyton, of Virginia; a splendid beauty—they, too, are "by-gones"—who had in her train always, everywhere, repre-

sentatives of all classes of gay Lotharios; who turned the head even of poor old George McDougall, and afterwards George Smith, the Scotch banker of Chicago, and who today frightens all her old admirers by demanding widow's dower of their homesteads of Chicago. At that same table Stephen A. Douglas was not an infrequent guest, then in the very beginning of that career not less brilliant than the meteoric showers; and there have I seen in brilliant army costume, side by side, Gens. Scott, Worth, Wool, McComb, Whiting, Larned, and an army of subalterns. And now and then when Jack Smith and Bill Abbott had taken too many juleps would they ride their Canadian ponies up the steps, directly into the bar room, and then "en cheval," drink yet another mint julep, made of fresh mint and pure Monongahela whisky, just touched on its brim with peach brandy and honey. But now here today the glory of this dear old Mansion House departeth,

"Oh now, forever, farewell;
Farewell the tranquil mind—farewell content."

Now the Michigan Exchange is opened and all the crowd are now about to go there and aid in its christening. So, in fall all the gentry, and in double files, led by Gov. Stevens T. Mason and John Norvell we march to the corner of Shelby street and Jefferson avenue, where, at the door, the entire party are welcomed by Shubael Conant, the owner and builder of that then magnificent palace, and by Austin Wales and his brother, E. B. Wales, then its proud and youthful landlords. Prodigious indeed, is this new grand hotel, one hundred feet front on the avenue, the same in depth on Shelby street, four stories in height, of pressed brick front with stone trimmings. It begins a new era in Detroit. Old times are passing away, and commerce and fashion are westward bound today.

Of the building itself I need not speak. Like the monument of Bunker Hill "there it stands, and the first rays of the morning sun greet it, and the last hours of the expiring day linger and play around its base."

The dining room in that day was up stairs over the corner store, at the conjunction of Shelby street and Jefferson avenue, where Webb, Douglass & Company, of Albany, the junior partner of whom was John Chester, for many a long year had the *first wholesale and retail crockery establishment.* Directly from the street you entered the office, and on the right was a large, well lighted, airy, elegant bar, with a mahogany rail, rested on plated silver arms or braces in front, and where on this opening day, everybody, young and old, grand and humble, drank

pure liquors to their heart's content, for then we had no Red Ribbons, "'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

Everybody shakes hands with Shubael Conant, then a teetotaler of the strictest kind, like old Solomon, who had found "wine and strong drink to be a mocker." Everybody congratulated Wales & Co., and everybody drank with everybody, and "all went merrie as a marriage bell."

Late dinner was served, and around that first table were gathered John A. Wells, Geo. B. Martin, Walter Newberry, Rufus Brown, John Chester, George E. Hand, Col. Daniel Goodwin, Ambrose Townsend, John L. Talbott, Bill Alvord, Morgan L. Martin, while at its head sat Judge Conant, a Vermont giant—who occupied that same seat until he was upwards of eighty years of age—and a great number of invited guests, including all who came over from the Mansion House.

The register of that first day of the Michigan Exchange, as Irish John used to shriek it out, will furnish over one hundred and fifty names of the Detroit guests, and out of all that number not a dozen remain to this day to read these "By-Gones," or to recall the pleasures of youth and hope there gathered round the first table ever spread in that now universally known hostelry. Underneath that old roof lived Fletcher Webster, the favorite son of Daniel Webster, and wife, Anthony Ten Eyck and lady, Marshal I. Bacon and wife, John A. Welles and wife, Robert McClelland and wife and nearly all the quandam guests of the Mansion House, while Judge Conant, Uncle Gurdon Williams, Salt William, Stammering Alph, Young Gurdon, Poor Bill Alvord, John L. Talbott, and multitudes of others, either actually lived in the house or left it only to die somewhere else.

Forty-two years have come and gone since that opening day of the Michigan Exchange—an epoch in Detroit, July, 1835, and of the multitudes then in our streets only here and there can you see a gray haired man, plodding wearily on, waiting for the carriage that will be be his escort to Elmwood—but even to this day with its old-fashioned front, its simplicity and plainness of outward seeming, whosoever shall enter there will find every comfort and care that heart can desire or money command. Like the old homes of Detroit its latch string is always on the outside, and the weary and dust stained traveler will ever find a cordial and hearty welcome.

No. X.

THE DETROIT BOAT CLUB AND THE REGATTA.

"Not faster yonder rowers' might
Flings round their oars the spray;
Not faster—yonder rippling bright
That tracks the shallop's course in light
Melts in the straits away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;
Then strangers—go—good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle."

—"*Lady of the Lake.*"

Time with his old scythe cutting a wide swathe—like poor Joe of "Tom-all Alone's"—"moves on" and now it is February 18, 1839, and Detroit has put on since our last many city airs; is becoming every day more and more a mart of commerce, of trade, of manufactures, and business. The National hotel has been built by Chase & Ballard, and outshines in its lofty front, pretentious style and dazzling new paint the Michigan Exchange, and opened under the auspices of Harring of New York, is quite the swell house of the city; and it has continued to grow and improve, until today it has become the fashionable Russell House, with its multitudinous windows and their variegated shades and lofty outlook on the corner of Woodward avenue and Michigan Grand River avenue. The old Governor Hull house, owned by that very prince of gentlemen, John Biddle, has been opened as the American hotel by old Mr. Griswold and sons, one of whom, George R. Griswold, was a leading democrat, who afterward became a purser in the navy, where he died; and after that house had been twice burned, it finally arose Phœnix-like, in the present Biddle House, which, under the caprices and whims of its lessee, is shut and closed, a great injury to business in that quarter, and a strange freak it would seem of a long headed business man.

And with all these rapid changes in business in commerce along the wharf, in that little strip of railroad finished to Ypsilanti, whose terminus here was just opposite the National, where Lafayette avenue joins and terminates in Michigan avenue, on the site of the north wing of your noble city hall—came the fancies, the whims and amusements of a metropolitan western town, and so this day, February 19, 1839, the Detroit river looking more blue and beautiful than ever in

contrast with the white snow upon its banks, suggests to the young men of the city a boat club; and E. A. Brush, James A. Armstrong, John Chester, J. H. Farnsworth, Andrew T. McReynolds, Alfred Brush, Alpheus S. Williams and Alex. H. Sibley meet and organize the Detroit Boat Club, and of course E. A. Brush was elected president (he always was on such occasions), and James A. Armstrong was made secretary, and this added to his other duties as secretary of the old Brady Guards, secretary of the Detroit Dramatic Club—of which more anon—secretary of the Detroit Young Men's Society, gave him employment in all his leisure time, and all his books and records were kept as if engraved on copper plate—and there a formal carefully prepared constitution was adopted, and the members then present signed the same; but of those first ten subscribers five are gone on their last long voyage, while the remaining five as they move on, remind one of the old men-of-war's men, in Trinity Hospital or in the dock yards of London, who are anxious to put on all the airs and assume the vigor and outward and visible signs of real young Jack tars.

But at the next meeting of the boat club, a new and even more dashing element appeared in the signatures of John Winder, Isaac S. Rowland, Anthony Ten Eyck, Asher S. Kellogg, Rufus Brown, Wesley Truesdail, J. Nicholson Elbert, Alexander Jauden, Col. Deacon, Samuel Lewis, D. C. Holbrook, Geo. C. Bates, and Capt. Wm. T. Pease, whose character and position at that time gave new features to this young bantling. Col. Isaac S. Rowland was soon to be the brother-in-law of Governor Thompson Mason, and was now a man of grand station as Captain of the Brady Guards. Anthony Ten Eyck was a distinguished democrat and lawyer, and was made United States Commissioner and counsel at the Sandwich Islands by President Polk. Poor Saxe Kellogg, with his hollow cough, his long hair and long, lanky limbs, was the partner in the great commission house of Mead, Kellogg & Co. Dr. Rufus Brown was a large, cultivated and successful merchant. Wesley Truesdail, in the full flush galore and high tide of success as cashier of the bank of St. Clair with its business office here, while Elbert and Jaudon, brother of the cashier of the United States bank of Philadelphia, and Deacon, son of old Commodore Deacon, of the United States navy, were young blue bloods, fancy business men from Philadelphia, who had just founded a city on the sands ten miles south of Grand Haven, Port Sheldon, built an enormous long wharf and hotel there, consumed $200,000 and champagne enough to make deep water over the bar of the Grand river, bought a superb brig and imported from Philadelphia an elegant sail-boat and eight-oared row-boat, for pleasure; but the winds

came and beat upon the sands, and the waters of Lake Michigan and the wild waves of speculation washed away their city, and these young gentlemen came to Detroit, where Elbert, a most estimable gentleman, died. Years after Jaudon lived on his brother's reputation and his own wits and keenness, while Col. Deacon, after a visit to Paris, became a *pseudo* count, married in Boston the wealthiest belle of the "Hub," Miss Parker, traveled in Europe, and finally died instantly by bursting a blood-vessel, and Capt. Wm. T. Pease, the handsomest, jolliest and the most elegant of all the captains on the lakes, trod in nautical pride and glory for many a long year the quarter decks of the steamers Michigan, Illinois and Niagara; and when the railways finally drove them from the lakes, for many a long season on propellers of vast size and capacity from Chicago to Buffalo, until about seven years since, he went into dry dock in the custom house at Buffalo, where sickening and pining on the land for the lakes, he died three years since. God bless him. No more genial, courtly and elegant sailor ever trimmed a yard, squared a sail or tripped an anchor than Capt. Bill Pease; and no matter whether plunging in Cimmerian darkness into a nor'easter with the old Michigan, plowing the waves of Lake Michigan in November gales on the propeller Fulton, or presiding at her cabin table with hundreds of guests, or acting as coxswain of the Detroit Boat Club, he was always everywhere, and at all times a superb careful sailor, and a true American tar and gentleman combined.

Such were the men who thirty-eight years ago united as the Detroit Boat Club, and bought in New York for $225 an eight oared barge, 38 feet long, which was originally intended to go to England as an American race boat, and which today, after her long maritime service, swings at her davits in the splendid club house at the foot of Joseph Campau avenue. But, of course, the first thing to give *eclat* and dash to this new sporting club, was a striking, stunning, sailor-like uniform, and on April 10, 1839, the following was adopted: A chip sailor hat covered with white linen and broad black band, sailor pantaloons of white duck, with black belts around the waist, shoes with low, sewed heels, white socks, black silk neck handkerchief knot, shirts, a blue ground with white figure and broad square collar, coat of Kentucky jean; and if these new young aquatics could have seen in this natty and sailor like uniform, these by-gone boatmen Armstrong, Chester, Jaudon, Elbert, Count Deacon, with Capt. Pease as coxswain, E. A. Brush and Rufus Brown as bow oarsmen; and that heavy boat shooting up the Detroit river filled with beautiful lady guests on a moonlight night at the rate of ten miles per hour and observed the uniformity, steadiness and length of their

stroke, they would have realized that in these latter day contests the old "Detroit Boat Club" may well repose upon it honors and laurels now in the long gone by-gones ere the new young oarsman of today were born.

"Tall trees from little acorns grow,
Large streams from little fountains flow."

And no better illustration of this or the rising grandeur and glory of Detroit can be found than is furnished by this brief record of the beginning of the Detroit Boat Club, a generation ago.

In May, 1843, Wesley Truesdail bought from Alexander Jaudon the club boat, so called, of the Port Sheldon Company. And this was the last and only of the assets of that grand western speculation that had spent $200,000, and exhausted 500 baskets of champagne in the vain effort to rear and build a city where a few Dutchmen have come long since, founded Holland and made a grand success. This new boat carried six oars and was a model of beauty and speed for those days. A perfect water nymph—a sylph. And she, too, now after an existence of thirty-seven years, swings at her moorings in the club house, superseded by the lighter, gayer, and more fashionable shallops and shells of modern days, just as our beautiful belles of that period have given away to these dashy, smart, and fresh young girls, and have become mothers and grandmothers.

In the by-gones on Hog Island—now known by the more elegant and euphonious name of Belle Isle, in honor of the then Miss Isabella Cass, now the Baroness Von Limburg, of Holland, for whom one hundred and twenty mail contractors at Baltimore in 1843 swore by the Eternal "they would vote for as President of the United States"—the club universally passed its Fourth of July, and then on the 3d a detachment was sent to clear away grounds, pitch marquees and tents borrowed from the army and there they entertained among their guests Misses Isabella Cass, Emma Schwartz, the Misses Griswold, sisters of Purser Geo. R. Griswold of the navy, and all the *elite* of Detroit society; and there Maj. Robert A. Forsyth and Henry S. Ledyard were always assigned to the duty of brewing a big bowl of sailor punch, half-and-half, a duty that was performed to the satisfaction of everybody; and toasts were drunk to the memory of George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and so on down to Gen. Harrison, in successive goblets, filled to the very brim, and just tipped and touched on the edge with pineapple, rum and arrack.

There, on July 4, 1841, the guests of the day were Gen. George M. Brooke and his handsome adjutant, George Deas, who married Miss

Garland; subsequently went with his brother-in-law, Gen. Longstreet, into the Confederate army, and, after the rebellion, broke down and died of a broken heart. Gen. Brooke, Colonel of the Fourth Infantry, was that gallant old Virginian hero who, in 1813, at the sortie of Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, when the American batteries were shooting wild because they could not find the locality of the British troops, volunteered and took a large glass lantern lighted under his military cloak, crept on his belly inside the British lines, quietly clambered up a beech tree, tied the lantern to a limb and instantly dropped to the ground and ran, while a hundred cannon blazed away at him ineffectually, and he came safe back to camp. He was brave as Ney, gallant as Murat, and a most elegant old Virginia gentlemen. Today Belle Isle is the abode where in summer the young men of society congregate, where good dinner, music and dancing, flirting, picnicking and sporting and all the refinements of society, all the elegancies of fashion, all the enjoyments of cultured life may be found; but of these club men only here and there remains an antiquated specimen. Its president and elegant secretary, the coxswain and bow oarsman and all the Philadelphia attaches have long since mingled with their mother earth—"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." But let us see now what has come from this small beginning and few grains of seed sown on the Detroit river in the by-gones of 1839.

A LAPSE OF THIRTY FIVE YEARS.

In early summer it happened that chance medley brought here one of the original members of that old club; and falling into the hospitable hands of one of its present members, a son of Virginia, born akin to the great Hunter stock of the mother of presidents, an invitation was hospitably given and cordially accepted to go to the new quarters, at the foot of Joseph Campau avenue, and had he found there the palace of Aladdin and the genii that inhabited it his surprise could not have been greater. A beautiful house in the Italian cottage style, is built clear in and over the waters of the Strait; and as the river murmurs and gurgles and ripples along its base, one would imagine himself on the Grand Canal in Venice, and there in the basement sheltered from storms and winds, hung the two old boats, and some half dozen new ones of all sizes, models, shapes and names; while in the inner dock swung at anchor a beautiful yacht, reposing on the river like a swan, a perfect nautical water witch, whose tapering masts, sharp bow, rounded stern and huge canvas, reminded one of the pirates of the West Indies, and whose furniture and entire rig bespoke nautical skill,

aquatic taste and wealth to maintain it. Ascending to the reception rooms on the second floor a scene was presented that again carried one to Venice or the Golden Gate, for looking in every direction save one, you saw the deep, deep blue of the Straits, whose surface was dotted all over with shallops, shells, barges, tugs, sloops, brigs, propellers, wherries, ferries, and old-fashioned steamers, and on going still higher, away across was Sandwich, and running your eye up and down the Straits, you saw that Detroit since 1839, the birthday of this club, had spread like a matron growing old and broad, until from Hamtramck clear down to Fort Wayne, more than five miles, was one continuous dock where propellers, steamers and vessels of all descriptions lay alongside them discharging and receiving their cargo and in this amateur sailor's home were carpets, elegant furniture, engravings, pictures, prizes, models, fancy oars, and a superbly furnished ladies reception room, where fairy fingers had draped and arranged the flags and curtains and signals of all the boat clubs of the land, and where doubtless many a brave, young sailor boy has told his love, sailor like, to every successive pretty girl whom he met there, for land sailors are like water sailors who find a new sweetheart in every port or place they go to.

Since the organization of that first club its muster roll has grown by hundreds, embracing many business men and men of wealth, and its property has increased by many thousands of dollars. While inspired by its example and stimulated by its success, no less than ten different boat clubs are in the directory of Detroit today. And all over Michigan other young men have followed their example and have organized clubs of their own, until a small navy could be improvised in a week on these lakes, of brave, dashing, gallant young sailor boys. Nor is this all, on the 5th of August last, Detroit was the scene of the grandest regatta, the largest congregation of boat clubs ever seen on this continent. Young athletes, splendid fellows in their stylish club costumes, with shells and barges, gathered here from every part of our country—from the Saskatchewan in Pembina, the Big Muddy, the lakes of Minnesota, the rivers of Kansas, the Atlantic cities; from Cleveland, Toledo, Erie, from Saginaw Bay, from La Pleasance Bay at Monroe, from the Hudson, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Kennebec, the Penobscot and the Connecticut, from Baltimore and Norfolk, all in one grand struggle for the splendid prizes of Detroit manufacture. The skies were dark, the clouds hung heavy nearly all the regatta week. Rain fell daily, but what cared they, young bloods, full of life, strength, pluck, vigor and hope, for rain? Sailor boys expect it—live on the water—struggle on the water—battle on the water—as brave

soldiers do on the land—and win or lose those beautiful classic prizes by the water. So day by day when the call sounded, rain or shine, these young naval heroes bared their bodies to the fight, and as in the Olympian and Isthmian games, where Alexander told his father he too "Would contend if kings were to be his competitors," they pulled and rowed, they struggled and strove, in the presence of thousands of witnesses as if their lives, their country, their liberties, their honors, were at stake, and the conquerors received the cheers, the plaudits and the huzzas of myriads of men, and the smiles, and braves and bouquets from a grand amphitheatre of beautiful young women, that would have rewarded Napoleon at Austerlitz, Grant at Richmond, Sheridan at Shenandoah, Sherman at Chattanooga, Hooker at Lookout Mountain, and would, with their witcheries and beauty, their youth and sweetness, have stayed and tamed even Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors in their terrific strife on the Tongue river with the heroic Custer and his gallant "six hundred."

This pencil, which brings back the "by-gones of Detroit" forty years ago, remembers no such scene in the past, and it trembles even now with the wild excitement of that spirited struggle—and those shouts and cheers, that joyous, heaven-ringing applause. How the Detroit river, as blue as the straits at the Golden Horn; as gorgeous and beautiful as the Golden Gate in the tranquil sea—did respond and laugh in hearty conjunction with those bright, beaming, rosy-cheeked girls; and how these old gray hairs did curl and tremble, with the futile wish that they were young again, now, as in the by-gones—and the vain thought that our antiquated Detroit Boat Club might once more pull an oar before such a congregation, and win a prize; to be petted and rewarded by the cheers and smiles, the plaudits and praises of such a vast crowd of brave men and sweet women.

The only reward that these young conquerors obtained was a prize to be kept as the crown of olive was after the Olympian games, and the return home of those aquatic heroes was like unto that of the Boys in Blue on their return from the battle fields of the Republic, and in painting, in poetry, in The Daily Free Press, of Detroit, and the press of our nation, their deeds and conquests, their achievements and victories are embalmed in the hearts and memories of our whole people. "True it is, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that our old Detroit Boat Club carried off no prize in that grand regatta, received no cheers and won no crown of olive; had no smiles from youth and beauty, but like a dear venerable mother and grandmother of the "by-gones," it was proud to remember that but for its early efforts no club would have

been organized, no regatta have come off; no prizes have been won; no applause have been heard, and that it now pledges with renewed zeal, new coaching and training to beat the whole sporting world at the next grand regatta in Detroit.

No. XI of the "By-Gones" will embrace life photographs of the by-gone merchants of Detroit and their young successors, men of 1832 to 1836.

No. XI.

THE BY-GONE MERCHANTS.

SOME FORTY YEARS AGO.

Old time moves its hand backward on the dial plate to 1833; the morning of the 14th of May, when youth sat at the helm, hope spread her sails and passion steered the way of the young adventurer to the then "Far West"—from Canandaigua, "Old Ontario," to Michigan; and up and down the broad avenues Jefferson and Woodward and along Larned, Woodbridge, Congress and Griswold streets, the young emigrant with eager eye, studies the shops, the stores, the trading houses, the saloons, the eating houses, the market places and the markets of Detroit, and peers in here and stops there to study the faces and manners, the stocks in trade, the articles of barter and exchange which the merchant princes of that day—the old traders and manufacturers—offered in the market.

And memory, today, will renew and restore some of these most interesting and intelligent merchant princes, who before this May, 1833, have by daily toil, by strict honesty, and the utmost economy, accumulated what, even in these fast days, would be considered large fortunes, and which, seeking investment in the old French farms of Detroit, left such large estates as the Campaus, Morans, Desnoyers, Beaubiens, Williamses, Conants, Coopers, Cooks, Jones, and all that set.

THE LONG, LONG WEARY WAY.

Bear in mind, please, you young merchants, that in those "by-gones" a trip to Montreal or New York, to purchase a stock of goods, con-

sumed, from the hour of setting out to the arrival of the stores, from three to six months; that the purchaser must leave here in February, cross Canada in the old French "carryall," and after some two or three weeks reach the marts of commerce, either in Montreal or New York, whence all the supplies came; that then in the spring, after the ice had gone from the Hudson river, these goods must travel on the Erie canal (after 1826) and reach Black Rock some time in June, when they would be shipped on the old steamers like the Ontario, the Clay, Sheldon, Niagara, Thompson, and Pioneer, and would not, even with their speed, reach Detroit before midsummer; while anterior to 1826, when the Erie canal was first opened, they were wagoned from Albany to Buffalo by ten or twelve horse teams attached to huge covered wagons with tires as broad as the brim of a Quaker hat, traveling in grand caravans of a hundred in line, and which consumed from one month to six weeks in their transit to Buffalo. Of course stocks of goods in those early days were laid in for a whole year, and were bought so late as in 1836 from Pearl street merchants, at three, six, nine, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four months' credit, which was very rarely even abused or betrayed by these old merchants, whose shades are here gathered around this pencil, chatting, smiling, and laughing over a memory that mirrors them, all their persons, characters, habits, dress, and address—as if today were that same bright, beautiful May day forty-four years ago.

In those by-gones respect to age and veneration thereof, was taught to all the young and it was beautiful to see youth and beauty clustering around the grandfathers and grandmothers of those old Detroiters, and joining in all the hilarity, the frolics and the dances, where beaux of eighty and ninety years danced the minuets and contra-dances and Virginia reel with blooming, beautiful young girls of sixteen to eighteen. So we begin with our visit today, as in duty bound, in the order of age, and pay our respects as we pass along, not in order of success and wealth, but in that of time, who furnished us his calendar. On the corner of Bates street and Jefferson avenue we call and find

PETER DESNOYERS,

the same of whom we have hitherto spoken, with cheeks like the moss rose of summer, eyes sea blue, and that genial, sunny smile, and here he is. Coming in you can find all kinds of French and Indian goods, Mackinaw blankets in grand perfection, rifles, guns and pistols of all sorts; calicoes, beautiful, dashing, but all decidedly Frenchy; beads of all kinds for young girls, matrons, grandmothers, and Indians;

rosaries of every kind, price and shade; moccasins beautifully ornamented, boots, shoes, sugar from Mackinaw; hardware of every shape, and a general stock, such as in those "by-gone" days were always here. But "Grandpapa" Desnoyers is now very gray, stoops a little and laughs a great deal, is rich, and so this shop demands little of his time, and was soon swept away by the grand rush of young business men from the east to the west.

Crossing the avenue to where now stands the Williams block we find

BARNEY CAMPAU & CO.,

the partner being Gen. John R. Williams, both straight as arrows, both very tall, and very talkative; both perfect gentlemen of the olden time, who always saluted their friends with an earnest, *bon jour, bon jour, mon ami*, all ladies by lifting the hat from the head, and paying the same honors to the bishop, priests, judges, and officers of the army; both capital business men, who for half a century bought their business supplies from Montreal and Quebec, and sold them here to *les habitans, the bons citoyens* of France, and the pioneers from the States. Barney Campau was a hard working old Frenchman, while,

GEN. JOHN R. WILLIAMS,

was a most precise, dashing, elegant old gentleman, who, in perfect dress, an elegant gold headed cane or in the full dress of a brigadier general of the militia, attracted the attention of all the boys and the raptures of all the young ladies fifty years ago. That he was held in high esteem by all the citizens is evidenced by the fact that he was six times elected mayor of Detroit. He also commanded the contingent of troops from eastern Michigan in the Black Hawk War. They both worked very hard, lived very well and hospitably to a period of life past eighty and then died, leaving unto their families rich legacies, and their undivided estates today would compare well with the young millionaires of 1832–36, of whom by and by.

But here comes along the street

SHUBAEL CONANT,

of the firm of Mack & Conant, a Vermonter, now well on to forty-eight, fully six feet high, a massive, well-built old gentleman. His hair is very white, his cheeks, too, very red.

His large, gray eye tells of energy and courage, while his mouth, full of superb teeth, expresses firmness, persistence and success. His arms

are long, hands very large. His feet are large, and whenever he puts down his foot there it stays. A long time ago he came from Windsor, Vermont, and backed up by Thomas Emerson, a veritable curiosity, a banker, a fur dealer, merchant and everything else.

Conant & Mack have dealt largely and successfully in furs, have made money, and Mack has gone to Pontiac, Oakland county, while Conant is nursing his vast real estate, preparing to build the Michigan Exchange; going out to the ten thousand acre tract to shoot deer and wild turkeys; attending all the prayer meetings in Parson Well's old Presbyterian Church, for like Solomon of old, he has, after a long life full of the good things of life, now found in old age, that all is "vanity and vexation of spirit." Conant sat at the head of the table of the Michigan Exchange until he was nearly ninety years of age, and not unfrequently, at eighty years of age, striding his old gray mare, rifle in hand, and, on very cold winter days, beating up the whole ten thousand acre tract for deer and wild turkey. But finally the trumpet sounded and dividing his large estate among the children of his brother, for he was a sturdy old bachelor, and left no children, he answered roll call, and leaving on earth no blot on his name, he went to join his old Detroit comrades in their happy hunting ground, where all is peace and rest.

Some years before him, his old patron,

THOMAS EMERSON,

the unique, of Windsor, Vermont, preceded him. His personal appearance and address was the duplicate of old Mr. Pickwick, blue coat, brass buttons and gold headed cane, while he himself, was the most testy, phthisicky, nervous, excitable old gentleman, that ever lived, and when his "red ribbon" was off, as was very often the case, the wealthy old banker would dance and rave like a madman at any losses or delays in business. He had a customer here,

THOMAS PALMER,

of the firm of J. & T. Palmer, the exact opposite, "Uncle Tom," as everybody called Mr. Palmer, was a huge Vermonter quite six feet in height, weighing over two hundred pounds, with a very red face, watery eye, over which hung a pair of steel mounted spectacles, through which he scarcely ever looked. His movements were slow and sluggish; his conversation was pleasant, but very quiet, and he took everything very easy and quiet; especially business, trade and payment of debts. He

was a most honest and upright man, dealing in everything but money, which he seemed really to contemn. Furs, rat skins, coon skins, skunk skins, beaver, otter, fox and wolf skins, shingles, lumber lands, lots and mortgages; whitefish, salt, apples, and peaches, everything that walks on the earth or swims in the lakes, "Uncle Tom" Palmer would buy or sell, provided the boot, as he called it, was paid in dicker, and he waxed and grew fat and old, and when he died, left a large estate to his heirs. But while the inventory of his estate showed property of all and every kind, there was but a small amount of cash. He dickered on to the very last, and, if he left a last will and testament, he disposed of everything which man can use, save only money.

"UNCLE TOM'S BOND."

Well, among the estates of Thomas Emerson, banker, etc., in Windsor, Vermont, in 1834, which was dated way back to the oldest by-gones, on which there were many indorsements of payments made as below:

Received on this bond January, 1820, in coon skins.....$100 00
Received on this bond January, 1821, in shingles..... 50 00
Received of Thomas Palmer May, 1831, in fish..... 100 00
Received of Thomas Palmer May, 1832, in lath and boards 75 00
And so on, but the last two years there were no payments.

Now in July, 1834, there swept over Vermont, Windsor especially, a wave of religion, and Thomas Emerson was one of the "brands snatched from the burning." Immediately he became one of the most earnest of all in that town, and turning his back on the gold and the silver of his bank, he prayed earnestly, most zealously and most sincerely.

It will be remembered that, that same year cholera broke out with absolute malignity here, cut up our people root and branch, and thirty days decimated the population. On the 16th of August, 1834, thirty-seven persons died from this dreaded disease and everybody was horror struck. That evening it happened that Harry Cole and another by-gone met in Dr. Rice's office just in the rear of the now First National Bank, to inquire what the news was; when Dr. Rice very emphatically responded that everybody was dying and would die, that in 1832 he had bled all his patients and cured them all "but this year" said he, "every patient I have bled has died, and all my patients are dead." Everything was very blue and silence prevailed until Cole drew from his pocket the following extraordinary letter addressed to him by the now pious and good Thomas Emerson:

WINDSOR, VERMONT, August 12, 1834.

Henry E. Cole, Esq., Attorney at Law.

MY DEAR HAL—I am rejoiced to say to you, that the Lord hath been among us here in Windsor; that a day of Pentecost is here, and that there has been an outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and that I have been snatched as a brand from the burning. "I am now laying up all my treasures in Heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." Oh, Hal! how I wish you and our old friend, Tom Palmer, might see the error of your ways. By the by, Mr. Palmer has not paid his interest on that bond for nearly two years; now I learn that "the pestilence is stalking at noon-day" among you, and we know not how soon you may go. Mr. Palmer ought to settle that bond. You, and he too, ought to prepare for death, and he ought certainly to settle that bond at once. Oh, Hal, if God would open your eyes; and Mr. Palmer, surely he will pay the interest on that bond now. I pray nightly and daily for you and Mr. Palmer; and trust he will pay the interest on this bond.

That the Lord will guard and keep you, dear Hal, and my friend Palmer, is our constant prayer; but do make him pay the interest on the bond. I will take furs, shingles, lumber, apples, fish, or anything he has. God bless and preserve you both, but please do not let Mr. Palmer forget to pay the interest on the bond.

Your devoted friend,

THOMAS EMERSON.

With twenty-five cents postage prepaid, this unique missive came, after a week's voyage to Detroit. Harry Cole and Thomas Palmer both survived the cholera, and Emerson's bond was all paid and canceled long before Mr. Palmer took his ticket of leave.

But we are still on Jefferson avenue and at the corner of Griswold street, where Ives' bank now stands, Dean & Hurlbut, Jerry Dean and

CHAUNCEY HURLBUT,

are in the saddle and harness business, the latter of whom, a sturdy, strong old by-gone, who, having become rich and a director in the Second National Bank with all its young and wealthy managers, tramps on as forty-five years since, with a steady, quiet, old-fashioned pace, with a kind word, a cordial shake of the hand and a warm greeting to all his friends.

Although one of Detroit's oldest merchants, he is the youngest Roman of them all and is even now the active man as president of the Water Commissioners, in completing Detroit's last and greatest works. Chauncey was once a great fireman, wielded the trumpet and manned the brake with vigor; but the new machines have ended that long ago; and now a man of reputation, of wealth, of clean hands and pure heart, he bides his time and works while he waits for

the wagon. His partner Jerry Dean, slipped his cable long ago, and is now floating o'er unknown seas and fathomless oceans.

On the avenue, diagonally opposite that corner, is

DAVID COOPER,

that nice, precious old gentleman, whom accident brought across the writer's path in April, 1876, about two months before his death. Those same spectacles, which were there in 1833, were there on his nose, that same wiry form; neat, prim, precise; dress, always black, always very neat; the same earnest manner, the same quiet dignity, the same strong, Puritanic religionism marked him in that last day as forty-three years before. He had grown very rich and accumulated bonds and riches up to the millions; still that same plain old brick house on Michigan Grand avenue was still his home, as it had been for half a century; its modest furniture, orderly arrangement, and perfect neatness telling the peculiarities of its master. The quiet lady-like wife; the only son a clergyman, well educated, studious, hard working, close, and economical, like his father; the other brother, George Cooper, gone by an accident, just after he came to manhood; all was like a change of scene at a theater, as David Cooper stood in front of the beautiful monument to the valor and blood of our boys in blue, directly opposite that splendid city hall, and discoursed on Detroit as it was that spring morning 1833.

He was ripe and ready, for during all his life, while he was close, careful, economical—some would call him penurious—justice and truth were his handmaidens, integrity and honesty were his jewels. For seventy years David Cooper was a Detroit merchant, yet he never failed in business, oppressed a debtor, or defrauded a mortal of one single penny. A devoted religionist, he shaped his whole life in accordance with his views and teachings, and exacted of others, so far as he could a conformity therewith. While he was not a gentle, yet he was a truly good man, and if there is a heaven above us "and that there is all nature cries aloud," then David Cooper is registered there in mercantile practice as "A No. 1."

But we cross Jefferson avenue again and here we salute and shake hands with

TUNIS S. WENDELL,

an old Knickerbocker from Albany, very pale of face, looking always wearied and sickly, a most careful, correct business man; but timid, always scolding at fate, always afraid of banks, yet always speculating in their assets and bills, a man of weak constitution, very

devoted to his business, but somehow, like "poor Joe" he could not move on, and so, although a man of means, owning his own brick house opposite the Exchange, and occupying, as his store, a brick building where the First National Bank now stands, he died after loosing almost everything he had in the crash of the "Wildcat banks" of 1841, and 1842, and of 1843. One of his sons went away from here and has been lost sight of for many years; the other Capt. Charles E. Wendell, one of Michigan's bravest sons, died gallantly on the field of battle "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

But we have swung around the circle and are now at

J. L. KING'S

clothing store, corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues, where on the first day of life in our new home, in the basement, we took nice coffee and pickled sheep's tongues with Capt. Charles M. Bull and Frank Desnoyers; and today, in looking up a business man, we saw apparently the same wild turkeys, quails, partridges, and saddles of venison which hung there forty-three years ago. But Mr. King, after having clothed all the sailors, white and black, on the docks, all the French from Ecorse, River Rouge, Sandwich Point and Monguagon, all the frogsters of Hamtramck and Springwells; after having encountered all the financial panics and bank failures from 1837 to 1877, changed his place of business some time since, and still lives on earth to sell clothing as of yore.

Half a block up the avenue was

FREDERICK H. STEVENS,

then a successful hardware merchant, then president of the Michigan State Bank, who built the first very elegant brick dwelling on Jefferson avenue, where Mrs. James A. Van Dye now lives, furnished it with princely splendor, gave a grand house-warming in 1837; but afterwards was swept away by the financial flood of 1844–5, and died in comparatively straitened circumstances. Next to him in the same block was

DARIUS LAMSON,

a strong, square, very hard-working, prudent, and very economical dry goods merchant, who beginning there in 1818, kept on in the "noiseless tenor of his way," always hard at work all the week, always in the Presbyterian church on Sunday; whose unpretending home on the avenue was always the seat of real hospitality without any of the flame and flash

of modern entertainment, but that hospitality that always had a plate for a friend, an honest shake of the hand for a neighbor, and a cordial "God bless you" for those who met under his roof. He, too, left a handsome estate for his heirs, some of whom with their children make up a number of the families of Detroit today.

LEVI COOK.

One more call and our day's visits are over. In a small wooden, one story building, where Masonic hall now stands on Jefferson avenue, between Griswold and Shelby streets, was the store of Levi Cook, a perfect, childless old giant, some six feet three inches high, with a bald head and with a wig always awry. He was three times mayor of Detroit; the Grand Master of the Masonic lodge; the Grand High Priest of the chapter, a man who believed and practiced Masonry as it then was, as a bond of fraternity, unity, and brotherhood of man; a roaring whig, a good story teller, a very careful, prudent trader, who made money, kept his money and his lots, and left a handsome estate to nephews, nieces, cousins and kin, and then went to the Masonic heaven, "That house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

And just at this moment plods slowly along, with trembling steps, sunken eyes and shriveled face,

JOHN ROBERTS,

long before 1833, engaged in hard work in Detroit, in the soap and candle business. The sun shines bright this morning, and he looks around dazed and amazed like old Rip Van Winkle, after his return from the mountains, at the large banking houses, this new city hall, and he seems lost in all this bustle and noise of today. He coughs heavily, his eyes weep, and his voice trembles as he says: "I am now eighty years old, I am almost the sole survivor of those old, old merchants who were here long before your time. The others are all gone and I must soon follow." A true Christian and an honest man, he is ready and willing. "Let the drum beat, his knapsack is swung."

We must pause here and reserve the generation of 1832–6, the McGraws, Buhls, Baldwins, Eatons, Sheleys, Farrands, Carpenters, and all the other youngsters for our next, when like Othello, we "shall speak of them as they are and nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice."

But in taking leave of our old by-gone friends, let us not forget to

remark that not one of these men ever made a fraudulent failure, or ever went into bankruptcy. They were humble men; but, thanks to God, they were all gentlemen.

No. XII.

BY-GONE MERCHANTS.

Once more time advances, and this is now May, 1836, and since our last three of the most important and interesting years in the history of Detroit and Michigan have intervened; and both have advanced nearly a century in that seemingly short space of time. First and foremost, the convention of 1835, to form a constitution for the State, has sat and the constitution been adopted. The election of State officers, members of the legislature, and county officers, under the new State government, has been accomplished, and the entire machinery of the State has been put in motion, although not yet admitted into the Union, and all these newly elected officers are only waiting for the event to become possessed of all the honors and emoluments of their varied positions, while Senators Norvell and Lucius Lyon, and Representative Isaac E. Crary are dancing attendance on congress, asking in vain that Michigan shall be permitted to take her seat as the youngest, fairest and brightest of all the daughters of the Union.

Another important event is just now being felt all over the great west, and in Detroit especially, for the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank in 1833, and their division and distribution among the state banks by the order of President Andrew Jackson, and according to the creed and views of the great whig party, contrary to the constitution and laws of the United States, but Gen. Jackson, "by the Eternal!" has resolved to do it, and as he was the soul and heart and head of the democratic party, they, to a man, not only defended and justified it, but rejoiced over it.

The vast accumulation of deposits hitherto in one conservative national bank, was distributed by Roger B. Taney, then secretary of the treasury, among the pet state banks, all of which were owned and managed by democratic bankers, and they were encouraged and advised to furnish facilities to their customers and clients; and the result was that paper money became almost as cheap as wild flowers on the

prairies, and speculation of all kinds grew rife, especially in lands, city lots, town plats, as since then in 1870–73, and prices of all kinds advanced, even in wild lands, until prices that spring were as high in Detroit as they are today, and property on Jefferson avenue and the Cass farm was bought and sold by the foot front as high as now. The property opposite the Michigan Exchange was built by Messrs. Trowbridge, Farnsworth and Col. Whiting, and rents there and under the Michigan Exchange itself, were much higher than on this very day. Myriads of capitalists rushed from the East, bringing money which they put into wild lands all over the State, in fabulous sums, and Horace H. Comstock, Justin Burdick, and even Arthur Bronson, the closest, most penurious rich man in New York, bought lands by the thousands of acres; and even in old-fashioned, quiet Detroit, all the light headed and enthusiastic young men became crazed by the fortunes made by the purchase and sale of unimproved real estate here in one twenty-four hours. The walls of the Michigan Exchange, the National hotel, the American hotel, Uncle Ben's, and all the other hotels of Detroit, were papered over with plats, maps and diagrams of new cities, from Lewis Goddard's city of Brest, clear over to Port Sheldon on the shores of Lake Michigan; and Col. Edward Brooks as auctioneer, and Major Stillson his great rival, sold each day towns, cities and lands in which, like the "eye-water" of Col. Sellers, there were "millions in it." And Stillson himself laid out a town on Lake Huron, called White Rock, mapped it beautifully, and sold at auction a whole village where a seventy-four gun ship could ride at anchor over the chimneys of the hypothetical houses.

Men bought real estate and did go it blind as the sporting men play poker. This real estate mania is exhibited in this most extraordinary statement of the value of land sold at the land offices in Detroit alone: In 1833, $214,389.77; amount sold in 1836, $1,845,207.16; making only in three years this difference, $1,630,817.39. While the other land offices at Monroe and Kalamazoo were equal in their increase, and Thomas C. Sheldon, receiver of public lands at the latter place, and Dan Waters at Monroe, used to bring their money to Detroit to deposit in the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Michigan in great bags, as they do wool now, sometimes counting up to nearly half a million of dollars. Everything seemingly was on the mountain wave of success, as in 1870–3, and one had only to obtain the refusal of a piece of land on Jefferson avenue and to find a purchaser, who was always at hand, to become rich in a single summer.

So wild and wayward did these purchasers become that between May,

1834 and May, 1836, even the writer, a young, curly haired enthusiast, had made and had in the bank $17,000 on the purchase and sale of lots in Detroit, when in no single case had the deeds been made to him. But he had secured the refusal at a certain price, then sold it at an advance and pocketed the difference. Of course all silly fellows' heads were turned and the old "by-gone" felt that he was a second Nicholas Biddle, and that in a short time his estates in Detroit would equal the Astors of New York. So he used to fancy that he would build and endow a university, found a hospital, or perform some other equally benevolent feat.

Nearly everybody became wild and extravagant on the strength of fancied wealth; at the hotels champagne took the place of water, and bottles popped and cracked like pistols in California. Horace H. Comstock and other real estate millionaires drove $10,000 spans of horses, and small brick buildings on Fort street were sold at higher prices than the same property would bring today. While the sale by Gen. Cass in July of this year, 1836, of his farm lots on ten years' credit, brought prices as high as they would have done on the last fourth of July. As an evidence of the prevailing madness, let it be stated that in July, 1836, a company composed of Walter L. Newberry, Morgan L. Martin, George B. Martin, John A. Wells, Wm. H. Townsend and George C. Bates, was formed to buy the Reeder farm at Springwells, for $150,000, to lay out a city there, as a rival of Detroit, make a grand shipyard there, and to make fortunes for all these young nobs, but that same old Reeder title, still in the courts, prevented a consummation of that grand financial scheme.

But while the streets were full, and the hotels full, and the land offices were full of such financial sellers, the young merchants of Detroit of that day, with here and there an exception, were level-headed and being possessed of sterling principles, sound judgments, discriminating minds, they foresaw the future bankruptcy and explosion, of all this speculative folly, and so they avoided it, as a tidy man would pitch his tent and quietly settle down to their legitimate business; working hard, living economically, eschewing all extravagance and prodigality, turning neither to the right or the left, always paying as they moved on, until Detroit today presents to the world a band of successful merchants and wealthy business men which has no equal either in Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Milwaukee or any other city in the United States. Is this exaggeration or is it reality? Is it fancy or is it fact? Mark you now we confine ourselves to the young business men of 1832–6, now gray haired, staid old millionaires of sixty-two to seventy years,

men who have, one and all achieved success, not merely in the acquisition of wealth, but also in everything else that they have ever undertaken to accomplish. We need not stop, today, to demonstrate the practical philosophy of the remark that "nothing succeeds so well as success," and that in this boasted land of liberty, where all are on a foot of equality in the beginning, while estates are not entailed and cannot be tied up beyond three lives, "the only standard of man's capacity is what he finally accomplishes here during his life." We all stand equal in the race, and none but the wisest, the most industrious, the most honest and temperate win in the end. In casting your eyes today over the wealthy, successful and really great men of this nation, you will find ninety-nine out of every hundred of them "self made men" like your Detroit merchants, while here and there the son of some wealthy or exalted family, like the Adams, the Winthrops, the Cushings of New England, the Astors and Vanderbilts of New York, may take up the lines and business of their fathers and carry them on successfully.

Emerging now from the basement of the old Bank of Michigan, four doors east of King's corner, where the office of Cole & Porter was, and had been for years, and turning toward the Michigan Exchange, the first mercantile house of importance in 1834 was that of

Z. CHANDLER.

Mr. Chandler was then just of age, was very tall, as now, and had come from New Hampshire to begin the journey of life. Of course he brought with him energy, life, industry, and a thorough training in the New England school of business and morals, and also a small patrimony, which was subsequently increased by the death of his brother, who died young of consumption. No man ever devoted himself to the duties of his business, and all the stern demands of youth, in a new country, more zealously than he did. Sleeping in his store he was up early always, worked late, was economical, prudent and energetic during the week days, was always in his seat at the Presbyterian church on Sunday; was an active and zealous worker in the Young Men's Society and all literary and moral enterprises; made a large business acquaintance all over the territory; was never a moment away from the counter during business hours; sold rapidly; selected his goods with skill and taste and of course grew, day by day, in the confidence and credit of business men, and in the good will of his neighbors and friends. So he continued, year by year, to expand and enlarge his business. And foreseeing the growth of Detroit and Michigan so early as 1837, he began to invest his surplus accumulations in real estate all

around the four corners at King's, buying out the Brewsters, Brooks and Halschom and all the other neighbors, who, becoming embarrassed by their speculations, were daily caving in; so in the progress of a few years he owned some dozen or more business houses, all around the four corners, which cost him a mere bagatelle, and which he retains even today as a part of his accumulated wealth. All his habits of life were those of a thoroughbred New England youth. He was strictly temperate and no man did more to help build up his church, establish its Sunday schools, its hospitals, and to expand its benevolent institutions than he did. He was then no politician, but an earnest whig, and all the energies and zeal of his life were directed to one grand object, success in business; and that he soon attained, and as he grew older, and the State of Michigan advanced, his business steadily increased until its area embraced the entire peninsula, and his sales increased by hundreds of thousands of dollars.

In the midst of the wild speculations of all the world around him, like the pilot at the wheel, he kept his eye always on the compass, never bought nor sold anything on speculation, touched no real estate except that which was improved, and which he always bought at bed-rock prices for cash in hand. Of course such a business, like jealousy, grew and made the very food it fed on; and so Chandler's wealth enlarged its area every year until he entered the political arena in 1856, when the management and mantle of all his business affairs fell upon the shoulders of Allen Shelden, a boyish, smooth-faced, clever gentleman, whose activity, zeal and business skill more than equaled that of his teacher, and who, during the war, as the sole managing man of Z. Chandler & Co., more than tripled the old business and its profits, and who, today, is one of the most respected, esteemed, successful merchants of all the younger class of Detroit. Indeed no man in business today among the merchants of Detroit, ranks higher in every respect than Mr. Shelden.

Crossing Woodward avenue in the old Dequindre block we at once encounter the sign and place of business of A. C. McGraw, a practical shoemaker and shoe dealer, who was born and bred in Orange county, New York, and, having a good common school education, had looked away through the future and saw in Detroit the place where fortune awaited him; and so he landed in Detroit in 1830 and at once went to work at his business to accumulate capital by industry and economy. But he builded better than he knew, and in the three years that preceded 1833, when this old pencil first made its stake in Detroit, he had gained the entire confidence of the community, a credit equal to

that of any man, and had accumulated quite a snug sum, all of which went into his business, and which of course grew day by day as Detroit and Michigan advanced in commerce and manufacture. In that same store, on the ground near where Horace Hallock & Co., now have their clothing store, for many a long year, A. C. McGraw traveled steadily on, bending all his energy and devoting all his time and talent to the pursuit of his business, watching the markets and studying the growth and outcrop of his new home.

He was not only an excellent business man, industrious as the sun, prudent and economical, but he was then and has continued to be through a long and most successful business career, a consistent, devoted Christian, always temperate to the last degree, never in his life for a moment indulging in dissipation of mind or body, but devoting all his time not actually occupied in his business to the reading and study of the best books, to the most regular and earnest devotion to the Presbyterian church, its schools and all its benefactions. And while an earnest whig and thoroughly acquainted with the politics and politicians of the land, yet never soiling his hands in the dirty pool of partisan schemes, never seeking or accepting office of any kind. Each succeeding year McGraw became better known, his credit and business more enlarged and his income multiplied, and without one dollar of patrimony or one penny of aid from any human being he has grown and enlarged his old business until today the house of McGraw & Co. manufactures and sells boots and shoes all over the northwest to the extent of three-fourths of a million of dollars, and employs labor by the hundreds. Not only this, but as his advance in life and wealth came to him, he built and occupied a quiet, elegant American home. He educated all his children with the utmost care in this country, then spent with his family a long period in Europe, in Berlin, where he was the guest and friend of the American minister, and with his family he has traveled all over the civilized parts of Europe and Africa, and recrossed this continent at least twice, so that he knows today all that is interesting of his own country, and is familiar with all the institutions and objects of interest in Europe. A large family has sprung unto him, and they have all had the benefit of good domestic training at home, access to the very best schools here and all the benefits of visits and life in Europe, and today there is no black sheep in all that flock. One son on the shores of the Pacific faithfully performed the duties of United States District Attorney for Oregon, another has now become eminent in Detroit as a surgeon, while two more at the right and left hand of their gray haired father, belong to

the firm of A. C. McGraw & Co. If success in the acquisition of wealth, the attainment of an unsullied character, a credit untarnished by a single act of dishonesty, a reputation as unspotted as the blade of Damascus, hands unsoiled by one spot of political dishonesty, a mind thoroughly stored with all the books and information appertaining to his pathway in life, be evidence of wisdom, then A. C. McGraw may go to sleep in Elmwood and have this inscription on his tombstone "Sacred to the memory of a man who achieved success in everything he undertook." Wealth has not spoiled or changed him; he is neither a miser nor a tyrant, but now, as forty-five years ago, a plain, staid, industrious, hard-working, honest, temperate American citizen, whom any minister of ours in all Europe might be glad to present to the crowned heads of the world, as one of the very best specimens of a true American merchant, manufacturer and mechanic. But we pass on to Jefferson avenue, just below the store of A. C. McGraw & Co., and here we stop and peer in through the window, and there hard at work, busy as bees, are two young men, only a year or two since from Pennsylvania, who are destined to write their names all along the future of Detroit in splendid huge warehouses, great mercantile establishments on Woodward avenue or Jefferson avenue, sturdy and massive banking houses and insurance offices all along Griswold street, and they are the brothers

FREDERICK BUHL AND CHRISTIAN BUHL.

They are, "hat and cap manufacturers" and subsequently, like old John Jacob Astor, they became successful fur dealers.

Down in the old Kercheval house on Woodbridge street, below and back of the Michigan Exchange, they have their great manufacturing hat shop, and if you pass there on a dark night, at any hour earlier than 12 o'clock you will see a huge fire, a furnace and all the material and machinery of hat dyeing and manufacturing, and Chris. Buhl with his strong arms trimming and scraping furs, and going through the entire process of hat manufacturing, while Frederick Buhl is always in the shop on the avenue, from early morn to late at night, supplying customers with hats, and all the materials and trimmings appertaining to the business. Frederick Buhl is a spare, quiet, cool man, perfectly absorbed in his business, while the younger one, Chris., is a strong, active, go ahead, outdoor fellow, and conjointly they make a perfect duet in business, the one managing, superintending and in person manufacturing all kinds of goods belonging to their business, and the other making sales in Detroit and visiting New York, in the purchase

of new supplies. Both of them are very active, thoroughbred and devoted business men. And so they prospered and grew, and never amidst all the changes and chances of a deranged currency did they touch bottom, or suspend their straightforward business. Nor were they ever seduced to turn to the right or the left from their legitimate business. No speculations, no promised profits, in real estate, or in furs, or in anything else, could bend them a hair's breadth from their daily, hourly and yearly track. So they both stepped up the ladder as firmly as the hodman does and each year their old business extended its area until they became the leading Detroit house in all that branch of business. Then C. H. Buhl, anxious to out-strip his old partner, went into the iron business, having bought out with poor Charles Ducharme the old stand of A. H. Newbould & Co.; and then and during the war have his gains accumulated until he is now a millionaire, and one of the very largest and most successful merchants in Detroit; and today he may be found, as in 1834, at early morning and long evening at work in the counting room or in his splendid buildings all over Detroit.

Years ago they both bought real estate—only with their surplus gains—improved that property, with their accumulated earnings, and today every foot of it is worth many times its cost. All their business transactions have turned to gold, and there has been no break in their chain of success. Why? Simply because they have always, everywhere attended personally to their business, and never trusted to another what they could do themselves. Clerks, accountants, apprentices and all employés always work with, not under them.

And so all moves on like a patent lever watch. Close, economical, prudent to the last degree, no man ever saw them in a drinking house, riding after fast horses, or building or occupying extravagant and foolish places. They have always, too, maintained and preserved their mercantile and business credit and integrity as pure and unsullied as the chastity of Cæsar's wife. And in all their history while money getting, they have always kept their hands clean and their characters "sans peur, sans reproche." Rich, very rich, they have become. They are careful and economical to the last degree, but no man ever questioned their justice, their integrity and their honor. But these by-gones grow and we must pause.

No. XIII.

BY-GONE MERCHANTS.

June, 1836. It is still the year of jubliee to Detroit and Michigan. Every steamer that lands at our docks is over-burdened with its freight of living, moving, human beings, and they arrive some two or three each day. The roads from Detroit in every direction are whitened all along with covered wagons, crammed with women, children and furniture, while cows, and sheep and horses follow on. The hotels are thronged with an eager, excited crowd of strangers, all rushing about as if afraid Michigan would be bought out ere they had a chance to buy an acre; and old Major Kearsley, receiver of public lands, at Detroit, is hustled and jostled about on his wooden leg by one mad, crazy crowd of land buyers, so that he goes back to his more substantial support—the crutches. New brick stores spring up all along Jefferson avenue, and a vast cutting down and filling in of the Cass front has begun, which will end in giving 1,500 feet of new water front to Detroit, and adding fourteen acres to the Cass farm. Stage coaches, in the morning, by the dozen, crowd around the Michigan Exchange, Uncle Ben's, and all the other hotels, producing a revenue of $92,000 in six months; and land speculators swarm like bees all over the streets of Detroit. All goes "merrie as a marriage bell," and we will now watch these new young merchants who have just come to make new homes, or who, beginning in 1830, have just started in the grand race for fortune and fame, with high hopes and earnest efforts to achieve success. And now, rushing down the avenue at railroad speed for the St. Clair boat, we meet a tall, strong built, very active young man,

ALANSON SHELEY,

who, very stout and active, goes ahead as if he meant to win the race, and he has done it. A large head, covered with black, stiff hair, an aquiline nose, large blue eyes, very strong arms and limbs, a deep guttural voice, outline this young lumberman, who has just come from northern New York to take charge of "The Black River Steam Mill Company," a company created by and working in, the pine forests of St. Clair, on the capital of Capt. Thomas Perkins, a Boston millionaire; which company had erected extensive saw mills at Black River, purchased pine lands by the thousands of acres, and is already placing on the market immense quantities of lumber at prices so small that they

soon prove a burden to the eastern capitalists, who have sent these large sums so far away from Boston. But Yankees though they are, they look clear ahead, and see, stimulated by cheap money the immense rush to the west, the wonderful growth of Detroit, Pontiac, Port Huron, Ann Arbor and such cities. This company adds to its invested capital each year in dams, mills, machinery, boats, etc., many thousands of dollars. And so Alanson Sheley, a sturdy, careful, earnest, go-ahead young man, with an uprightness and honesty that nothing could sway or bend, with pluck and vim, courage and backbone, that never bowed nor bent to any one but God himself; with "an eye that never winked and a wing that never tired" when duty called to action or labor, with a religious character as fixed, and puritanical principles as unyielding and exacting as Cromwell himself, Sheley was put at the head of the great enterprise and vested with absolute power by its eastern owners, to manage and work in the very best manner for the interest of his employers, and he did just what he was employed to do. Up and down the Detroit river, day after day, on the old steamer Gen. Brady and the Macomb, he vibrated between the lumber mills at Black River and the lumber yard at Detroit, rushed up his supplies, brought down his logs and lumber, and keeping his eye steadily on all his work, he speculated in nothing but how best to promote the welfare and to make money for the stockholders of the Black River Steam Mill Company all his week days, while each Sunday, in the Presbyterian church, early and late, he was always on hand, singing and praising God with the same force, zeal and energy as on the week days he rolled logs to the mill or made the dust fly from the buzz saws and uprights in the mills. But the flush times of 1836 soon ended, and lumber, like everything else, ceased to pay, and Captain Tom Perkins, too, weared of paying taxes, making advances and spreading out capital so far from Boston, so they offered to sell out to Sheley and another, at $100,000, which offer was accepted, notes were given for the property, all of which were met promptly at the day of maturity, and the purchasers are supposed to have realized as much more by that one operation. The lumber business, however, dragged for a long time, so Sheley for a time retired, but afterwards, in 1859, went into the drug and oil business as one of the firm of Farrand & Sheley, now Farrand, Williams & Co., always, however, keeping his eyes wide open for an *investment*—not to speculate. And so, in 1852 just a quarter of a century since he bought, away out of town, on Woodward avenue, five acres of land at $5,500 cash, which has grown up today to a value of twenty times its cost, and on which he has erected a neat, elegant,

American gentleman's house, where every comfort and elegance is found, and where, with his robust, snow haired wife, he entertains with all the simplicity of a Yankee Puritan, combined with the hearty, old-fashioned liberality and hospitality of the pioneers. Always a whig, his house is ornamented with steel engravings of Clay and Webster both. Since their death he has been a most decided republican, has twice been State senator, has served several terms as alderman from the sixth ward, was for years a member of the sewer commission, was a member of the board of review, and has been a power in republican politics. He never smoked a cigar, took a chew of tobacco or tasted, touched or even looked on the cup when the wine is red; but totally abstinent from all follies and vices, he has grown now into a sturdy, wealthy, old-fashioned merchant.

The business of his firm is carried on in an immense building erected by the owners when property was less valuable than at present, and to which they have attracted a custom from all parts of the State, and where, by hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth each year, drugs, oils and paints and all such merchandise is handled. But he has traveled all over his own country, explored all the west, visited California and the Pacific coast. Spent ten days with his eyes wide open, his ears, too, in Utah, talked by the hour with old Brigham Young, made his notes and observations, and today comprehends the situation there as well as if he had lived there years. He has grown very stout, is still young and active, hears and sees everything, forgets nothing. So we shall place him on the right flank as orderly sergeant of our by-gone merchants, to dress up this splendid company of Silver Grays of 1832–6.

His partner,

JACOB S. FARRAND,

at that time was a clerk of Edward Bingham, dealer in drugs and medicines, at 112 Jefferson avenue, where for many a long year Mr. Bingham, a most excellent, honest man, conducted that business, until the first of January, 1842, when his store was destroyed by fire and he thus sustained a loss from which he never rallied, as he never again went into business.

Mr. Farrand, however, was not with Mr. Bingham at the time of this disaster, being then deputy collector of the port of Detroit under Col. Edward Brooks, a position which he held from 1841 to 1845, when, under his own name, he went into the drug and grocery business on Woodward avenue, next door to King's corner.

In 1855 the firm became Farrand & Wheaton, William Wheaton obtaining an interest which he retained until 1858, when he went out. In 1859 Mr. Sheley took an interest, and the firm name became Farrand and Sheley, since which time other partners have been added, and the name has been changed to Farrand, Williams & Co.

Mr. Farrand is and ever has been a stanch, temperate, industrious man, ever prominent in all church and charitable work, a member of the reunion of the old and new Presbyterian churches, and during the past summer a delegate to the pan-Presbyterian council, which met in Edinburgh, Scotland, in July, 1877, from whence he, with his family, has but recently returned. He was a member of the executive committee of the Young Men's State Temperance Society of which Marshall J. Bacon was president, John Owen, district treasurer, Rev. Robert Trumbull, who died last month in Hartford, corresponding secretary, and Gov. Mason, Judge Hand, John Chester, and Asher S. Kellogg were the committee. Farrand and Judge Hand are the sole survivors of the first temperance society ever organized in Michigan. Of course Farrand is rich, president of the First National Bank, president of the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company, director in the Wayne County Savings Bank, and in the Detroit Fire and Marine, and the holder of other positions of honor and trust. He has been alderman from the fifth ward and acting mayor of the city, and has always been a prominent and influential republican. He has a clear head, is respected and esteemed by everybody, and has raised a family, "fit body to fit head," in which there is no stain or spot.

But we hurry on, and down on the avenue, and at No. 82, just above the Michigan Exchange we see, in a large sugar cask, a young man clad in a smock frock, with an iron shovel, at work emptying that cask of sugar, as if his life was at stake. We approach him, his eye is gray, too, his eyebrows shaggy, his voice deep, rather harsh, all his nerves are like iron, and he digs and digs, as if the treasures of Capt. Kidd were buried under that sugar. That is

JOHN OWEN,

the working, active, successful partner of Chapin & Owen, among the very first drug, oil, and grocery merchants of Detroit. At this time he was alderman of the first ward in Detroit, afterwards its mayor, then State treasurer of Michigan for two or three successive terms, always doing business for the public as he did for himself—on the square, using the plumb line of honesty and the compass of truth as his tools in trade. Dr. Chapin died of cholera in 1834, and John Owen

continued the business until he had acquired capital, when he became president of the Michigan Insurance Company, and was engaged also in large enterprises in lumber, carried on by Elisha Eldred and Wesley Truesdail, under his eye and supervision. He, too, like all these predecessors, save one, never drank, chewed, or wasted one moment of time during the week, while on the Sabbath, in the Methodist church, he taught a whole generation of Sunday school scholars as earnestly and devotedly as if he were their real rather than their spiritual father.

In the long by-gones, John Owen with Chauncey Hurlbut, organized, supported and ran the old Detroit fire department, and on the top of a burning house, with his speaking trumpet as foreman, or on manning the brakes, John Owen was just as earnest, active, and persistent as he was on this June day, 1836, in shoveling up that sugar; and during all his long and useful life he has never slipped or faltered or stopped, and as you meet him now, with scarcely a gray hair in his head, walking a quick pace, very earnest, lithe and youthful in his gait and action, you could scarcely believe that he was a man nearly or quite seventy, who had won in all the great struggles of life, and had achieved, as he deserved, perfect success. Let him step to the front and align himself in this extraordinary company of by-gone merchants, and dress himself by Alanson Sheley on the right, acting orderly, and answer to the roll call when it is made.

Passing on to the corner of Jefferson avenue and Shelby street, we find the firm of Webb, Chester & Co., wholesale and retail dealers in crockery, in the corner of the Michigan Exchange, established as a branch house of Webb, Douglass & Co., of Albany, in which

JOHN CHESTER

had been reared, and who came to Detroit in 1835 to establish this branch and carry on the business.

Henry L. Webb, of Albany, and his partner Douglass, had for many years previous to 1835 built up a large and lucrative business there as crockery dealers, had accumulated a large fortune, so they educated in the business John Chester, a cousin of Mr. Webb, and sent him thus early to Detroit. Mr. Chester was a punctilious and cultivated gentleman, a man thoroughly educated in his business, a most perfect and elegant accountant, a well educated, old-fashioned merchant, not a mere man of business, but a gentleman, familiar with books and affairs generally; and he no sooner established himself and his business here than they became successful and he very popular. As an old

Brady Guard he was the neatest and "nattiest" of soldiers, was made orderly sergeant, and always was minute and particular in all its duties. He was a prominent Odd Fellow, an active and thorough member of the first temperance society of Michigan, and very zealous in the Young Men's Society, and indeed in all the institutions and organizations to improve and to refine our people. For some years he continued the firm of Webb, Chester & Co., and then sold out and went on to the dock as one of the firm of Pease, Chester & Co., the firm being composed of Capt. Wm. T. Pease, John Chester and Tarleton Jones of Green Bay, a nephew of De Garmo Jones, which new firm took the old business of De Garmo Jones & Co. on the dock, and continued for several years.

In all his habits of life John Chester was correct, pure and strictly temperate, and was the very soul of honor and chivalry, and although he died early, in 1852, and left a reputation without one single spot or blemish. No man ever heard John Chester utter a profane or impure word; no man ever saw him in the slightest degree affected by wine or liquor; no man on earth ever heard of any act of meanness or dishonesty committed by him; but in all respects in business, at home, in the world, in the sunshine of prosperity, and in the dark days of disappointment and financial distress, which swept all over the Northwest, John Chester stood erect as a pure, good man.

But here we are again at 110 Jefferson avenue, close to the Buhls, McGraws and all the hard workers, and here we find

FARNSWORTH, MATHER & HALL,

in the old stand of Davis, Broadhead & Co., a new firm, B. S. Farnsworth, a very tall New Hampshire democrat, still living; Alonzo F. Mather, and Amos T. Hall, the present and past treasurer of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad ever since its organization—a man whose robust form, pure white hair, very rosy cheeks, and fortune and character, make him a sort of lighthouse in Chicago, where nearly all these merchants of his age have "*caved.*"

Farnsworth came from New Hampshire and brought some capital; Hall was the son of old Dr. Hall, a bright, smart young man, and so they bought out Phineas Davis & Broadhead, old Boston merchants, and soon became successful merchants. And now, after these long forty-four years, they, too, stand firm and erect, as men who always paid all their debts, had no vices of any kind, were industrious, devoted to their business, and keeping along the cool, sequestered vale of

life, they are men respected and ready when called to go, leaving behind them no enemies, no frauds, no drunkenness, no debaucheries, no defalcations, no dishonor.

No. XIV.

BY-GONE MERCHANTS.

June, 1836. The times in Detroit are still booming, new steamers arriving daily, the crowds of immigrants swell like the wave of ocean under the impetus of a volcano; and as we tramp along Jefferson avenue the streets are more crowded with men and women and wagons and carriages than today. So we resume our inspection of the by-gone merchants and begin with

JOHN & JAMES WATSON,

218 Jefferson avenue, in the block between Bates and Randolph streets just adjoining the Williams block.

There we find a store full of general merchandise, marked so far as the dry goods are concerned, by strong shades of red, white and blue, and all the surroundings and infillings demonstrate the characteristics of strong French tastes, while the room itself is crowded with purchasers, nearly all women and children, who speak mostly the French patois of that day and who come from Canada, the Rouge, Ecorse and Monguagon; while the two young owners and a host of clerks rush here and there to serve them. Both these Brothers Watson are "native to the manor born," they being connected on the Scotch side with the Abbotts and Whistlers and all that set; while by marriage they were members of the French families of the Godfroys, the Morans, and all the *creme de la creme* of the upper classes of the old French *regime*. John Watson, the elder of the two, was then about thirty, and James say twenty-eight years of age. John was an earnest, active man, thoroughly educated as a merchant here; was of sanguine, nervous temperament; most industrious, temperate and careful in all his business; while James, the younger brother was taller, very much more slow and sedate; yet he, too, was always at work, always at his business, and during that and subsequent years the sales by this firm must have been very large, and as their customers, although slow, were all small

real estate holders and farmers, they never lost much by bad debts. During the ups and downs from 1836, clear over the dark days of 1841–45, they continued in business, when James Watson sold out, went to Bay City, then a wilderness, became engaged in the lumber trade, where he accumulated a large estate, and today is a retired old by-gone business man of Detroit, who has a sufficient fortune, a spotless reputation, and all that one may win in the pursuits of life begun at that early day.

John Watson, the elder brother, married as his second wife the daughter of Peter Godfroy, of the lower part of the city, through whom he became the owner of a part of that Godfroy farm, on which he built a handsome residence, and made other real estate improvements, exhibiting taste and enterprise; but he died many years since lamented and respected by all. These two young men, like all the other by-gones on our muster role, were most industrious, attentive to their business, avoiding speculations in real estate, strictly temperate in all their habits, economical in their style and mode of living, and so take their positions in the front rank of business men who achieved success for themselves. They were devoted Catholics in religion, and like all that class of people they lived their whole lives in strict conformity with their creed, and the death of John and the removal of James left a void in the Catholic church of Detroit. But we hurry on down Jefferson avenue, and just below old Joseph Campau's old, *old* home, at No. 86, we find another example of the native born boys of Detroit,

DANIEL J. CAMPAU,

who, although the son of the richest man in Detroit, broke away from his father's restrictions, and beginning life for himself and without any aid or assistance from the old gentleman, who was very queer and very careful of his property, young Dan struck out for himself, and then not more than twenty-five years of age had opened a dry goods store where he, too, like the Watsons, was doing a large business with the old French people and the tide of new comers now crowding the streets of Detroit. Those who see Mr. Campau now, a confirmed victim of malpractice in the medical profession, a decrepit, prematurely old man, unable to get out of his carriage, can hardly imagine that he was quite tall, straight as an arrow, active and thorough in business, with a large blue eye, and very much of a dressy, fashionable by-gone merchant, whose blue coat and brass buttons, white vest, black pants and gaiters on Sundays and holy days, with his mauve colored gloves attracted the

attention of all the young French ladies of the city, and whose presence and address were striking. His strange old father remonstrated with him for his venture in commercial life, and never gave him pecuniary aid or assistance, but Daniel J. Campau was industrious, temperate, economical, intelligent and in this year, 1836, he ranked as A No. 1 among his business friends and mercantile brethren. Not only this, but he was very popular among all the people of Detroit; was twice or thrice elected as treasurer of Wayne county, was a military aid to the commanding general of this division, was elected a delegate to the national convention that nominated Gen. Pierce, and in all these positions he discharged all the duties of his office with honor and fidelity. He never stole any of your public money, he never carried off your coupons, never soiled his hands with public property, but in office, as in his mercantile business, he kept his conscience void of offense, and gave back all the property and money *intrusted* to him by his constituents. When a raid was made on his father's estate, after the old man's death, he rushed to the front and by his energy and ability saved his brothers and sisters from the nets of the legal fishermen and the toils of the hunter; and while his body has been left a mere wreck of misfeasance among the medicos, yet his reputation, his character, and his conduct, remain pure, clear, untarnished and unsullied, and no man can join hands with him now without realizing that he was and is one of the fairest and best specimens of the by-gone French merchants of forty years ago. Of course Campau, like all these merchants, was always temperate, attentive to his business, economical in all his habits of living, and but for the mishap to his health he would today have been a millionaire alongside of Chris. Buhl and that class of the most wealthy, enterprising, and go-ahead men of Detroit.

But we cross the street, go down towards the old Mansion House, and here where business seemed then to be tending we find

A. E. MATHER,

No. 17 Cass street, a large crockery merchant who came here early in 1834 or 1835, and subsequently did business on a large scale on Woodward avenue. Coming here from Vermont at so early a day, he soon became successful; purchased real estate in large quantities, erected many buildings, and seemed on the highway to a large fortune. He was a very quiet, retired gentleman, a very active and leading man in the Presbyterian church. Earnest in his support and endeavor in the Sunday school, and faithful and upright in all his dealings, he won high standing as a merchant and business man, but in the revul-

sion of prices in real estate he suffered in common with all who bought and sold, and so did not achieve great wealth; but he always maintained his integrity and his character entirely unsullied; paid all his debts, avoided all the blandishments of vice, was industrious, careful and temperate to the very last, and so left a right to stand in line with the Detroit merchants of 1836, and to a record for strict honesty and sterling integrity.

But we return to Bates street and Jefferson avenue, and here at once we see the sign of

HENRY P. BALDWIN,

boot and shoe dealer who has just—late this year—opened his business in Detroit.

Born in Rhode Island about the year 1814, our newcomer was educated in boyhood for a profession, but ere he had completed it his father died, and his uncle, being a business man, prepared him for a business life, and he took quickly and kindly to the change. He had hardly passed the age of manhood when the rise and growth of Detroit attracted his attention, and having a most excellent character and credit, he came here with a large stock of goods, and at once rushed into a successful business. He was in person a blonde, with light hair, light eyes, light complexion, very spare, very nice in dress and very precise in address. In manners he was bland, gentle, and genial, "commingling the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*." In his heart he was most benevolent, so that his success was assured ere he began. No sooner was his store opened and business crowding around him than he rushed up into the Episcopal church, took a class in Sunday school, constituted himself a missionary all over Detroit, and next to his business he has for forty-five years been not a mere auxiliary, but a mighty power in that conservative sect, and from Detroit to San Francisco his benefactions are displayed in new churches, chapels, Sunday schools, and even in Utah, a beautiful and expensive church owes its success to Governor Baldwin. Not resting upon the doctrine of Episcopacy that "the laying on of hands will convert sinners into saints by the mere power of the Holy Ghost," he has always put his hands in his pocket and has contributed more effectually to the rise and growth of that church than any other living man in the Northwest. In Detroit he built, equipped, finished and fitted up one of the handsomest churches and parsonage in all the west; and if by baptism and confirmation alone Episcopalians are assured of Heaven, then Gov. Baldwin will ascend to its very highest seat.

In the winter of 1860-1 Mr. Baldwin served as State senator, and as chairman of the finance committee, personally made the investigations and wrote the report which exposed the disorganized condition of the finances, and he it was who drafted and introduced the necessary bills to perfect the financial reorganization which then took place. He was also chairman of the investigating committee which exposed and sent to the penitentiary, McKinney, the defaulting republican State treasurer. Not only this, but the republican party during the war, needing an honest man and a thorough business man to take the helm of State, selected him as governor. He never sought the office, but the office sought him. No man ever saw him in saloons or lager beer shops smoking and drinking to secure votes, nor using his wealth to buy the assistance of rings or cliques, but he was the honest and best choice of all that party and they were compelled to ask him to leave his business and take care of theirs. He did it, and during the four years of his administration no single man was ever appointed to office unless "honest and capable," and no republican thief ever stole one dollar from the treasury. In short he conducted the business of State as he did his store in Detroit, and left office with clean hands, no single ring except the people being around him.

At the special session of 1872, six days after he made the recommendation, the legislature passed and he signed the bills appropriating $1,100,000 to finish the capitol building, which had been commenced in accordance with the recommendations in his message of 1871, and which, when finished, will be the most elegant public building—for the money expended—which exists in this country.

His career has been in everything a triumphant success, and while he has accumulated a very large fortune on earth, and is now building a very large and palatial house in Detroit, he has simultaneously laid up huge treasures in heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt nor thieves break through and steal," and his bank account there is as large as at the Second National Bank of Detroit, while heavenly mansions are all prepared and angels await to welcome him there with their benediction: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, thou shalt be lord over many things."

But just at the corners we meet one of the sturdy old by-gones, a man very quiet but a mighty power in those days among Masons, in the Mechanics' society, in the common council and elsewhere—Nathan B. Carpenter, who for a great many years had plodded on, working and saving money, buying lots here and there, until he had accumu-

lated quite an estate. On all Masonic occasions he could be seen with the immense Bible spread out in his brawny arms, the square and compass lying thereon; and with Levi Cook, Dr. Whiting, Jerry Moore, John Farrar and all old Masons, he was always a devoted brother. His son

WM. N. CARPENTER,

just about this time emerged into business, and on Jefferson avenue, three doors above the old bank of Michigan, opened a large and elegant stock of dry goods, selected with great taste, for the owner was and has always been a gentleman of refined taste, great good sense, and a most accurate, careful and upright business man, never soiled by any bad habits or vices, but devoted to business and the cultivation of his own mind and tastes and the happiness of his family.

Leaving the dry goods business many years since, he became a manufacturer of tobacco on Woodward avenue, and of course like all other men in that business he accumulated large profits, and soon became a retired capitalist, but still is engaged in business quietly, and by no means rusts out or lies on his oars. Mr. Carpenter with Gov. Baldwin, has always been a devoted churchman, has contributed both by precept and example and liberal donations to build up the waste places of Zion, and can stand in the ranks of successful Detroit merchants of forty years ago, whose lives have been ornaments to this city and creditable to themselves.

His tobacco business descended many years ago to

JOHN J. BAGLEY,

a huge big man with a big body, head and heart, as Lincoln would say; a great manufacturer of tobacco, and a great consumer thereof, too, whose life is almost a romance. Coming to Detroit many years ago very poor and penniless, with considerable picked up education, great shrewdness, sleepless energy and pluck, he began life here in the humblest employments, but he walked on steadily, in summer heat and winter cold, until he became not merely a rich merchant, but the successor in the executive chair of Michigan, of Governor Baldwin. Ever since John Bagley had earned his first dollar, his triumph was as certain as the rising and going down of the sun. Money rolled in upon him in rivers, he built a splendid home in Detroit and proved to be one of the very best governors Michigan ever had. He was not

merely honest—that of course—but he knew the infirmities of poverty and the temptations that beset youthful criminals, and so he turned his great head to the means and appliances of preventing crime and of ameliorating its punishment in youths, and that most useful institution at Coldwater is the work of his big hands, and a thousand amendments to the discipline and management of the penitentiary of this State are the simple practical workings of Bagley. He has developed a power of public speaking. His address to the pioneers of Coldwater is full of pathos, humor and touching allusions, while his welcome to the national stove manufacturers was a happy hit, worthy of any speaker. His manners are simple, brusque and plain; but the grip of his hand and the jolly "How are you?" assure one that he is a man of real heart, not a cold-blooded, scheming, sneaking politician, and should the fortunes of political life place him in the senate of the nation, he would be something besides a partisan and would do something there beyond the mere dirty work of distributing offices to his pets and protégés. With unsullied integrity, both in private as well as in public life, and being comparatively a young by-gone, he bids fair to live many years more, and to do in the future as he has in the past—good unto all.

No. XV.

NEW YEAR'S, 1836.

New Year's, 1836! How time, like history, duplicates itself! That New Year's forty-two years ago was just like the New Year's of 1878, only a little more bright, clear, and with the ground just enough frozen to make walking or riding very pleasant with a light spring overcoat; and New Years in these long by-gones, was *the* day above all others when old Detroiters gave themselves up all day long to visiting and having a happy, happy New Year.

From early New Year at 12 midnight, until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, in all the streets of the olden times, the boys, armed with pistols, crackers, guns of every calibre and size, small cannon and everything else that would hold a cartridge, or would explode, were summoned into service and one grand French *feu de joie* was fired all over town, all along the river; and its reverberations were echoed and

reëchoed from the shores at Windsor, and away along down to Springwells, to Sandwich opposite, and all along the river banks, so that sleep was ended the moment New Year's began. The French people especially on these days entered into the pleasures of New Year's with a zest that no other people save the Chinese ever equaled; and Detroit was always in all the early morning of New Year's a blaze of fire from happy boys, and even exhilarated old Frenchmen. While the "*Bon jour, mon ami*," "*Bon jour, ma femme*," had a softness and power in their tones that told that the *heart* of that day always went with the *hand*, and that the latchstring of every house and cabin—and not a stupid basket—hung on the outside. Not only did the guns and drums of those days usher in the New Year, but all the bells of all the churches of old Detroit rang out their "merrie" peals, and with the first rays of light the winter morning was made musical and melodious from every Catholic and Protestant bell of the then Village of the Straits.

Time, which changes all things has changed Detroit much, and now New Year's gropes silently and darkly into day; and the old inhabitants, having grown rich and proud, close their doors, shut their hands, hang out their baskets, and the churches all from their towers, in solemn silence await the morning call to prayers, and the long and muddy day drags along heavily, only here and there relieved by the loud frolics of a dozen or more young gentlemen, who are striving hard to make it happy, happy New Year. "Old times are gone, old manners changed" but it is now 9 o'clock, a. m., 1836, and as

THE DUTIES OF NEW YEAR'S

in Detroit are arduous and exacting, we must begin early, keep on all day and end late, else some respected official, some old friend, some young stranger in Detroit, shall be overlooked or forgotten. So, pursuant to an old custom, the members of the bar in squads meet, all in full dress coats, neatly gloved, at some one office, and start out to pay—first, visits of official courtesy, then visits of fraternity, and finally visits of real old-fashioned friendship, for in those days the bar and bench of Detroit were a band of gentlemen, brethren, men who were proud of their profession and full of fraternity, unity, and *esprit du corps*; so we meet at Cole & Porter's office under the old bank of Michigan, midway between King's corner and Bates street, and here they are—Henry S. Cole, Augustus S. Porter, Jacob M. Howard, Franklin Sawyer, James A. Van Dyke, Anthony Ten Eyck, G. Mott Williams, Daniel Fletcher Webster, John L. Talbott, Fisher Ames Harding, Marshall J. Bacon and George C. Bates, all equipped

according to law, and a jolly set, we sally out for the day. And first, as in duty bound, we repair to the American Hotel, on the present site of the Biddle House, where in an immense parlor and ante-room, we make our grand salaam to his Excellency,

STEVENS THOMPSON MASON,

Governor of the State of Michigan—not yet admitted into the Union—and there the young governor, with his elegant old mother, his sisters, Emily Mason, Kate Mason, afterwards Mrs. Isaac Rowland, Laura Mason, afterwards Mrs. Chilton, assisted by Charles L. Whipple, always in love with all three girls, received us with a hearty, joyous "Happy New Year," that even now rings in one's ear—while Emily Mason, now a silver gray maiden of sixty, at the head of a Catholic literary institution in Paris, with the manners of a queen, the brilliancy of a diamond and an intellect like a blade of Damascus, welcomed us all; and with true Kentucky hospitality, we are made welcome with apple toddy, egg-nogg, Jamaica toddy, old Monongahela, pure and oily, wines of all kinds, cold ham, cold turkey, tongue, pickles and oysters, and everything that would tempt one to eat or drink. The young governor is handsome, elegant and happy; and his mother and sisters idolize Tom, and well they might, for today no man in America has a brighter future before him than this then young Governor of the youngest and brightest state then soon to be in the Union. Having thus paid our respects to the commander-in-chief of the State, we march on up to 308 Jefferson avenue, and there we enter and are saluted by

GEN. HUGH BRADY,

straight as an arrow, brave as Cæsar, pure as Washington, who stands in full uniform, supported on the right by Capt. Backus, his son-in-law, of the Fourth Infantry, also in full uniform; while on his left stand his daughters, Mrs Backus, Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Cassandra Brady, afterwards Mrs. Judge Witherell, and Mrs. Samuel Preston Brady. And on the splendid buffet lies his old sword, which saved his life at Lundy's Lane, and the splendid one with gold scabbard, presented to him by his native state, Pennsylvania; while these are again flanked by pitchers of apple toddy, Jamaica toddy and all the then famed drinks, which were always found on every gentleman's table in Detroit. No one could look at Hugh Brady on such an occasion and not recall the battles in which that old hero had won a fame as lasting as that of Perry, Harrison, Macomb, Scott, Worth or Wool and not feel proud to

grasp his hand and say "Gen. Brady, I wish you a happy New Year; God bless you;" and so we all feel honored in our call on such a man. And we pass on across Hastings street, and here at 312 Jefferson avenue we enter a neat, elegant, brick house, now the site of Solomon Gardner's residence, and here in elegant simplicity and refined taste we meet

GEN. FRANK LARNED,

paymaster United States Army, and his accomplished and then beautiful wife, who, although a strict member of the Presbyterian church, clung to the hearty social manners of the olden times; and so the Major in uniform, and his wife in elegant and stylish costume, welcome us all, and while liquors are denied, yet wines the richest and the most luscious are poured out abundantly in commemoration of this happy New Year of 1836. Everything is elegant, tasteful, simple and rich, and the very air you breathe is that of true, refined, old-fashioned hospitality. But we must countermarch by the right, and in passing down Jefferson avenue we enter at 292 and find

HON. SOLOMON SIBLEY,

still a territorial judge, surrounded by his entire family—old Mrs. Sibley, then one of the largest, most joyous, happy old ladies of Detroit, always glad to see and make happy everybody; and on her right and left are her daughters, Miss Mary, afterwards Mrs. Charles A. Adams; Miss Augusta, the first wife of James A. Armstrong; Henry Sibley, late Governor of Minnesota; Alex. H. Sibley, then teller of the bank of Michigan, and Fred, a mere boy. Old Judge Sibley was just then going into retirement, after a life of half a century, spent in the public service, and remained in quiet until death knocked and summoned him away.

Passing on to the Michigan Exchange, now about a year old, we ascend to the parlors and there are welcomed by the

HON. GEORGE MORELL,

his wife and daughter, and find him a territorial judge of the territory of Michigan, not yet extinct, and simultaneously a justice of the supreme court of the State of Michigan, not yet admitted into the Union—a conjunction of apparent antithetical duties, which George Morell performed gracefully and with the dignity of an expert. But we are not yet done with our officials, and so we visit next the

HON. JOHN NORVELL,

senator-elect of the United States, below the Exchange, where Mr. Norvell, as prim and elegant as Jefferson himself, whom he idolized, and Mrs. Norvell, then the most beautiful and always one of the most accomplished women who ever graced society in Detroit, a model wife, mother and lady, whose hospitality was as boundless as the winds and as beautiful as home itself; and here again all viands that could tempt the taste, and all liquors that could stimulate and satisfy the thirst, are offered in boundless profusion by host and hostess, for each today is happy in the thought that at last he has won the toga and will soon occupy the seat of an American senator. But we must move on again, and so in double files we travel to Springwells then, now about Fifteenth street, and there we once more pay our respects to the military, to

MAJOR ROBERT A. FORSYTH,

paymaster United States army, a native to the manor born, a pet of General Cass, a thorough, perfect gentleman, and one of the very handsomest men that ever wore a uniform. A man who at fifty years of age danced as elegantly and was as chivalric in his manners as Count D'Orsay in London. His gentle, quiet, good Christian wife was the friend of the poor, who visited the sick, fed the hungry and always discharged every duty enjoined in the Christian calendar.

Returning once more up Jefferson avenue to the corner of Randolph street, we call on

MAJOR JONATHAN KEARSLEY,

an old hero on his crutches, minus a limb, the register of public lands, who holds his office by the grace of Andrew Jackson, president of the United States, who knows full well of Kearsley's heroism at Fort Erie, where he left his leg, and who, now stern and austere as Chancellor Bismarck, still melted down on New Year's day and gave every Detroiter a hearty grip and a loud, earnest "Happy New Year," with wines of all kinds, and salads and meats of all kinds, but no distilled or malt liquors. A distinction at that time on which the first temperance society of Detroit was founded, whose president, one of our squad, died long after, for the want of a red ribbon pledge and shield.

One single more official call awaits us and our formal duty is ended, and so we hurry back to Fort street, and there near Griswold in the

house since rebuilt, and now occupied by Hon. C. I. Walker, we enter and wish a very "Happy New Year" to

CHANCELLOR ELON FARNSWORTH,

his wife and two daughters. The chancellor is very affable, very smiling, very cordial; his shirt collar is very high, his neckerchief very broad, and his manners befit the new chancellor of the new State not yet in the Union; and as a brother member of the bar promoted we drink several times to the bench, then the bar, then the chancellor, and start out now to visit all our old friends; and so we go up Jefferson avenue, and find Charles C. Trowbridge and Major John Biddle, one of the most elegant, accomplished gentlemen, gallant soldiers and true patriots that Philadelphia ever produced; a man whose hospitality was generous and elegant, and who will always be mourned by all who knew him. And then we go back to Springwells, and there see B. B. Kercheval, and De Garmo Jones, and Judge Woodbridge, and John Mullett; and on returning upwards and remembering our Lord Mayor, we go and pay our respects to Levi Cook, mayor, and this done the long day is passed in pleasant calls on Thomas C. Sheldon, John Palmer and Mason Palmer, and finally on each and every member of our bar, and when night comes we all meet at Harry S. Coles, on Larned street, where we are regaled with an elegant supper, and the day is finished with pure wines and exquisite music on the violin by Mr. Cole and the flute of Augustus S. Porter. And so ends New Year's forty-two years ago.

NOW MARK THE CHANGES.

In those days Detroit numbered not over 4,000 people; today it has fully 125,000. Then the entire State had about 60,000; today it has 1,500,000. At that time all west of Michigan did not count more than three millions of people; today it can tell six times that number. Then the houses were all plain, neat, warmed with old-fashioned fireplaces or square dark stoves; today they are palaces, heated by subterranean furnaces or magnificent base burners; then our churches were few, very plain and humble; today God's houses are temples; then our carriages were carts, and our horses Canadian ponies; today the landaulets and coaches are drawn by blooded animals which cost thousands; then a trip to Chicago required *six* long days; today you may rest on the Golden Gate in just that time. Such are some of the changes that press upon the memory of the few old by-gones now here.

But there is one other sad, sad thought. Of all our lawyer squad of that day this one single one remains, and of all those officials, then full of hope, and pride, and fame, no single one can be found outside of Elmwood cemetery, while all those then elegant, hospitable homes and their inmates are scattered, destroyed and gone forever.

Wishing, then, to all of our old set who remain, and to all these newcomers, a happy New Year, we let the curtain fall for the present on the by-gones of Detroit, perhaps never to rise again. *Vive Valeque.*

A PICTURE OF MEMORY—SETTLEMENT OF OAKLAND COUNTY.

BY JOHN M. NORTON.

[Delivered at the supervisors' picnic in Oakland county, August 24, 1892; also at the meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, June 7, 1893.]

Mr. President, citizens of Oakland county—Once more under bright skies, in health, in prosperity and in peace, we exchange greetings at our annual county reunion. It is termed the "Supervisors' Picnic," but its meaning and its nature are broader than its name. This yearly assemblage imports something more than a mere summer's day outing for a set of township and ward officers. It signifies something nobler than the atmosphere of office, its dignity is higher and deeper.

This annual picnic is the yearly refreshment of a great people's heart. Its issues are the brightening of thought, the rekindling of healthful emotion, the rejuvenation of life. Cords of union and affection which else might ravel and break, are here strengthened and renewed. For the hour, each individual is transfigured—all utterance is true, every purpose is unselfish.

Two pictures are hung before the eyes of this multitude today. One is traced by the pencil of hope, and it hangs against the sunrise of the future; the other is painted by the brush of memory, and it leans

against the purpling sunset of the past. Not one of us sees them both. Upon the former look all the young, as upon an opening vision of prophecy; upon the latter look all the old, as upon the closing of the gate called Beautiful. Each picture is circled with a glowing frame-work—the one new and fair, unscathed by the flame and sword of life's battle; the other is bruised and scarred, but it is of gold tried in the fire.

I am one of the old. Providence has bounteously granted me the full three score and ten years, with two years grace. Come now, my companions in the "silver gray," and look with me for a moment upon our picture—the picture painted by memory, and which leans against the sunset in the frame of gold. To your eyes and mine the figures in this picture are clearly drawn, and of life size. The coloring is faultless and the perspective is so perfect that it seems to speak to us like a living voice. All this is partly owing to the skill and integrity of the artist, but chiefly to the fact that the picture was painted from life.

The background of this painting includes, in a general way, all of the southeastern portion of the lower peninsula of Michigan north of Detroit; but all of its special detail and development are confined to Oakland county, as lines and limits were established by Governor Lewis Cass, in his executive proclamation of the date of March 28, 1820, and as the same now are. In the misty distance this beautiful county appears as a land of forest and stream, of hill and vale, fresh and wild as it came from nature's hand, in the possession of savage beasts and more savage men. The Jesuit priest and the French voyager push through the great lakes and up the Clinton river, and open communication with the imperial Pontiac and the rude nations subject to his vast survey. One lifts the holy cross and the sound of the mission bell echoes across the quiet waters of the lakes along whose borders we encamp today. The other opens his store of trinkets and traffics with the Indians for his furs and peltry.

But nothing is accomplished towards the settlement and genuine improvement of the country until the advent of the man who came with the ax and the plow—the enlightened pioneer who came to subdue the forest and to make a home—the man who came to stay.

The first man who built a house within what is now Oakland county, and cut an opening through which the sun might shine upon it, was Alexander Graham. That was within what are now the corporate limits of Rochester, in the township of Avon, and the house he built stood about twenty rods southeasterly from the present "stone store,"

and east of the present Main street. He brought with him his son, and with them came Christopher Hartsough. They all "came to stay." That was in 1817.

Then in the next year, 1818, came Col. Stephen Mack, Maj. Joseph Todd, Deacon Orison, Allen and William Lester, settling at and founding the town of Pontiac. The Grahams were also encouraged by the settling in Avon, in 1818, of Ira Roberts, George Postal, Daniel Bronson and William Bronson.

In 1819 the Pontiac colony was enlarged by the coming of Calvin Hotchkiss; and Major Oliver Williams bought and settled upon land near Silver Lake, Waterford, and built thereon the first barn properly such, in the county. Avon was also gladdened in 1819 by the immigration of Judge Daniel Leroy, Dr. William Thompson (the widely famed and eccentric "Dr. Bill"), John Miller, Nathaniel Baldwin, John Meyers and Amozi C. Trowbridge.

In 1820 and 1821 the tide increased. Such well known settlers as Judah Church, Abner Davis, Alex. Galloway, Joshua Terry, Judge Steven Reeves, Capt. Hervey Parke, Enoch Hotchkiss, and Rufus Clark, came to Pontiac and its vicinity, while Linus Cone, Daniel Fowler, Cyrus A. Chipman, and Walter Sprague made Avon their home, and Troy was settled in 1821 by Johnson Niles. 1822 found Almon Mack, Joseph Morris, Asa Murray, Capt. Joseph Bancroft, Schuyler Hodges, and Geo. W. Galloway residents of Pontiac, and S. V. R. Trowbridge, Elenozer Belding, Geo. Abbey, Joshua Davis, P. J. and Jesse Perrin, Aaron Webster, Wm. and A. W. Wellman, Ira Jennings, and Silas Sprague had followed Joshua Niles to Troy. Champlin Green, Gad Norton, William Burbank and Smith Weeks came into Avon, and more than half the townships in the county had by this time one or more families.

From this date population increased rapidly. In 1824 Nathan and John Power, David Smith, Geo W. Collins and other representatives of the denomination of Friends, or "Quakers," most excellent and highly intelligent people, made important and substantial beginnings in Farmington.

Your present speaker (John M. Norton) came with his parents to Avon in the spring of 1824, aged then only four years, and has ever since resided in the county. My mother died the next year, and my father in June, 1832, when I was but twelve years old. My own health and strength were my only resources. These I used as best I could, and with such degree of success as has enabled me comfortably to provide for and educate my family, with a sufficiency remaining for

the declining years of myself and of her who has been through all so faithful an helpmeet. The latch-string of our home is out today, as it was in the early days, and we shall always take pleasure, not only in entertaining those of our friends of both this and the former generation, but also in showing them the evidence that industry, integrity, and "pluck" are sufficient for success in this free and fertile country. As I review the long list of my acquaintance, my observation teaches me that an inherited fortune is more often a curse than a blessing, and leads more frequently to ruin than to the substantial success and happiness—not to mention the usefulness—of its possessor.

More and more rapidly the incoming settlers followed each other into the country, until, by 1830, Oakland county was practically redeemed to civilization. Pontiac was by this time a center of trade for all the region lying north and northwest of it as far as the Saginaws, and during the close of navigation even to the mouth of the Saginaw river. Oakland county had 5,000 inhabitants in 1830, and Pontiac was known commercially throughout the eastern states.

Until about this period the roads between Detroit and Pontiac, and especially between Detroit and Royal Oak, ("Mother Handsome's") were indescribably bad, often absolutely impassable for anything except oxen and ox sleds, mud carts, and similar conveyances. For this reason the settlers of Avon and Troy made their journeys to and from Detroit quite as often as otherwise via Mt. Clemens, that is, by team to Mt. Clemens, and thence by boat down Clinton river to Lake St. Clair, thence through that lake and Detroit river to Detroit.

As an evidence of the growing commercial importance of the county and its capital, the Detroit and Pontiac railroad was chartered by the legislature of 1830, and, although this immediate enterprise failed, it was followed in 1834 by the incorporation of the company which actually built and operated the road. As a fun maker the old Detroit and Pontiac Railroad Company probably surpassed any comic minstrels ever organized. Its directors were inveterate practical jokers and fun lovers, and if Mark Twain would write the true antics of these INNOCENTS at home, stating only facts, the work would eclipse all the fiction of his "Innocents Abroad."

Improvements, in all the meaning of the term, characterized the county henceforward; splendid farms, fine residences, improved highways, enterprising towns, multiplied upon all hands, until it has now become "Old Oakland" and ranks as one of the finest counties in the nation.

As we look about us today, where are the men whose names I have

mentioned as pioneers of Oakland? Here is their magnificent work, but where are they? The institutions they founded are the admiration and pride of their successors, but they themselves are gone.

An association of the pioneers who settled in Oakland county in or prior to the year 1830 is proposed. Alas, how few would be the names upon the roll!

Watch the picture again. The forms and faces there, all but a few are stark and still. They breathe not, speak not, move not. Men call them dead. They are not dead, they live in all that we behold about us—their glorious work. They live in the only true life—the only life that is deathless—and they will live thus until civilization shall cease from among men. As we read their names upon the tomb, we call that the shadow in the picture. In the true sense, there is no shadow there. This living work of theirs that is all about us is their truest life. It is the true light of the pictures, and no shadow of death is there. All is light immortal, and its framework is of pure gold, tried in the fire.

Even so may the other picture become when it shall hang at last in the sunset!

HISTORY OF OAKLAND COUNTY.

BY HON. THOMAS J. DRAKE.

[Read at the meeting of the Wayne County Pioneer Society, March 8, 1872.]

There is a pleasure as well as profit in reviewing the incidents of our early associations and the circumstances which attended the early settlements of our country.

As yet the history of Oakland lies buried in by-gone years. No historian has traced out and collated the facts coincident with its organization, its rise and progress.

Of the ingress of its first settlers, the circumstances which induced

them there, the privations they suffered, and the eventful life they led in the first settlement of the county, there is as yet no record.

Over these facts, so full of interest to the statesman, the politician, and historian, time has heaped the rubbish of accumulating years, and it will be for some gifted one hereafter to bring them out from the recesses of olden times and to present them to the public in a more acceptable manner.

On this occasion I hope and confidently trust that no more will be expected than pointing out a few of the facts connected with the early settlement, and a brief sketch of the circumstances which attended the pioneers of old Oakland.

On the second day of December, 1795, General Anthony Wayne, on behalf of the United States, formed a treaty with the sachems, warriors, and chiefs of the Wyandotte, Delaware, Shawnee, Ottawa, Chippewa, Pottawattamie, Miami, Eel River, Weas, Kickapoo, Piankashaw and Kaskaskia tribes of Indians. By that treaty, generally known as the "Treaty of Greenville," the United States had conceded to them the post at Detroit and a strip of land between the River Rosine (now known as the Raisin) on the south, and Lake St. Clair on the north, and a line the general course of which was to be six miles from the west end of Lake Erie and the Detroit river. On the 17th of November, 1807, General William Hull, then governor of Michigan, on the part of the United States, held a treaty at Detroit with the sachems, chiefs and warriors, of the Ottawa, Chippewa, Wyandotte and Pottawattamie nations of Indians, at which treaty there was ceded to the United States all the land included in the following boundaries: Beginning at the mouth of the Miami river of the lakes (now known as the Maumee river), thence up the middle thereof to the mouth of the great Anglaise river, thence due north until it intersects a parallel of latitude to be drawn from the outlet of Lake Huron which forms the St. Clair river; thence running northeast; the course that may be found will lead in a direct line to White Rock in Lake Huron; thence due east until it intersects the boundary line between the United States and Upper Canada, thence southerly down the lake and river St. Clair through the Lake St. Clair and down the River Detroit, to a point due east to the mouth of the aforesaid Miami river, thence west to the place of beginning. It is presumed that by this treaty the lands included in the county of Oakland were ceded to the United States.

The first official act relating to the county of Oakland, of which any record can be found, is an executive proclamation issued by Governor Cass, and bears date the 12th day of January, 1819, and reads thus:

"A PROCLAMATION."

"WHEREAS, A petition has been presented to me, signed by a number of the citizens of the said territory, requesting that the boundaries of a new county and the seat of justice may be established by an act of the executive, which shall not take effect until the arrival of a period when its population requiring such measure;

"Now, therefore, believing that a compliance with the request will have a tendency to increase the population of such parts of the territory as may be included within these boundaries and prevent those difficulties which sometimes arise from the establishment of counties where settlements are formed and where conflicting opinions and interests are to be reconciled, I do by these presents, and in conformity with the provisions of the ordinance of congress of July 13th, 1787, lay out that part of the said territory included within the said boundaries, viz.: Beginning at the southeast corner of township one north, of range eleven east, north of the base line, thence north to the southeast corner of township six, thence west to the Indian boundary line, thence south to the base line, thence east to the beginning into a new county to be called the county of Oakland. And I hereby appoint John L. Seil, Charles Larned, Phillip LaCuyer, John Whipple and Thomas Rowland, Esquires, commissioners for the purpose of examining the said county and of reporting to me the most eligible site for the seat of justice for said county, to take effect from and after the 31st day of December, 1822."

On the 5th day of November, 1818, the "Pontiac Company" was organized for the purpose of purchasing lands upon the Huron river (then so-called) of St. Clair and laying out a town thereon. The company consisted of William Woodbridge, Stephen Mark, Solomon Sibley, John L. Whiting, Austin E. Wing, David C. McKinstry, Benjamin Stead, Henry I. Hunt, Abraham Edwards, Alexander McComb, Archibald Danaugh, A. G. Whitney, of Detroit, and William Thompson, Daniel LeRoy, and James Fulton, of Macomb. On the 12th of February 1819, a letter was addressed to the commissioners appointed to examine the county and report the most eligible site for the seat of justice, making overtures on the part of the company to give to the county certain lots of land in the village of Pontiac and some money if the seat of justice should be established at Pontiac. On the 15th day of December, 1819, a road was laid out from the city of Detroit to the village of Pontiac.

On the 28th day of March, 1820, Gov. Cass, by proclamation, limited and determined the proclamation of the 12th of January, 1819, and declared the inhabitants of the county of Oakland entitled to all the privileges to which the inhabitants of other counties were entitled, and by the same proclamation the seat of justice was established at Pontiac.

On the 28th of June, 1820, the Governor by proclamation divided the county into two towns, Oakland and Bloomfield.

On the 17th of July, 1820, a county court assembled at Pontiac. William Thompson had been appointed chief justice, Daniel Bronson and Amason Bagley, Esqs., associate justices; William Morris had been appointed sheriff, and Sidney Dole, clerk of the county.

On that day a grand jury was organized, consisting of Elijah Willett, Ziba Swan, John Hamilton, Elisha Hunter, William Thurber, Ezra Baldwin, Asa Castle, Elijah S. Fish, Alpheus Williams, Oliver Williams, Alexander Galloway, H. O. Bronson, Nathan I. Fowler, Josiah Goddard, James Graham, Enoch Hotchkiss and Calvin Hotchkiss; Spencer Coleman and Daniel LeRoy were admitted to practice as attorneys. Of the men that participated in the proceedings of that day but few remain.

At an early day commissioners for the county were appointed by the Governor. Ziba Swan, Enoch Hotchkiss and Jonathan Perrin were appointed and remained in office until the 31st day of December, 1825, at which time the term of office of the justices of the county court, judge of probate, county clerk, county register, treasurer, sheriff, justices of the peace, and clerk of the supreme court were made to expire by an act of the legislative council, approved March 30, 1825.

On the 20th day of September, 1822, a proclamation was issued by the governor altering and defining the boundaries of counties and establishing new counties. By that proclamation the boundaries of Oakland were fixed as they now are. The county was reduced to twenty-five townships, according to the government surveys, cutting off all west of range seven east.

William Thompson was appointed judge of probate, and the first probate court in the county of Oakland was held at the house of David Stanard, in Bloomfield, on the 15th day of June, 1822. Application was then made for letters of administration upon the estate of Eliphalet Harding. During the time we were under a territorial government the office of judge of probate was successively held by William Thompson, Nathaniel Millard, Smith Weeks, Gideon O. Whittemore, William F. Moseley, Ogden Clark and Stephen Reeves.

Sidney Dole was the first county clerk, the first county register and clerk of the board of county commissioners, and one of the first justices of the peace.

The first case which was brought before him as a justice of the peace, and it is presumed to be the first case brought before any justice of the peace in the county of Oakland, was that of Thomas Knapp, a citizen of Detroit, against Ezra Baldwin, a resident of Oakland county. The summons was issued on the 15th day of June, 1820, and judgment was rendered on the 21st of August. Mr. Dole was a

cautious man; he usually carried the papers of each case in his hat from the commencement to the termination, and after hearing the evidence seldom rendered judgment until he had consulted the authorities in Detroit. But few men enjoyed a higher degree of public favor than Mr. Dole. In connection with William F. Moseley, Esq., he represented the county of Oakland in the second legislative council. He died at his residence in the village of Pontiac on the 20th day of July, 1828.

In the beginning of our territorial existence as a separate territory whatever of legislation we had, was by the governor and judges of the supreme court of the territory, or by the governor in the form of a proclamation.

By an act of congress, approved January, 1805, Michigan was established as a separate territory, with a government in all respects like that provided by the ordinance of congress, passed the 13th of July, 1787, for the government of the territory northwest of the Ohio river.

By the ordinance of 1787 the governor and judges, or a majority of them, were authorized to adopt and publish in the district such laws of the original states, criminal and civil, as might be necessary and best suited to the circumstances of the district.

The governor and judges were not authorized to originate any law; they had power only to adopt laws from the original states, and at this day it is difficult to find any warrant for many things which the governor and judges of Michigan did in the way of law making; and the executive proclamation, organizing counties and again altering their boundaries and establishing seats of justice, though they tended to the public good, were wholly without authority.

On the 7th of June, 1824, a legislative council convened at the city of Detroit, consisting of nine members, two of whom, Col. Stephen Mack and the Hon. Roger Sprague, were citizens of Oakland. The act of congress authorized an election to be held in the territory for members of the council; the people voted for whom they pleased, and the result at the various polls was certified to by the secretary of the territory; a board of canvassers, ascertained the number of votes given for each person, and the names of eighteen persons having the highest number of votes were certified to the president of the United States, and from that list he selected nine persons and nominated them to the senate, and after their confirmation they were commissioned members of the council and held their offices for two years. Before the election of the second council occurred the law was amended. The number of

members was increased to thirteen, and the territory was divided into districts, and from those having the highest number of votes in the districts the president selected the members apportioned to the district. In the second council, Oakland had two members. Before the election of the third council occurred the law was again altered; the people in the several districts elected the number of members apportioned to the district, and the result, certified by the board of district canvassers, entitled the member to his seat. At the time the election of members of the third council occurred Oakland county formed a district, and was entitled to two members. At that time no political parties had been formed in the county, and the number of candidates was but little less than the number of voters. The candidate most favored received seventy-five votes. Roger Sprague and Stephen V. R. Trowbridge each received forty-four votes, S. V. R. Trowbridge one vote, which by the board of canvassers was added to those given for Stephen V. R. Trowbridge, and he was declared elected.

On the 21st of April, 1825, an act was passed by the legislative council authorizing the election of county commissioners, county treasurer, constables and coroner. At the first election under this act William Thompson was elected treasurer, and Stephen Reeves, William Burbank and Arthur Power were elected county commissioners. On the 30th of March, 1827, an act was passed authorizing the election of supervisors and other township officers. On the 12th of April, 1827, an act was passed establishing the towns of Oakland, Troy, Bloomfield, Farmington and Pontiac.

Pontiac became noted and important from the extent of country which was attached to it. The north and northwest part of the county and all the country north to the county of Mackinac and west to the lake, was attached to the town of Pontiac. On the last day of May, 1827, an election was held in the several towns and town officers elected. The board of county commissioners was abolished and that of supervisors established, and the finances of the county came under the control of officers selected and chosen from the several towns.

As a means of preserving in our memory the names of some of the first settlers in the various towns in the county, and of ascertaining in some degree its growth, let us turn our attention to the time when the settlements in the various portions now organized into townships began, and as each township in the county is co-extensive with the township of land mentioned in the government survey, for convenience as well as certainty, we will take them as they arise in numerical

order, commencing with the lowest number of the range and town within the limits of the county.

In town 1 north, of range 7 east, called Lyon, Robert Purdy, of Seneca county, New York, was the first purchaser. On the 6th day of May, 1830, he entered a part of section thirty-five. On the 6th day of December, John B. Thayer purchased. In 1831, Daniel Marlatt, Michael Marlatt, M. Benton, Elnathan Chatfield, and Eli P. Benton made purchases and became settlers.

In town 2 north, of range 7 east, called Milford, on the 27th day of August, 1827, L. Pettibone of Genesee county, New York, entered a part of section ten. On the 29th day of May, 1830, Amos Mead, of Farmington, entered a part of the same section, and these were the only entries up to that date.

In town 3 north, of range 7 east, called Highland, the first purchase was made by Nathan Curtis, of Oakland county. He formerly resided on the east bank of Silver lake, in Waterford. On the 6th of September, 1832, he entered a part of section 36; he and his brother, Jeremiah Curtis, moved on to the land and improved it. They early became imbued with the spirit of Mormonism, sold out their possessions, and joined the great body of Mormons in the west. In 1832, James Aldrich, Richard Willett, Samuel Myers, Jr., Rufus Tenny and Alvah Tenny purchased and became settlers.

In town 4 north, of range 7 east, called Rose, the first entries were made on the 8th of June, 1835, by J. N. Voorheis and Daniel Hammond.

In town 5 north, of range 7 east, called Holly, the first entry was made by Nathan Herrick. On the 16th of September, 1830, he purchased a part of section 1, being near the old Saginaw trail. In 1831 Isaac Parish and William Gage entered a part of section 6. Mr. Gage settled on his purchase near where the old Indian trail to Muck-opine-e-koneag and Shiawassee crossed the Swartz creek. In 1833 Alonzo R. Wood, Vincent Runyan, Edwin Edwards, David Husted and Terrence Fagan entered lands and became settlers.

In town 1 north, of range 8 east, called Novi, the first entry was made by William Yerkes. On the 30th of April, 1824, he entered a part of section 36. In the same year James Gould, Joseph Eddy, Pitts Taft, Erastus Ingersoll, Benjamin Bently, Joseph Prentis and N. Prentis purchased and became settlers.

In town 2 north, of range 8 east, called Commerce, the first entry of land was made by Joseph Yale, of Monroe county, New York. On

the 22d day of June, 1824, he purchased a part of section 34. On the 30th of May, 1825, Abraham Walrad, of Onondaga county, New York entered a part of section 10. On the first day of August, of the same year, T. Stocking purchased a part of section 10. These purchases were watered by the Huron river, and the flourishing village of Commerce has grown up near by, and there is situated the beautiful residence of Samuel Leggett.

In town 3 north, of range 8 east, called White Lake, the first entry was made by Harley Olmstead, of Monroe county, New York. On the 7th of October, 1830, he entered a part of section 36. In 1832 Joseph Voorheis, Jesse Seeley, Thomas Garner, John Garner, C. C. Wyckoff and John Rhodes purchased and became settlers. In 1829, while searching for the head waters of the Shiawassee river, I traveled over the most of this town, visited the shores of that beautiful sheet of water from which the town derives its name, and the charming plain on which stands the village of White Lake, then clothed in the gorgeous dye of autumnal flowers, presented one of the most magnificent views of uncultivated landscape.

In town 4 north, of range 8 east, now called Springfield, Daniel LeRoy made the first entry of land. On the 19th of July, 1830, he purchased a part of section 19, including the "Little Springs." This place had a wide renown. It was the resting place of the trader and trapper—of the red man as well as the white—when on his journey to and from Saginaw and other places in the northern wilderness. Immediately after the purchase was occupied and improved by Asahel Fuller, who was the first settler in that town. In 1833 Giles Bishop, O. Powell, John M. Calkins and Jonah Gross purchased and became settlers.

In town 5 north, of range 8 east, called Groveland, William Roberts, of Oakland county, made the first entry. On the 3d day of September, 1829, he purchased a lot. On the 29th day of May, 1830, John Underhill, E. W. Fairchild and M. W. Richards purchased. In the same year Henry W. Horton purchased at a point then known as Pleasant Valley. In 1831 Franklin Herrick, Alexander Galloway and Constant Southworth purchased and became settlers. Mr. Southworth settled on a far-famed spot on the old Saginaw trail, known as the "Big Spring." All who have taken the trouble to descend from the roadside to the spring of water will bear testimony to its great beauty. It was held by the Indians in great veneration, and they seldom passed it without refreshing themselves. Those who have looked into that crystal fountain and beheld the sparkling water as it came bubbling

up from the secret chambers of the earth, will not wonder that the red man saw in the aqueous mirror the Chemanito, or Great Spirit.

In town 1 north, of range 9 east, called Farmington, Eastman Colby, of Monroe county, New York, made the first purchase. On the 12th of October, 1822, he entered a part of section 14. In January, 1823, Arthur Power purchased. In the same year George W. Collins, William B. Cogshall, Peleg S. Utley, Benjamin Wixom, Timothy Allen, Leland Green and Abraham Aldrich purchased, and these men were among the first settlers. Arthur Power was an honest and energetic man, beloved by his neighbors. He was the pioneer of the Society of Friends in that town, and did much to accelerate and increase its wealth and population.

In town 2 north, of range 9 east, called West Bloomfield, James Harrington, of Cayuga county, New York, made the first purchase. On the 15th of May, 1823, he purchased the entire section 36. The same year Rufus R. Robinson, Erastus Durkee, John Huff, Benjamin Irish, Edward Ellerby, Benjamin Leonard and William Annett purchased. John Huff purchased on the south shore of Pine lake, and erected on his land the first house in that part of the town. William Annett purchased a part of section 22. His wife died at an early day. Mr. Annett improved and occupied his farm until he died. It is now possessed by his only child, Mrs. Hartwell Green.

In town 3 north, of range 9 east, called Waterford, Major Oliver Williams, early in 1819, settled on the west bank of Silver lake, on section 13. His brother-in-law, Alpheus Williams, and Capt. Archibald Phillips, settled early at the crossing on the Clinton river, where the village of Waterford now stands, and erected there a saw-mill as early as 1824. These pioneers selected charming places for their residences, and they remained on them until they were called to that country from whose "bourne" no traveler returns. David Mayo purchased in 1821, Chesley Blake, Harvey Durfee and Austin Durfee in 1822. Harvey Seeley, John S. Porter, Samuel Hungerford, W. M. Tappan, Taddeus Alvord, Charles Johnson and Joseph Voorheis purchased in 1823.

Previous to the 15th of December, 1819, there were no roads leading from Detroit into the interior. The course of travel, which was not great, was along the river, and such divergence as was made, was up the streams which emptied their waters into the Detroit river. In the rear of Detroit there is a strip of land some miles in width, which at that day was covered with a thrifty growth of timber, and through which there are no well defined water courses. The natural drains

were insufficient to carry off the water which naturally fell there. This belt of land had become soft and marshy, and the whole country a few miles back from the river was represented as a continuation of swamps and marshes, and entirely unfit for the purposes of agriculture, and many of the Americans who had gathered at Detroit after the war of 1812 for the purpose of settling had become disheartened, and some had left to seek a home elsewhere. In the early part of the fall of 1818, Major Oliver Williams, Calvin Baker, Jacob Eilett and some others, among whom, it is believed, was Colonel Beaufait, resolved to penetrate into the interior and ascertain whether the country was or was not inhabitable.

At this time it was known that the Grahams, Hersey and Hartsough, had, following up the Clinton river, penetrated the country as far up as (Rochester) the junction of Paint creek with the river; but of the country about Pontiac nothing was known. Major Williams and his associates prepared for the enterprise as well as they could, employed a guide and interpreter, mounted their horses and set out. They followed the road then being built by the United States soldiers, which is but an extension of Woodward avenue, about four miles from the river. They were then led by their guide into the Indian trail. Following this, while buoyant with hopes and expectations, they passed the most dismal part of the way, and to their great gratification reached the plains beyond Royal Oak. Keeping the Indian trail they passed on to the place where Pontiac stands, and thence on as far as where Waterford stands. We will not undertake to describe the shouts of joy which again and again burst from their lips as they looked upon the lovely landscapes which were presented to their view. Their guide was unwilling to leave the trail. Their divergences were necessarily limited, for they knew not what dangers surrounded them. After the surveyors these were the first white men who had visited this part of the country. They were enraptured with the scenery. The plains and openings were covered with new and brilliant flowers. After making as full an investigation as their means would allow, having gathered as many flowers and shrubs as they could carry, as evidences of the fertility of the soil, they returned to Detroit after an absence of three or four days. The report which this party made of the beauty and fertility of the country they had seen after passing the belt of wet timbered lands, and the evidences which they adduced, electrified the hearts of the Americans in Detroit, and utterly astounded the Frenchmen whose homes were by the river side, and whose aspirations seldom

extended beyond the possession of a canoe, a spear and a few hooks for fishing, a rifle and half a dozen dogs.

The exploration made by this party was the theme of conversation, and it undoubtedly led to the formation of the Pontiac Company. It is not to be presumed that this party was gotten up without the knowledge of Governor Cass, but it was entirely without his aid or influence, except to wish the adventurers God speed.

And again in the fall of 1818, before there were any settlers between Detroit and Pontiac, Major Williams, his wife and sister, Mrs. Alpheus Williams, Jacob Eilett, and some other gentlemen took the same trail and passed through to Pontiac and as far north as the Little Spring, which is in Springfield. Mrs. Oliver Williams was delighted with the prospect at Silver Lake, and Mrs. Alpheus Williams greatly admired the prospect at the crossing on the river at Waterford, and they were instrumental in inducing their husbands to locate where they did. These enterprising ladies, in going out and returning, crossed the Clinton river eight times. During the winter of 1819 the weather was peculiarly bland, and Major Williams spent his time after this second journey in putting up a house at Silver Lake and in preparing to move his family there. The first fall of snow that season was about the first of March, 1819, and on the 13th Major Williams left the city of Detroit with his family in sleighs, and the first day reached Hubbard's place and stayed that night with Mr. William Thurber, who had emigrated to that place. Dr. Ziba Swan and Sidney Dole, with their wives, had just arrived at Dr. Swan's location, near Birmingham.

Major Williams and his family took dinner on the second day of their journey with Major Joseph Todd, at Pontiac. Orrison Allen and William Lester were then at Pontiac with their families, and there were some workmen in the employ of the company getting out timber for the mills. At evening the Major and his family reposed at his home, on the banks of Silver Lake. It is due to history, as well as to the memory of Major Oliver Williams, to say that he did as much as any other one to induce settlers into the county, and he was especially successful in making settlers feel happy and contented after their arrival. He was a man of large experience and liberal views, a generous heart and open hand. It was his delight to welcome new settlers, and his doors were ever open to the pioneer and wayfarer.

In town 4 north, of range 9 east, called Independence, Alpheus Williams made the first purchase, on the 10th of October, 1823. In 1826 John W. Beardsley purchased on the Chiseban plains, where he now resides. In 1831 Melvin Dow and Butler Holcomb purchased.

Mr. Holcomb purchased the land where the village of Clarkston stands, and there on the east branch of the Clinton river he erected a saw mill. Henry F. Sanderson purchased in 1833.

In town 5 north, of range 9 east, called Brandon, Elijah B. Clarke, Asa Owen and Jesse Decker made the first purchase. On the 30th of April, 1831, they purchased a part of section 25, being a part of a valuable natural meadow. In 1833, John Perry, Alexander G. Huff, and Mary Quick purchased and became settlers. In 1835, G. M. Giddings, Henry Forbes and Daniel Hunt purchased. In this town there were but few inhabitants before 1836.

In town 1 north, of range 10 east, organized as Osseway, but from the universal expression of dislike by the inhabitants to the Indian name, it was changed by an act of the legislative council, and is now called Southfield. The first purchase of land was made in May, 1821, by John Wetmore. In the same year Peter Desnoyer and John Monteith purchased. In 1822 Harry Bronson, Samuel Shathuck and Eli Curtis purchased. These men with Dillucena Stoughton, Elijah Bullock, Edward Cook, Philo Reed, John Davis and William Lee, were among the first settlers.

In town 2 north, of range 10 east, called Bloomfield, the first entry of land was made on the 28th of January, 1819, by Benjamin H. Pierce. March 16, 1819, Peter Desnoyer purchased a lot. On the 3d of July, 1820, Col. David Stanard purchased a part of section 4. This was the first entry under what was called the ten shilling act. At the opening of the land office in Michigan the public lands were offered at auction. Such as were not bid off were subject to sale thereafter at two dollars an acre, one-fourth of which was to be paid at the time of entry, the balance in one, two and three years, with interest. All the lands which were sold previous to July 3d, 1820, were sold under that rule. On the 23d of April, 1820, congress passed an act authorizing the sale of public lands at one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre, full payment at the purchase. This was a great event in the history of Michigan, and indeed, of that of the whole eastern country. It put an end at once to that system of vassalage under which the purchasers of public lands had labored—the purchaser became at once the absolute owner of the soil—every art of improvement was made to benefit him or his children; there was a feeling of security in his labors and in his possessions more valuable than wealth. If death overtook the pioneer in his first efforts, the agony of parting from his wife and children was half removed. When he turned upon them the last dying gaze, and beheld their little forms gathered around his dying

bed, he was consoled with the thought that the land on which he had toiled was theirs. No exacting landlord could claim it as forfeited for payments deferred.

From the passing of that act the growth and prosperity of Michigan became a certainty, and the increase of its population surprising. Ezra Baldwin, Job Smith, David Johnson, Oliver Toney, Daniel Ferguson, Ziba Swan, John Hamilton, Sidney Dole, Amasa Bagley, Elijah Willett, Joseph Fairbanks, William Morris, Lemuel Castle, Asa Castle and Joseph Almy were among the first settlers.

In town 3 north, of range 10 east, called Pontiac, the first entry of lands was made by Col. Stephen Mack for the Pontiac Company, of which he was president. On the 6th day of November, 1818, he entered section 29 and the northeast quarter of section 33, and soon after the north half and the southwest quarter of section 28, and finally the southeast quarter of section 20. On these lands the Pontiac Company laid out the village of Pontiac in 1818. On the south side of the river and on the east side of Saginaw street was the famous camping grounds of the Indians, where all were accustomed to stop on their way to and from Detroit. The point was well-known to the Indians and by them called Lapee. The first settlers in this town were Major Joseph Todd and his wife, Joseph J. Todd, his son, Orrison Allen and his wife. Mrs. Allen was a daughter of Major Todd. She had with her two children, a son and daughter; the daughter was then about seven months old, and in after years became the wife of Joseph R. Bowman Esq. She lived in this town until her death, which occurred February 20, 1872.

Major Todd and Mr. Allen migrated from the town of Clarence, in Genesee county, New York. At Buffalo they shipped aboard of the Red Jacket, and, after a stormy and perilous passage of ——— days, they landed in safety at Detroit. In November, 1818, they reached Mt. Clemens, and on the 16th of January, 1819, they arrived at Pontiac. Soon after William Lester arrived with his family. In 1819 Calvin Hotchkiss and Jeremiah Allen purchased lands. In 1820 Judah Church purchased. In 1821 Abner Davis, Eastman Colby, Alexander Galloway, Rufus Clark, Enoch Hotchkiss and James Harrington purchased. These men, with George W. Butson, John Edson, Joshua S. Terry, Joseph Harris, Stephen Reeves and Captain Joseph Bancroft, were among the first settlers.

In town 4 north, of range 10 east, called Orion, Judah Church and John Wetmore made the first purchase. On the 18th of October, 1819, they purchased a part of section 19, being the first choice in what was

called the "big pinery." This purchase was made for the timber, and not for agricultural purposes. In 1824 Moses Munson, Powell Carpenter, Jesse Decker, Phillip Bigler, Jonathan Pinckney and Simpson Simmons purchased. These men, with Alexander McVean, David Bagg, John McElvery and Daniel McVean, were among the first settlers.

In town 5 north, of range 10 east, called Oxford, the first purchase of land was made by Elbridge G. Demming, on the 28th of January, 1823; and he was the first settler. There were but few settlers in this town before 1833. In that year Joseph Rossman, Fite Rossman, John Shippey, John Wellman and S. Axford purchased. These men, with Daniel Applegate, Justin Bixley, Jeremiah Hunt and Mr. Van Wagoner, were among the early settlers.

The plains in Oxford for many years were passed over by those looking for farms, and places in the far off forests, less valuable, were settled, under the impression that the Oxford plains were valueless for the purposes of agriculture, and thus one of the best portions of the county remained unoccupied until a late period.

In town 1 north, of range 11 east, called Royal Oak, L. Luther and David C. McKinstry made the first purchase. On the 6th of July, 1820, they purchased a part of section 33. In 1821 Henry Stephens, Alexander Campbell, Diadate Hubbard, Abraham Noyes, J. Goddard, Hezekiah Gridley, James Lockwood and David Williams purchased, and these men, with Henry O. Bronson, Daniel Burrows, Mr. Chase, Mr. Morse, and that eccentric old lady, Mrs. Chappell, well known by the *sobriquet* of "Mother Handsome," were among the first settlers. The origin of the name given to this town may not be known to many, and it will soon pass beyond recollection. On the 15th of December, 1819, Governor Cass, by proclamation, established a road which had been previously run out by commissioners which he had appointed for that purpose, from a point on Woodward avenue in the city of Detroit, to the end of the road built by the United States troops; thence westerly to a large oak tree marked H, near the Indian trail; thence westerly along a line run by Horatio Ball to the Main street in Pontiac village; thence along that to the end thereof. This was the first road leading into the interior. The tree was near the line run by Ball, and probably was marked H on that occasion. It stood on the plains, on the north and east side of the Indian trail which led from Detroit to Pontiac, by Chase's. The tree was of some magnitude, and, after the issuing of the proclamation, became an object of observation and was called, by way of distinction, the "Royal Oak," and soon the

name of Royal Oak was applied to that portion of the country, and was given to the town at its organization.

In town 2 north, of range 11 east, called Troy, the first purchase of land was made by Castle Hunter, Hamilton and Fairbanks. On the 12th of February, 1819, they purchased a part of section 19. On the 22d day of October, 1819, Ezra Baldwin purchased part of section 18. On the 25th of November, 1819, Michael Kemp purchased a part of section 3. On the 7th of December, 1819, Michael Beach purchased a part of section 8. In the years 1820, 1821 and 1822 John Prindle, George Abbey, Joshua Davis, Ebenezer Belding, S. V. R. Trowbridge, Jesse Perrin, Luther Fletcher, Aaron Webster, Stillman Bates, William Wellman, A. W. Wellman, Silas Glazier, Guy Phelps, Johnson Niles, John Waldron, Edward Downer, Ira Jennings, Humphrey Adams and Silas Sprague became purchasers and were among the early settlers.

The second lot which was entered under the ten shilling act, as it was called, was entered by Joel Wellman. He entered a part of section 3 in Troy. The gently sloping surface of the country, the majestic growth of the timber, the dark, rich soil, induced many to settle in this town, and the whole town was settled with unrivaled rapidity. And now the nicely painted houses and the well cultivated farms show how accurately the pioneer judged, and how well the earth has repaid him for his labor.

In town 3 north, of range 11 east, called Avon, the first land was entered on the 29th of October, 1817. In 1819 Austin E. Wing, T. C. Shelden, Solomon Sibley, James Abbott, Daniel LeRoy, Alexander Graham, William Williams, J. Baldwin, Daniel Bronson, J. Myers, Ira Roberts, Nathaniel Baldwin, George Postal, William Thompson, John Miller and Isaac Willett entered lands. In 1821 C. A. Chipman and F. A. Sprague purchased. In 1822 Champlin Green, Gad Norton, William Burbank and Smith Weeks became purchasers.

In this town the seeds of civilization were first sown in the county. James Graham and his son Alexander Graham, Christopher Hartsough and John Hersey, with their families, moved into this town on the 17th day of March, 1817. In early life old Mr. Graham resided near Tioga Point, in Pennsylvania, on the Chemung branch of the Susquehanna river. About the year 1800 he moved to Oxford, in Upper Canada. In 1816 he moved to Mt. Clemens, in Macomb county. On the 17th of March he reached Oakland county. He located upon a tract of land upon the north side of the Clinton river, a mile or two west of the junction of Paint creek with the Clinton river. The lands which Mr. Graham first occupied were in early days known as the Edwards farm,

and latterly as the Thompson farm. Mr. Benjamin Graham, a younger son, accompanied his father to Oakland. It is not improbable that he induced his father to move to Oakland county. In the summer of 1816 Mr. Benjamin Graham was employed as a hand under Col. Wampler in surveying the Township of Avon, and perhaps in some other adjoining towns, and must have acquired a good knowledge of that part of the county. He was one of the first settlers, and the first one who entered the county of whom we have any record. He was deeply impressed with the natural advantages of Oakland county, and, without any desire to leave it, he resided in Avon, near his father's first location, until his death.

John Hersey was the first to purchase land in the county. On the 29th of October, 1818, he purchased a part of section 10, in town 3 north, of range 11 east. On the waters of Paint creek he erected a saw mill, the first in the county, and put in a run of stones manufactured in the county by a man of the name of Wood, and in that mill he made the first flour ever made in the county. By the exertions of Mr. Hersey the inconveniences and hardships attending a new settlement were greatly relieved and immigration largely induced. The name of John Hersey, whose long life was marked by signal industry and integrity, is deeply engraven on the memory and will be fondly cherished by the pioneers of Oakland.

In town 4 north, of range 11 east, called Oakland, Benjamin Woodworth and William Russell made the first purchase. On the 16th of March, 1819, they purchased a part of section 33. The history of Father Russell, as he was familiarly called, is truth itself, candid and unassuming. He was an example of sociality and benevolence, upright and just in all his ways. Benjamin Woodworth—"Uncle Ben," as he was known to all who ever stopped at the Steamboat Hotel in Detroit—had a heart full of kindness and a hand ever ready to help the distressed. He was the constant friend of Oakland, and he never forgot or forsook her early inhabitants. In 1824 James Coleman and James Hazzard purchased. In 1825 Benedict Baldwin, Horace Lathrop, James D. Galloway, J. Dewey, Samuel Hilton, Ezra Newman, David Hammond and Needham Hemmingway purchased, and were among the early settlers.

In town 5 north, of range 11 east, called Addison, Henry Connor was the first to enter lands. On the 2d day of January, 1826, he purchased a part of section 27. Samuel D. Wells purchased in 1830; in 1831 David Tanner and Aristarchus Wiley. In 1832 Seymour Glass, James McGregor, Arnold Mack and Francis Hagarman purchased.

These men, with John M. Chamberlin and Addison Chamberlin, were among the first settlers in this town.

It is not easy to ascertain and determine with any degree of accuracy at this time the population of the county in the first years of its settlement. For several years after the settlement of the county commenced there was no enumeration of the inhabitants. By referring to the number of votes cast at a general election we may in our estimate approximate toward the number of inhabitants. In 1825 there was an election for delegate to congress, and also for members of the legislative council, but no record remains in the county whereby you can determine the number of votes cast in the county, or any part of it, on that occasion. At that time it was required to send the ballots cast at the several polls for delegate to the city of Detroit, where they were canvassed by a territorial board, constituted of the secretary, treasurer, and attorney general. In 1827 there was another election for delegate. At that election there were four hundred and fifty-four votes cast; and if we allow three persons to one vote, which in that stage of society is not unreasonable, the county contained at that time thirteen hundred and sixty-two inhabitants. In 1854 the county contained a population of 31,824. During the year 1853 there were 249 marriages. In 1854 there were 3,070 unmarried females and 3,287 unmarried males. Of these 4,732 were over forty-five and under seventy-five years. There were 187 over seventy-five and one over ninety years of age. There were 10,229 over eighteen years of age and under forty-five. From such a population a large increase might be expected. In 1825 an assessment was made by William Morris, sheriff, and S. V. R. Trowbridge, from which it appears there were at that time 78,900 acres of taxable land within the jurisdiction of the county. More than 2,580 acres lay beyond the limits of the county. There were in the county 282 houses, 47 barns, 2,621 acres of improved lands. Major Oliver Williams, Col. Stephen Mack and John Sheldon each had sixty acres. No other person exceeded fifty acres. In 1854 the taxable land in the county amounted to 489,225 acres. There were 213,728 acres of improved land. There were in the county 8,073 horses, 9,650 head of neat cattle, besides oxen and cows. There were 5,212 oxen, 11,831 cows, 135,000 sheep, 14,878 swine. In 1853 there were raised in the county 478,698 bushels of corn, 779,000 bushels of wheat, 184,361 bushels of other grain, making 1,442,059 bushels of grain.

These few facts and figures are referred to to show the rise and progress of the county in agriculture. The county of Oakland is peculiarly an agricultural one. It may at no distant day become a

manufacturing one. The soil is productive and enduring, and the farmer is well repaid for his labor and attention. The surface is most agreeably undulating, well supplied with timber, and the distribution of water throughout the county is a marked feature in its geography. The River Huron and the Clinton rise in this county, and, after many windings, one leaves the county on its eastern border and the other on the west. The Rouge has its highest sources here also, and gathering from the towns of Avon, Troy, Bloomfield, West Bloomfield, and Farmington, passing through Southfield greatly increased, it leaves the county on the south. The east branch of the Shiawassee river has its source in this county. The Thread river, the Swartz creek, the Kearsley and Farmer's creeks, which flow northwardly and empty their waters into Flint river, have their sources in this county. These, with many smaller streams meandering through different portions of the county, fit it in an eminent degree for the purposes of agriculture. These streams with Paint creek, Stony creek, and others, furnish an incalculable amount of water power, and it will be marvelous indeed if it shall remain long unoccupied.

It is a wealth as extensive and far more certain than the gold fields of California.

Besides these numberless streams there are near four hundred lakes, beautiful sheets of water of various sizes, distributed throughout the county, and mostly well stocked with fish. Rapidly is the time approaching when the culture of fish will become a matter of interest as well as pleasure. It has been ascertained beyond a doubt that trout and white fish thrive well in the waters of Oakland county, and soon these lakes will be sought for with as much eagerness as they were shunned in early days. Their banks will become adorned by men of science and wealth, and Oakland county will be renowned for its many picturesque and lovely landscapes. It may be considered the tableland of the peninsula south of the Saginaw river, and when all its natural sources of wealth and beauty are considered, it stands, and ever will stand, unrivaled by any county in the State. Its geographical position is such as to give it a political as well as commercial importance.

Its commercial relations are inseparably connected with the city of Detroit. Its proximity to the city is not unimportant, and the day is not far distant when it will be seen and acknowledged to afford more sources of wealth and pleasure to the citizens of Detroit than any other county in the State. As soon as this reciprocity of interest is

seen and acted upon it will add to the growth and pleasure of both city and county.

The early history of the county of Oakland is that of an industrious, peaceable people, suffering the fatigue and inconveniences which invariably await pioneers. There were no beasts of prey roaming over the plains to put the people in fear. The Indians were uniformly peaceable and friendly. There were no engagements with furious beasts—no hair-breadth and miraculous escapes from the tomahawk and scalping knife to record. The romance and tragedy which usually heighten the history of border life were unknown to the pioneers of Oakland. They were characterized by intelligence, benevolence and industry. To those who saw the country in its wilderness, how vast the change. Fifty years have not passed since most of them, in the strength and vigor of manhood, were striving to overcome the hardships of a life in the woods—for their bread they were dependent upon the caprice of the foreign speculator—for their meat they looked to the wild beasts of the forest and to their skins for clothing, and when they laid down the ax they took up the rifle; constantly engaged in the improvement of their farms and the support of their families. Manfully they struggled, and they triumphantly conquered. By their energy and persevering industry the wilderness has been made to bud and blossom; desert plains have become fruitful fields. How glorious the prospect! How mighty the achievement! What a stupendous highway to ease and happiness they have opened up to their successors! What a legacy are they leaving! not only in gold and silver, but a wilderness reclaimed —a land flowing with milk and honey. For fifty years they have borne the heat and burden of the day; their locks are whitened by the storms of winter; their brows are furrowed, and their bodies inclined by accumulating years; but their eyes beam brightly and rapturous emotions fill the heart as they look around upon the past and contemplate the rich blessings which are unfolding for the future.

Pioneers of Oakland, old associates in days gone by, companions in hunger and fatigue, with whom I have journeyed many years, our task is done.

It only remains for me in paying this last tribute to their memory, to acknowledge, as I do with gratitude, their numerous acts of kindness, so numerous that time would fail were I to attempt to recount them. *Vale.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN ROBERTS.

BY LEVI BISHOP.

[Read at the meeting of the Wayne County Pioneer Society, March 8, 1872.]

Mr. Roberts was born in Wales in the year 1798. His father's name was also John. His mother's name was Mary Jones. He had a grand-uncle who was for thirty-six years in the British army, and who was in the army that "swore terribly in Flanders." This uncle was never sick but six days in his life and he lived to the age of 102 years. When Mr. Roberts was four years old his father emigrated to Philadelphia, and the next year to Utica, New York, where he died several years after.

In the year 1820 John came up Lake Erie, bound for Detroit, on the steamboat Walk-in-the-Water, that being the first steamboat that ever navigated these waters. Prof. Morse, the subsequent inventor of the telegraph, was on board the boat with his aged father. The father was the author of Morse's geography, then a common school book, and in the course of the voyage Mr. Roberts overheard him make the remark that he had written a geography about this western country, and he was now going out to see it. The parties put up at Uncle Ben Woodworth's hotel. The duel between Fisher and Farley had then recently taken place at Sandwich, and was the cause of much excitement and the subject of much conversation. Mr. Roberts, at dinner table, having expressed himself as opposed to dueling upon principle, Prof. Morse remarked, rather tartly, that he wished in that case to have no controversy with him (Mr. Roberts).

In 1820 Detroit had about 1,000 inhabitants, most of whom were French. The remnants of the old pickets which formerly surrounded the town as its protection were then visible in many places. The old Fort Shelby, which had been surrendered by Gen. Hull eight years

before, was then standing on the corner of the present Fort and Congress streets. Out beyond it were the barracks, and still beyond was the parade ground. The ground containing the fort, having about forty acres, was called the military reservation, and was afterward donated to the city by act of congress. It was then surrounded by a ditch, moat, and pickets. The present Fort Wayne was not yet constructed; and old Fort Nonsense, as it was called, being a circular inclosure of earth for the accommodation of an out-post or picket guard, was standing between the present Henry and Sibley streets, a few rods west of Woodward avenue.

Gen. Macomb, who lived in what was then called the Governor's house, and which was afterwards Wales' hotel, on the site of the present Biddle House, was then military commandant of this department. Gen. Cass was governor and William Woodbridge was secretary of the territory. Governor Cass lived in what was afterward known as the Cass House, near the present corner of Jefferson avenue and First street. Messrs. Woodward, Griffin, and Witherell were then the judges of the territory.

Soon after Mr. Roberts arrived in Detroit he engaged in the manufacturing business, to which a few years later he added the mercantile, and he continued in these occupations till he finally retired from active business about twenty years ago.

About the year 1820 Mr. Harvey Williams, who is now living in or near Saginaw county, had a blacksmith shop on the corner where the Russell House is now situated. His dwelling house stood on the same lot, easterly of his shop. Early one morning Mr. Williams heard a noise out in his pig-pen. He got up and, looking out, saw a full-grown, wild wolf carrying away one of his pigs. As the pigs were quite small he concluded that one would not make a sufficient breakfast for the wolf, and that he would soon be back for another. He accordingly loaded his rifle and "laid in wait" for his return. Sure enough, his wolfship soon returned for the balance of his breakfast, when Williams, taking deliberate aim, laid him low in the midst of his iniquities. A live wolf, alive and free, would be a strange visitor in that locality at the present day, as to some extent it was then.

An anecdote is related of Gov. Cass and Dr. Chamberlin which tends to show the high tone of feeling that prevailed here in the olden times. The doctor had published an article in a newspaper reflecting on the administration of the Governor, which was quite displeasing to him, and he undertook to call the doctor to an account for it. The doctor refused to explain or apologize, and remarked to the

Governor that he seldom expressed an opinion, but when he did express one there was grandeur in it.

About the time Mr. Roberts came here Messrs. Mack & Conant, of Detroit, built at Pontiac the first flouring mill that was erected in Oakland county. When the mill was finished it was deemed appropriate that its completion should, as an important event, be commemorated by a public celebration. A delegation accordingly went out from Detroit, among whom were Col. Mack, Gen. Cass, Judge O'Keefe, Dr. Chamberlin and several others. They had eating and drinking and speaking at the celebration, and what was denominated generally a gay old time. Judge O'Keefe seeing there was to be a time, undertook to escape, and went and hid himself in a hay-mow. Search was at once made for him, and, he being discovered, a committee was organized to try him for the misdemeanor. Col. Mack, dressed up as an Indian chief, was made presiding judge. O'Keefe was quite alarmed, believing in the excitement of the occasion that he was actually to be tried by a band of Indians. He was tried, found guilty and properly sentenced in the discretion of the court. Mr. Roberts either was not informed or does not remember what the sentence was, but it was, no doubt, such as the crime merited, and it was doubtless speedily executed. Trials now being in order, each man present was put into the hopper, as it was called, and run through the mill to see what the product would be. To the great amusement of the party some came out as bran, some as shorts, and some as common flour. Gen. Cass being properly ground out, was declared to be superfine. On the way home the jollification still continued, and on arriving near Royal Oak the party stopped at the shanty of a Frenchman, who was also pretty much under the influence of liquor. The party urged him to drink, and on his refusal they put him on trial, found him guilty and sentenced him to be hung. They accordingly tied a rope around his neck, fastened the other end to the shafts of a cart, got on to the back end and tipped up the cart so that the man was taken off from his feet and actually left hanging for several minutes. On being let down he appeared to be dead, to the great alarm of those who had done execution on him. Dr. Chamberlin as the attending physician on the occasion, declared that he was dead, but as the body soon came to life he claimed that it was through the great professional skill that the man's life had been saved, and his persecutors relieved from a serious criminal prosecution. Such were some of the olden times.

Kish-kaw-ko was a celebrated Indian chief of the Saginaw country. Some one of his band had done some offensive act for which he was

brought up before the chief and a jury somewhere near Saginaw for trial. The offense was said to be capital and the trial was for life. Kish-kaw-ko presided at the trial, and the testimony being introduced in due form, the jury found the prisoner not guilty. The chief inquired of the foreman of the jury why they had acquitted the accused. The foreman answered that it was because he was not guilty according to their law. The prisoner was then sitting surrounded by the jury and covered with a blanket, so that he could not see what was going on. This being the usual mode of proceeding, Kish-kaw-ko quietly arose, took his tomahawk from under his blanket and drove it down into the head of the prisoner, killing him instantly, and saying at the same time with savage energy, the law is changed. This event took place about the time Mr. Roberts arrived in Detroit. A few years after this Kish-kaw-ko and a son of his were both tried by an American court in Detroit for the murder of an another Indian here. They were both convicted and sentenced to be hung; but they had agreed between themselves that they would die by means of poison, and would not be hung. The poison was obtained in the prison and the old chief kept his word, took the poison and died. The young man's courage failed him and he did not take the poison. He broke jail and escaped; soon after which a pardon came from the President, J. Q. Adams, and thus ended the whole matter.

In the presidential campaign of 1828, when Gen. Jackson was elected over Mr. Adams, there were only three democrats in Detroit. They increased, however, very fast when it became known that Jackson was, or was to be, the president. It was very easy to see how the cat was jumping. There were then two newspapers published in Detroit, one the *Gazette*, published by Sheldon & Reed, and the other the ———, published by the late Judge Chipman. These had been both Adams papers, but it was said that they had run a sharp race to see which would get over first when it was known that Jackson was elected. The *Gazette* succeeded and became a democratic paper, while the other as a matter of policy, remained an opposition journal.

Mr. Roberts was in Detroit in the time of the cholera, both in 1832 and 1834. On the first occasion he was alderman of the city, at which time the Hon. A. D. Frazer was city recorder. Mr. Roberts well remembered the alarm, excitement and deaths which were on every hand. Mrs. Witherell, wife of the late Judge Witherell, and sister of Mrs. Oliver M. Hyde, was the first victim of the cholera here. It was first brought to this city by passengers on board the steamer Henry Clay. The ravages of that terrible scourge here have been so often

described that they need not here be detailed. The disease was then new, and remedies were unknown even among the most skillful physicians. Deaths were fearfully sudden and fearfully numerous.

In the early days of Michigan, when the Indians were in the neighborhood and this place was a small frontier town, the military arm was a subject of no small importance. There was accordingly a full organization of the militia of the territory, and for several years Mr. Roberts occupied the position of lieutenant colonel of the first regiment. He received several military commissions from Governor Cass, and continued in command until about the time the State was admitted into the Union.

In 1838 a great fire swept over that part of the city situated between Woodward avenue, Woodbridge street, Randolph street and the river. Mr. Roberts had his business establishment in this district, and all his property, except real estate, was destroyed. His creditors would gladly have compromised at fifty cents on the dollar, but he only asked for a reasonable time in which to pay, which was granted, and he paid the whole with interest. There is a trait of heroism in many characters which displays itself elsewhere than on fields of battle.

Mr. Roberts has now for many years led a retired life in easy circumstances. His residence in Detroit covers a period of nearly fifty-two years. He has seen the town grow up from 1,000 to nearly 100,000 inhabitants. He has seen it spread and expand from a few blocks to many square miles in extent. He has maintained a firmness and integrity of purpose and character which have always secured for him and now secure for him, in the evening of his days, the respect and esteem of all who know him.

SOME OF THE BENEFITS THAT ACCRUED TO DETROIT FROM THE DEVASTATING FIRE OF 1805.

BY C. M. BURTON.

[Published in the Detroit Journal, February 8, 1890.]

Probably the best posted Detroiter in the matter of land titles is C. M. Burton, the abstractor, and in his researches he has come upon

many things of peculiar historic interest. He recently unearthed the facts of an exceedingly interesting episode of early times.

Detroit was burned to the ground June 11, 1805. None of the land titles that had existed before that date had been confirmed by the general government, and it was considered best to lay out a plan for a city, and donate to each inhabitant of the old town, a building site in the new town, parties who claimed lots in the old town, to surrender their rights and receive new lots in exchange.

THE FIRE WAS A BLESSING.

"One of the most fortunate events that ever happened to Detroit was that same fire of 1805. Ste. Anne street, which corresponds with Jefferson avenue of the present time, was not over thirty or forty feet wide, and no other street exceeded twenty feet in width. The lots were shallow in proportion, and there was one street parallel to Ste. Anne street, between it and what is now Woodbridge street, and another between Ste. Anne street and what is now Larned street. The only wide portion of a street within the picket line was that in front of the Roman Catholic church, then located about where the Ives bank is now situated, and between that point and what is now the site of the First National Bank building. This portion of the street was only about one hundred feet long."

But for that destructive fire occurring just as it did, the streets of Detroit would have rivaled Constantinople in narrowness and probably Boston in crookedness. A short time after the fire, plans of the proposed new city were made and the governor and judges were authorized to convey lots to the inhabitants, and to others who could claim their right to lots under the act of congress.

Along the entire river front outside of the city limits, the old French farms were in occupation of the original French inhabitants, or of their grantees, and these people were calling upon the general government to make good their titles by confirming the French and English military grants.

LAYING OUT THE NEW TOWN.

An act had been passed providing for such confirmation, and the commissioners required a survey of each farm or tract as a necessary part of the confirmation.

The surveyor, termed a deputy of the surveyor general, was one Abijah Hull, probably a relative though not a brother of Gov. William Hull. The first commissioners on land claims appointed under the act

of congress were George Hoffman and Frederick Bates, and from 1807 the commissioners were Peter Audrain, James Abbott, and Stanley Griswold. Audrain was the secretary of the commission, and from the vast number of papers to be found among the early records of the city, written as well in French as in English, in the peculiar chirography of Mr. Audrain, one would conclude that he might have been the official scrivener for the entire population.

Abijah Hull, the surveyor, was called upon to do two classes of work—the surveying of the farms or private land claims, and the surveying of city lots for the donees of the governor and judges. It is probable that the latter class of work was the more profitable, and was wholly within the city, while the farms were situated anywhere on the river or lakes, sometimes many miles from Detroit.

On August 1, 1807, the commissioners Stanley Griswold, Peter Audrain, and James Abbott sent a letter to the secretary of the treasury of the United States complaining that the surveyor (Mr. Hull) had neglected his duties as surveyor, and that, "altho' they had granted many certificates, they were sorry to say not a single survey had been made and that the person appointed for that purpose was too much occupied in other business to attend to surveying."

The surveyor general informed Mr. Hull of the receipt of a copy of the letter and its contents.

MR. HULL WAXES HOT.

Mr. Hull called upon the commissioners, November 6, 1807, and requested of them a copy of the entire letter, and on being told that they would not furnish him with a copy of the letter he told Stanley Griswold and James Abbott to their faces that their writing in that way was a d—d rascally piece of business, and that they were d—d rascals for doing it, to which he added, that Stanley Griswold was a liar.

This was before the day of printing in Detroit and the complaint of Mr. Hull, written in large, plain hand on large-sized letter paper was posted up in conspicuous places in the city. One of these notices some curioso has preserved, and it is from this original as well as the original of the other papers preserved in the same manner, that the data in connection with the matter has been derived.

On the same day, presumably a little later, a notice signed by James Abbott, was posted up, reading as follows:

"In a scurrilous piece published this day by Abijah Hull relative to Stanley Griswold, Esq., and myself, I observe several falsehoods, consequently think it necessary to inform the public that the said Abijah Hull is not only a *liar* but a perjured villain, and as such will be treated by

"JAMES ABBOTT."

HULL CHALLENGES GRISWOLD AND ABBOTT.

November 6, 1807, fell on Friday, and probably this notice was posted late in the day, certainly after Mr. Abbott had seen the notice of Mr. Hull, posted the same day. Mr. Hull was probably informed of Mr. Abbott's placard on Saturday, for he mentions it as "your publication of Saturday," and on the next day he served on Mr. Griswold the following challenge:

Stanley Griswold, Esq.:

SIR—For reasons which must readily suggest themselves to you, I request that you will meet me as a gentleman this afternoon, at 4 of the clock, below the windmill at the Petite Cote, on the Canada side.

ABIJAH HULL.

Sunday morning, 11 o'clock.

The request was not complied with, and on the following day Mr. Hull sent another challenge as follows:

James Abbott, Esq.:

SIR—The language which you used respecting me in your publication of Saturday last imperiously demands satisfaction. As I conceive that no legal redress can give adequate compensation to injured character and insulted honor, I shall expect you to give me the satisfaction due to a gentleman by meeting me at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning at the windmill on the Petite Cote, on the other side of the Detroit river.

ABIJAH HULL.

Monday afternoon.

NEXT HULL POSTS THEM AS COWARDS.

The desired result was not attained, as sufficiently appeared from the following placard which was posted up in the city on Wednesday, November 11, 1807:

"The attention of the public is desired to the following publication:

"WHEREAS, Stanley Griswold and James Abbott, under the cloak of their official duty as commissioners, have complained to the honorable the secretary of the treasury of the United States of me in remissness of duty as surveyor of this district, previous to my being authorized to proceed on the surveys for the claimants, and those very honorable commissioners having refused me a copy of the letter, although repeatedly called on by both myself and friend, and having uttered and published base, malicious and villainous falsehoods touching my character as a citizen and a public officer, and having denied me that satisfaction due to one who feels himself

aggrieved—for these reasons the subscriber feels it a duty to brand them as liars, rascals, scoundrels, and who are all destitute of manly courage, dastardly cowards beneath the notice of any gentleman, and they will be treated as such by

"ABIJAH HULL."

THE FACTS LAID BEFORE THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The following letter to the secretary of the treasury immediately followed:

Detroit, Nov. 12, 1807.

When we had the honor to write to you on the first of August last, we very little expected that our letter would gather a storm over our heads and put our lives in jeopardy. It has, however, turned out to be the case.

We have been grossly abused and insulted while sitting in our official capacity by Abijah Hull, the deputy of the surveyor general. He has put up in the most conspicuous place in the town placards containing the most indecent and scurrilous language: written challenges to two of the members of the board, Messrs. Griswold and Abbott. He has been served with a warrant and arrested upon the first challenge, and to our great surprise the public prosecutor, Elijah Brush, attorney general of the territory, has come forward as his security in the sum of $500.

The ground of his resentment, as we are informed, is, that in our said letter of the 1st of August, we informed you that on that day no survey had been made, and that we attributed that delay to his being busy in surveying the town lots and acting as private secretary to the governor. We aver this to be a fact known to every individual in Detroit. It is equally known that he lodges and boards with the governor.

What will be his anger when he hears what we now inform you, that to this day two surveys only are returned to the register of the land office, towit: No. 1 and No. 30? The plat of the survey No. 30, on which the final certificate of the register was issued on Saturday, the sixth of November inst., was found so incorrect that the deputy surveyor himself, accompanied by Mr. Brush, called on Sunday morning on the register, amended the plat in the presence of the register and of Mr. Brush, and requested, jointly with Mr. Brush, the register to draw another certificate conformable to the alterations then made, which request was complied with, and the new certificate was delivered to Mr. Brush.

We understand that another ground of resentment of the deputy surveyor is that we have refused to give him a copy of our letter to you of the first of August last. We believe that we are not accountable for our official conduct to any person but you, and we declare that all the clamors, abuses and threats shall never deter us from doing what we consider to be our duty; that is, to give you any information we may obtain respecting the land claims. In a short time we will transmit to you all the vouchers necessary to support our complaints against the said Abijah Hull.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully, sir, your very humble and most obedient servants.

STANLEY GRISWOLD,
PETER AUDRAIN,
JAMES ABBOTT.

The absence of records to detail the further course of the differences between the belligerent surveyor and the commissioners leaves the exact issue of their quarrel in the dark.

BATTLE AND MASSACRE AT FRENCHTOWN, MICHIGAN, JANUARY, 1813.

BY REV. THOMAS P. DUDLEY, ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

[From the Western Reserve Historical Society, Historical and Archæological Tracts, No. 1.]

The following incidents relating to the march of a detachment of Kentucky troops under Col. Lewis to Frenchtown, on the River Raisin Michigan, January, 1813; the battles of the 18th and 22d; the massacre of the prisoners and the march to Fort George, on the Niagara river, were written by the Rev. Thomas P. Dudley of Lexington, Kentucky, May 26, 1870, and indorsed as follows:

A. T. GOODMAN, ESQ., *Secretary Western Reserve Historical Society:*

DEAR SIR—I take pleasure in forwarding to your society an interesting and reliable narrative, by the Rev. Thomas P. Dudley of this city.

Very truly yours,

LESLIE COOMBS.

Lexington, June 1, 1870.

On the seventeenth day of January, 1813, a detachment of five hundred and fifty men, under command of Col. William Lewis, with Col. John Allen and Majors Ben. Graves and George Madison, from the left wing of the Northwest army, was ordered to Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, where it was understood a large number of British had collected and were committing depredations on the inhabitants of that village. On the 17th at night the detachment encamped at the mouth of Swan creek, on the Maumee of the lake. On the 18th they took up the line of march, meeting a number of the inhabitants retreating to the American camp, opposite to where Fort Meigs was subsequently built.

Our troops inquired whether the British had any artillery, to which the reply was, "They have two pieces about large enough to kill a mouse." They reached the River Raisin about three o'clock in the afternoon, and while crossing the river on the ice the British began firing their swivels, when the American troops were ordered to drop their knapsacks on the ice. Reaching the opposite shore, they raised a yell, some crowing like chicken cocks, some barking like dogs, and others calling, "Fire away with your mouse cannon again." The troops were disposed as follows: The right battalion commanded by Col. Allen, the center by Maj. Madison, the left by Maj. Graves. The latter battalion was ordered to dislodge the enemy from the position occupied by them, "being the same occupied by the American troops in the battle of the twenty-second," during which the right and center were ordered to remain where they were, in the open field, until Major Graves' command should force the enemy to the woods. While Graves was driving the enemy, occasional balls from the woods, opposite Col. Allen's command, wounded some of his men. Hence Col. Allen ordered a partial retreat of some forty or fifty yards, so as to place his men out of reach of the Indian guns. Just as this order was accomplished we discovered from the firing that Major Graves had driven the enemy to the woods, when he was ordered to advance the right and center. Up to this time the fighting was done by Major Graves' battalion. So soon as the right and center reached the woods the fighting became general and most obstinate, the enemy resisting every inch of ground as they were compelled to fall back. During three hours the battle raged; the American detachment lost eleven killed and fifty-four wounded.

About dusk Major Graves was sent by Col. Lewis to stop the pursuit of the enemy, and direct the officers commanding the right and center, who had been hotly engaged in the conflict, and had killed many of the enemy, to return to Frenchtown, bearing the killed for interment and the wounded for treatment.

Nothing of importance occurred until the morning of the 20th, when Gen. Winchester, with a command of two hundred men, under Col. Wells, reached Frenchtown. Wells' command was ordered to encamp on the right of the detachment, who fought the battle of the 18th, and to fortify. The spies were out continually, and brought word on the 21st that the enemy were advancing in considerable force to make battle. On the 21st morning Wells asked leave to return to the camp, which he had recently left, for his baggage. General Winchester declined giving leave, informing Wells that we would certainly and

very soon be attacked. In the afternoon Wells again applied for leave to return for his baggage. Gen. Winchester again replied, "the spies bring intelligence that the enemy have reached Stony Creek, five miles from here. If you are disposed to leave your command in the immediate vicinity of the enemy, when a battle is certain, you can go." Wells left and went back.

On the 22d, just as the reveille was arousing the troops (about day break), the first gun was fired. Major Graves had been up some hours, and had gone to the several companies of his battalion, and roused them. Upon the firing of the first gun he immediately left his quarters and ordered his men to stand to their arms. Very many bombs were discharged by the enemy, doing, however, very little execution, most of them bursting in the air, and the fighting became general along the line, the artillery of the enemy being directed mainly to the right of our lines, where Wells' command had no protection but a common rail fence, four or five rails high. Several of the Americans on that part of the line were killed and their fence knocked down by the cannon balls, when Gen. Winchester ordered the right to fall back a few steps and re-form on the bank of the river, where they would have been protected from the enemy's guns. Unfortunately, however, that part of the line commenced retreating, and reaching Hull's old trace along the lane, on either side of which the grass was so high as to conceal the Indians. At this time Cols. Lewis and Allen, with a view of rallying the retreating party, took one hundred men from the stockade and endeavored to arrest their flight. Very many were killed and wounded, and others made prisoners, among the former Col. Allen, Captains Simpson, Price, Edmondson, Mead, Dr. Irwin, Montgomery, Davis, McIlvain and Patrick; and of the latter, General Winchester, Colonel Lewis, Major Overton, etc. The firing was still kept up by the enemy on those within the pickets, and returned with deadly effect.

The Indians, after the retreat of the right wing, got around in the rear of the picketing, under the bank and on the same side of the river, where the battle was raging, and killed and wounded several of our men.

It is believed that the entire number of killed and wounded within the pickets did not exceed one dozen; and the writer doubts very much whether, if the reinforcements had not come, those who fought the first battle, although their number had been depleted by sixty-five, would not have held their ground, at least until reinforcements could have come to their relief. Indeed it was very evident the British very much feared a reinforcement, from their hurry in removing the prisoners

they had taken, from the south to the west of the battle ground, and in the direction of Fort Malden, from which they sent a flag, accompanied by Dr. Overton, aid to Gen. Winchester, demanding the surrender of the detachment, informing they had Generals Winchester and Lewis; and in the event of refusal to surrender, would not restrain their Indians. Major Graves being wounded, Major Madison was now left in command, who, when the summons to surrender came, repaired to the room in which Major Graves and several other wounded officers were, to consult with them as to the propriety of surrendering.

It is proper here to state that our ammunition was nearly exhausted.

It was finally determined to surrender, requiring of the enemy a solemn pledge for the security of the wounded. If this was not unhesitatingly given, determined to fight it out. But, oh the scene which now took place! The mortification at the thought of surrendering the Spartan band who had fought like heroes, the tears shed, the wringing of hands, the swelling of hearts—indeed the scene beggars description! Life seemed valueless. Our Madison replied to the summons, in substance, "We will not surrender without a guarantee for the safety of the wounded, and the return of side arms to the officers." (We did not intend to be dishonored.) The British officer haughtily responded: "Do you, sir, claim the right to dictate what terms I am to offer?" Major Madison replied, "No, but I intend to be understood as regards the only terms on which we will agree to surrender."

Captain William Elliott, who had charge of the Indians, it was agreed should be left with some men, whom it was said would afford ample protection until carryalls could be brought from Malden to transport the prisoners there; but the sequel proved they were a faithless, cowardly set. The British were in quite a hurry, as were their Indian allies, to leave after the surrender. Pretty soon Capt. Elliott came into the room where Major Graves, Capt. Hickman, Capt. Hart, and the writer of this (all wounded) were quartered. He recognized Capt. Hart, with whom he had been a room-mate at Hart's father's in Lexington, Kentucky. Hart introduced him to the other officers, and after a short conversation in which he (Elliott) seemed quite restless and a good deal agitated (he, I apprehend, could have readily told why, as he could not have forgotten the humiliation he had contracted in deceiving Hart's family, pecuniarily). He proposed borrowing a horse, saddle, and bridle for the purpose of going immediately to Malden and hurrying on sleighs to remove the wounded, thence assuring Capt. Hart especially of the hospitality of his house, and begging us not to feel uneasy; that we were in no danger; that he would leave

three interpreters, who would be an ample protection to us. He obtained Major Graves' horse, saddle and bridle, and left, which was the last we saw of Capt. Elliott. We shall presently see how Elliott's pledges were fulfilled.

On the next morning, the morning of the massacre, between daybreak and sunrise, the Indians were seen approaching the houses sheltering the wounded. The house in which Major Graves, Captains Hart and Hickman and the writer were, had been occupied as a tavern. The Indians went into the cellar and rolled out many barrels, forced in their heads and began drinking and yelling. Pretty soon they came crowding into the room where we were, and in which there was a bureau, two beds, a chair or two and perhaps a small table. They forced the drawers of the bureau which were filled with towels, tablecloths, shirts, pillow slips, etc. About this time Major Graves and Captain Hart left the room. The Indians took the bed clothing, ripped open the bed tick, threw out the feathers; and apportioned the ticks to themselves. They took the overcoat, close bodied coat, hat and shoes from the writer. When they turned to leave the room, just as he turned the Indians tomahawked Captain Hickman in less than six feet from me. I went out onto a porch, next the street, when I heard voices in a room at a short distance. Went into the room where Captain Hart was engaged in conversation with the interpreter. He asked, "what do the Indians intend to do with us." The reply was, "they intend to kill you." Hart rejoined, "ask liberty of them for me to make a speech to them before they kill us." The interpreters replied, "they can't understand." "But," said Hart, "you can interpret for me." The interpreters replied, "If we undertook to interpret for you, they will as soon kill us as you." It was said, and I suppose truly, that Captain Hart subsequently contracted with an Indian warrior to take him to Amherstburg, giving him $600. The *brave* placed him on a horse and started. After going a short distance they met another company of Indians, when the one having charge of Hart spoke of his receiving the $600 to take Hart to Malden. The other Indians insisted on sharing the money, which was refused, when some altercation took place, resulting in the shooting of Hart off the horse by the Indian who received the money. A few minutes after leaving the room, where I had met Hart and the interpreters, and while standing in the snow eighteen inches deep, the Indians brought Captain Hickman out on the porch, stripped of clothing except a flannel shirt, and tossed him out on the snow within a few feet of him, after which he breathed once or twice and expired. While still

standing in the yard, without coat, hat or shoes, Major Graves approached me in charge of an Indian and asked if I had been taken. I answered no. He proposed that I should go along with the Indian who had taken him. I replied "no, if you are safe I am satisfied." He passed on and I never saw him afterward. While standing in the snow two or three Indians approached me at different times, and I made signs that the ball I received was still in my shoulder. They shook their heads, leaving the impression that they designed a more horrid death for me. I felt that it would be a mercy to me if they would shoot me down at once, and put me out of my misery. About this time I placed my hand under my vest, and over the severe wound I had received, induced thereto by the cold, which increased my suffering. Another young warrior passed on and made signs that the ball had hardly struck and passed on, to which I nodded assent. He immediately took off a blanket capot (having two) and tied the sleeves around my shoulders and gave me a large red apple. The work of death on the prisoners being well nigh done and the houses fired, he started with me toward Detroit. After going a short distance he discovered my feet were suffering, being without shoes, and he having on two pair of moccasins, pulled off the outer pair, and put them on my feet. Having reached Stony Creek, five miles from the battle ground, where the British and Indians camped the night before the battle of the 22d of January, their camp fires were still burning, and many had stopped with their prisoners to warm. In a short time I discovered some commotion among them. An Indian tomahawked Ebenezer Blythe, of Lexington. Immediately the Indian who had taken me resumed his march, and soon overtook his father, whom I understood to be an old chief. They stopped by the roadside and directed me to a seat on a log and proceeded to *paint me.* We reached Brownstown about sundown in the evening, when having a small ear of corn we placed it in the fire for a short time, and then made our supper on it. A blanket was spread on bark in front of the fire and I pointed to lie down. My captor finding my neck and shoulder so stiff that I could not get my head back, immediately took some of his plunder and placed under my head and covered me with a blanket. Many Indians, with several prisoners, came into the council house afterward, and they employed themselves dressing, in hoops, the scalps of our troops. There was the severest thunderstorm that night witnessed at that time of the year. The water ran under the blanket, and the ground being lower in the center around the fire, I awoke sometime before day and

found myself lying in the water, possibly two inches deep, got up and dried myself as well as I could. About daybreak they resumed their march toward Detroit, stopping on the way and painting me again. We reached Detroit about three o'clock in the afternoon, and as we passed along the street a number of women approached us and entreated the Indians not to kill me. Passing on we met two British officers on horse back, and stopped and chatted with the Indians, exulting with them in the victory, to whom the women appealed in my behalf, but they paid no more regard to me than if I had been a dog. I passed the night with the Indians at the house of a white woman in the city, who the next morning asked liberty to give me a cup of tea, with a loaf of bread and butter. In the afternoon the Indians paraded with their prisoners and the trophies, *scalps*, and marched to the fort. After remaining some time in the guard house where all the prisoners were surrendered but myself, my captors arose to leave with me. When we reached the door the guard stopped me, which seemed to excite the Indians considerably. Major Muir, commanding the fort, was immediately called for, and entered into a treaty for my release. It was said he gave as a ransom for me an old broken down pack horse and a keg of whisky. My Indian captor took affectionate leave of me with a promise to see me again. Let me here say my Indian captor exhibited more the principle of the man and the soldier than all the British I had been brought in contact with up to the time I met Major Muir. The next day the British officers, Hale and Watson, invited me to mess with them so long as I remained in the fort. Three or four days afterward, and the day before our officers, Winchester, Madison and Lewis were to leave for the Niagara river, one of these officers accompanied me across the Detroit river to Sandwich. When passing to the hotel where they were, when I became opposite the dining room door, I saw Major Madison sitting down to supper. The temptation was so strong I entered the door, to the astonishment of the Major and other officers, who supposed I had been murdered with many other prisoners. I am constrained to acknowledge the great mercy of God in my preservation thus far. On the following morning, when arrangements were being made for transportation of officers to Fort George, but none for me, my heart felt like sinking within me at the thought of being left to the care of those I had no confidence whatever in. Providentially a Canadian lieutenant was listening and so soon as all, both British and American officers left the room, nobly came to me and said, "I have a good span of horses and a good carry-all. You are welcome to a seat with me." I joyfully accepted his

offer, and I hereby acknowledge that I met in his person a whole souled man and a soldier, through whose kindness, mainly, I reached Niagara river. When I was once more permitted to look on the much loved flag of my country, and paroled and put across the Niagara river on American soil, then, with all my suffering I felt that I could once more breathe freely. I have again to acknowledge the goodness of God in providing for reaching my home and friends, after traveling more than one thousand miles badly wounded, a half ounce ball buried in my shoulder. But I lived to be fully avenged upon the enemies of my country in the battle of the 8th of January, 1815, below New Orleans. I have omitted many minor incidents that were in this communication the writing of which has given great pain in my wounded shoulder.

EARLY SAGINAW CONSTABLES.

BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER.

[Read at annual meeting, June 12, 1888.]

In the new settlements constables had to be selected from aspirants to political honors, and were not always the best selections that could have been made. Abram Butts was the first person that held that responsible position in the Saginaw district, having been appointed when it was a part of Oakland county. He felt the responsibility of his position as a conservator of the peace, and although of small stature and having a weak body, he was always ready to use what force he had to quell disturbances.

At one time a row commenced in which a man of large size and great strength named Weston was engaged, and Butts not being obeyed when he commanded the peace, nothing daunted, having the strength of the law on his side, if not the physical strength, rushed forward and seized Weston, who with a fling of his arm sent him spinning like a top several feet distant. But as soon as the momentum ceased

Butts was scratching back on his hands and knees and seized Weston by the legs, when the scene became so ludicrous that it put an end to the fight.

Butts was not a learned man but he generally did his business correctly and he retained the office in Saginaw county for many years after it was organized.

John Hall, a Pennsylvanian was elected a constable in Saginaw at an early day and was much puffed up with the honor of his office, and was fond of discussing legal points and of ventilating his knowledge of the law. A party had wrongfully come into possession of some property, and Hall had heard Judge Riggs say that it might be recovered by the rightful owner by recaption. He heard another group discussing the subject and wondering how the matter would be solved. "Oh, that is easy enough," says Hall, "the property can be taken by *reaction*."

He liked to tell of his official doings, and one afternoon he said to Seth Willey, "I have just *leveled* on old Brown's oxen." Willey says to him, "How could you levy on Brown's oxen, you have not been out of the village today?" "Oh, I did it by virtue of a writ of (a queer name which I have forgotten) by which I can take property where it is not just as well as where it is." On making his returns he would state, "By virtue of the within execution I have *leveled* on ——— the property of the defendent," and sign "John Hall, *con-sti-bil.*" He was sure to dot his i's, so that careless readers would not mistake the letters and accuse him of misspelling his words.

Butts and Hall have long since been summoned to appear before the Judge of all the earth. Peace be to their ashes.

A TRIAL FOR PETIT LARCENY.

William Macdonald, who was trading in the old red store at Saginaw city about the years 1844 and 1845, was the owner of a finger ring which he highly prized, for aside from its intrinsic value, which was considerable, he valued it on account of its having been a present from Ramsey Crooks, the great American fur trader who was known in commercial circles fifty years ago from the Atlantic to the Pacific. One morning when there were a number of men in the store, Mr. Macdonald took off his ring and laid it on the counter while he went into the back room to wash himself; when he returned the ring was missing. He kept quiet about his loss thinking that the best course to pursue. Not long afterwards a girl employed at Jewett's hotel, in talking with a friend on the subject of rings, told her she expected a present of a

beautiful one from the young man to whom she was engaged to be married. When the present was made and exhibited it proved to be Macdonald's ring. The donor was Rob, the youngest son of a family living in the vicinity. Circumstances were so strong against him that he was arrested and held to answer to the charge of petit larceny. Rob's arrest caused quite a commotion in the family circle; and on the day of trial the whole family, father, mother, and brothers were early in town to await the result.

There were two practical jokers in town who always calculated to extract some fun from every transaction, no matter how grave the subject that was in hand. So Seth Willey and Harry Campbell met the family on their arrival in town and descanted on the importance of the trial, telling the father and mother of Rob that they would be called on to testify in the case, and if they were not familiar with the proceedings in courts of justice they had better go with them to a private room and have a rehearsal of what they would be called upon to testify in court. Harry Campbell claiming to be an expert in all matters pertaining to a criminal trial.

After calling up Rob's father Harry told him he would be sworn in court and he must answer the questions he should put to him just as he would on oath.

Q. Is your son obedient and respectful to his parents?

A. Yes, always obedient and never gives me a saucy word.

Q. What is his character for honesty?

A. He has always been a good, honest boy; I never knew him to steal anything before.

Rob. "Hain't stole nothin' now, you —— —— old fool, you!"

One of Rob's brothers said, "Mr. Willey, Rob never stole that ring mor'n God made the world!"

The time for the trial came, the court was opened, a jury empanneled and the trial proceeded. Witnesses were called to testify as to the presence of Rob in the store at the time the ring was missed. Some swore positively to his presence, describing his dress and the position in which he stood leaning against the counter near where the ring was laid; others equally positive, naming all the others that were in the store, said that Rob was not present at the time. I sat at the trial and assisted in examining the witnesses and became satisfied that witnesses might honestly be mistaken in testifying to what they saw, and believed they knew. I was in the store the morning in question and very well remembered Rob's presence, but did not recall the presence of some of the witnesses who testified that they were there. A

part of the scene may be impressed on the memory and not the whole. In the case referred to there was no motive for anyone to testify to what he did not believe to be true. The theory of the defense was that Rob found the ring in a cutter that had been used by different parties, but the testimony was strongly against it.

The case was given to the jury and after due deliberation they returned a verdict of *not guilty*. The verdict was a surprise to most of those who heard the testimony; but perhaps the jury had heard of the good character of Rob given by his father on the mock trial and the solemn asseveration of his innocence made by his brother. Rob was discharged, and if he had a propensity for stealing it was never manifested afterwards.

COUNTY COURT.

At the time the county court system was in force, there was a judge on the bench who was troubled with fits of somnolency, and a couple of lawyers were arguing a point before him in reference to the rules or practice of the court. One of them said he understood the practice of this court to be so and so. "No," replied the other, "you are mistaken; the practice of this court is to fall asleep at the commencement of the opening plea, and awaken at its close, and prepare for another snooze while the answering plea is made."

CIRCUIT COURT MATTERS.

For the first few years after the organization of Saginaw county there was not sufficient court business to maintain a county bar, and when Judge Whipple went north to hold court in his district he was followed from Pontiac and Flint to Saginaw by members of the bar from Oakland and Genesee counties.

I remember on one occasion they all started from Jewett's hotel for the old school house to open court. Not long afterwards Judge Whipple returned to the hotel with a frown on his face saying he would not sit down in a peck of dirt to hold court for anybody. There might have been reason for a person less fastidious than Judge Whipple to complain, for there had been two caucuses and one election, all in muddy weather, held in the school house, and no sweeping had been done. The court adjourned a day for the house to be cleaned.

On another occasion on the morning of the last day of an unusually long term of court, Judge Whipple looked around on the members of the bar while sitting at the hotel and said to them, "Boys, this being the last day of the term you should brush up a little, some clean

linen would improve your appearance." They all knew very well where the only stock of clean linen belonging to the crowd could be found, so giving each other the wink, they proceeded to Judge Whipple's room and opening his satchel, each supplied himself with a clean shirt. Shortly afterwards when the Judge went to his room to arrange his toilet, he found plenty of soiled linen lying about the room, but not a clean shirt in his satchel. He came down stairs with black looks, complaining to the lawyers of their ungenerous conduct in not leaving one clean shirt; had they done that he would not have complained.

PIONEER REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. AZUHAH L. JEWETT.

[Read at the annual meeting, June 12, 1888.]

I have been solicited by my brother, Judge Albert Miller of Bay City, to write something of my pioneer life.

Very many things have occurred in the fifty-seven years that I have been in Saginaw that would be worthy of note, but I hardly feel competent for the task, suffice it to say that the present inhabitants would think it quite impossible to endure the privations and sacrifices that a few of the first have passed through, and in almost every instance without a word of complaint, each one seemed to realize their situation and possess fortitude to sustain them, and wait for more prosperous times.

These I have fully realized and feel that I have been well compensated for all the privations that I have endured, and vicissitudes that have come under my observation.

My first trouble in Saginaw was fear of the *Indians*, my husband being a surveyor and often from home, they would watch their opportunity and come when they knew I was alone, and would not be satisfied with what I had to give them but would invariably rob the garden, hen roost and corn crib.

I came a bride to the Saginaw country in October, 1831, and was one of the thirty white inhabitants, then residing on the lower peninsula of Michigan north of Flint river, my home was on the bank of the river at Green Point two and a half miles above Saginaw city, my husband, the late Hon. Eleazer Jewett, kept a ferry and owned the only boat that could carry a horse across Saginaw river.

My daughter, Mrs. Dr. N. D. Lee of Saginaw city with whom I now reside, was born at my home at Green Point, February, 1834; except one born when the United States troops occupied the fort at Saginaw, she was the first white female born in the region above referred to.

When I contemplate my social privileges in the midst of fifty thousand people containing hundreds of friends and acquaintances that I can visit any day I choose, for when they are too far distant for a walk, street cars will carry me to their residence, or near them, I wonder at my contentment then with my nearest neighbor two miles and a half away and with no means of traveling only the river, either on the ice or in a canoe, often many weeks would pass without seeing a female friend. We lived in a log house, and nearly every stranger that visited Saginaw would come to our cabin for entertainment.

There were very few conveniences for cooking at that time. No cook stove, coal range or gasoline stove, but an open fire-place, with very few cooking utensils. Men would come in groups, one or two would seldom come through the woods from Flint to Saginaw by themselves, strangers would have a guide. Gentlemen would come to the place from New York and Ohio to locate land, often when they were least expected, perhaps late in the evening. They would sit, and watch, and wait for me to cook their supper by a blazing fire, the kitchen, sitting and dining room were all in one fourteen foot room. When the gentlemen would get rested and through supper, they often would express themselves just as well satisfied as if they were at a hotel. I would often sit up all night and have breakfast prepared for them while they were at rest.

Our life began to grow a little weary from entertaining under such disadvantages and concluding we could as well keep a hotel, in 1837 Mr. Jewett built one sufficiently large to accommodate the traveling community for a number of years. But when the plank road was built in 1850, and steamboats came up the river and a bridge was put across, only a small portion of the traveling community could be accommodated in the first hotel that was built in Saginaw.

Now when we look at the Saginaw valley with its vast industries

and trains of cars loaded with passengers arriving hourly from different points of the compass, and the extensive region north of us, teeming with life and animation, with scores of hotels filled to oveflowing, it is a wonder to me that I could once have entertained all the travelers that visited this vast region of country in a little log house, and provide for their wants by cooking before a blazing fire.

Now when we look at the present facilities for traveling, it is a wonder that such vicissitudes described below should have occurred only forty-four years ago.

In looking over some old account books that belonged to my husband when keeping a hotel, I saw the bill for keeping Mr. Hopkins and his men May 17, 1844; it brought the circumstance of their arrival vividly to my mind.

Mr. Hopkins had previously been here and selected a location for lumbering business at Lower Saginaw (now Bay City) and went back to Ohio to get men to help him carry on his business, he started back with ten and found conveyance for them until they arrived at Flint river. There had been heavy rains which had rendered the roads so bad it was impossible for teams to get through the woods, so they were compelled to walk. Each man took a lunch in his pocket, had an early start, and felt that they were all fully competent for the task, expecting to arrive in Saginaw in due time for supper. But before the journey was half performed they began to realize that they had undertaken a hard task. It was dark when they arrived at Cass river and there was no one to set them across, but they found a canoe that would carry but two persons at one time, there was one man in the company that understood navigation and he had the task of taking them all across separately, found it quite critical as the river was very high. They had ten miles to walk to get to Saginaw. Mr. Hopkins said all the encouraging words that he was capable of, and they proceeded with wearied steps. But when they got within two miles of the crossing place of Saginaw river one of the men became exhausted and fell to the ground apparently lifeless. They had no means of restoring him and all they could do was to carry him in their arms until they could get him to the river; when they got through the dense woods and could see an opening to the river they laid him on the ground. Mr. Hopkins and one man came across the river, then past midnight. I can well remember the loud call of Mr Hopkins for Mr. Jewett to arise immediately for he was in trouble. The story was soon told, blankets and pillows were procured to bring the wearied

man to the boat, which was speedily dispatched and all were brought across the river in safety. The tired man was laid on a couch already prepared for him. Most of his comrades pronounced him dead, but Mr. Hopkins said there was life yet and he must be restored. No physician was to be obtained, the only one in the place being prostrated with sickness. Restoratives were applied, but with little effect at first. In the meantime a substantial meal had been provided and all were ready to partake except one man, he chose to remain with his brother who was on the couch. Before the meal was finished he discovered signs of life, and at daylight the man had recovered conciousness and was able to speak. The two brothers remained two days, the other men took an open boat the only means of conveyance, and proceeded to their place of business. In company with the late James Fraser and William Pomeroy, Mr. Hopkins erected a saw-mill, the fourth one built on Saginaw river, on the site now occupied by S. G. M. Gates' mill in Bay City.

I am in the eighty-third year of my age, and since the death of my husband which occurred in February, 1876, I have been the longest resident between Flint river and the Straits of Mackinaw.

I have a pleasant home with my daughter and am surrounded by a large circle of friends who are anxious to contribute to my happiness.

My bodily health is good and unless this article indicates the contrary my mental faculties are unimpaired, and I enjoy life at present as much as at any period of my existence.

A PIONEER'S REMINISCENCES.

CONTRIBUTED BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER.

Charles W. Grant, secretary of the board of trade, also one of the vice presidents of the Michigan State Pioneer Society, recently received from the secretary of that organization a circular requesting information concerning the earlier history of Saginaw county. Much of this

Mr. Grant is familiar with; in fact no man resident of the commercial metropolis of Northern Michigan has a wider or more extensive knowledge of affairs hereabouts in days gone by; but wishing to refresh his memory and substantiate facts of which he was possessed, he wrote to his life long friend, Judge Albert Miller, of Bay City, regarding the matter. In reply the following, which the Courier-Herald of January 18, 1890, is permitted to publish, was received:

I removed to Saginaw in January, 1833, but had visited the place before and knew many of the residents after the fall of 1830. In April, 1831, at the first election after the town was organized, including what was then Saginaw county, which contained a part of the territory now in Genesee, Midland, and Bay counties, there were thirteen votes cast for supervisor, of which Gardner D. Williams received seven and David Stanard six. So far as I can recollect the names of those voters were Gardner D. Williams, David Stanard, Eleazer Jewett, Ephraim S. Williams, Jacob Graverat, Louis Major, Abram Whitney, Grovener Vinton, John Brown, Duncan McLellan, old Mr. McCarty and two other men, Williams' Indian traders, whose names are forgotten.

Eleazer Jewett came to Saginaw to reside permanently in 1826. I think Asa Whitney was there before him; at any rate Jewett and Whitney wintered together in Whitney's house, on the Whitney farm, on the Tittabawassee river, during the winter of 1826–7, and in April, 1827, while Jewett was at Detroit purchasing supplies, Whitney was accidentally drowned in the river near his house. When Jewett went to Saginaw, the trading post of the American Fur Company was occupied by a Frenchman named Reaum. Gardner D. Williams took his place. E. S. Williams came afterwards, when the trading firm of G. D. and E. S. Williams was formed.

Previous to all this is the history of the military post at Saginaw. The county was organized in February, 1835, after a portion which was in the township had been set off to form Midland county, leaving that portion of the organized township in Oakland county. The first officers of Saginaw county were: John Smyth, sheriff; Albert Miller, judge of probate; Andrew Ure and Gardner D. Williams, associate judges; Ephraim S. Williams, register of deeds and county clerk; Eleazer Jewett, county surveyor. The township board of the township of Saginaw, consisting of Gardner D. Williams, supervisor, Andrew Ure, Jeremiah R. Riggs and Albert Miller, justices of the peace, and Ephraim S. Williams, township clerk, constituted the board of supervisors.

In 1832 Job Olmstead, Sr., with twenty-two children, a son-in-law, daughter-in-law, and a number of grandchildren, settled at Saginaw, not one of whom or their descendents are living in the valley at the present time. Abram Butts and family, Dr. Bunnell and family, Obed Crane, Benoit Tromble, and Thomas Simpson with their families and others not remembered, settled there in 1832. During the next season John Kenyon, Andrew Ure, James Fraser, James Busby, Sr., Hugh and Thomas McCullogh and families and others settled there. About that time a man named Beaubien, John B. Trudell, Charles H. Rodd and James Gruett, Indian traders, came. Nathaniel Foster and family, Stephen Benson and Sylvester Vibber were residents of Saginaw before 1833. Charles A. Lull, with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Joab Lull, two sisters, afterwards Mrs. Spaulding and Mrs. Frank Toby, his brother Augustus, and Phineas Spaulding, came in May, 1834. They drove through from Flint with an ox cart, which was the first wheeled vehicle I ever knew of passing over the old trail. Charles A. Lull and Phineas Spaulding built log houses on their respective farms, which were the first houses built in Saginaw county away from the banks of a river. That year the Saginaw turnpike was surveyed between Flint and Saginaw by Orange Risdon, in the pay of the United States government. John Brown, Scotch, with his son Edward, came in the fall of 1833 and built a log house on the Tittabawassee, two miles above Green Point, and in July, 1834, while the balance of the family consisting of the mother, four daughters and three sons, were journeying from Scotland to reach their new home, the mother died at Quebec with cholera. Mr. Brown met the balance of the family at Detroit and brought them to the new home at Saginaw, where they were all prostrated with fever and ague. At the election in April, 1835, candidates for delegates to a convention to form a State constitution were voted for, and I was appointed to meet the board of canvassers at Pontiac, to canvass the votes for the county of Oakland.

To the committee of historians of the Pioneer and Historical Society:

After the foregoing letter of mine to C. W. Grant was published in the Courier he received the following from Mr. Grovener Vinton, an early settler of Saginaw. Where Mr. Vinton's statement differs from mine in regard to dates, etc., previous to 1833, I stand corrected, for Mr. Vinton was on the ground and my information was obtained from hearsay. Mr. Vinton is now a resident of Mt. Morris in Genesee

county. He has lived in that vicinity a successful farmer and highly respected citizen since 1834.

ALBERT MILLER.

Bay City, June, 1890.

LETTER FROM GROVENER VINTON TO C. W. GRANT.

Asa L. Whitney moved to Saginaw county in the spring of 1826, and was drowned two years later. His brother Abram Whitney, a single man, came and attended to his business, harvesting crops, etc., and finally became owner of the farm, and died there. Grovener Vinton and Stephen Benson left Avon, Livingston county, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1830, and after walking most of the way through Canada, arrived at Detroit, Jan. 11. Spent a few days at Pontiac and then continued their journey through to Saginaw. At Flint, Capt. Joshua Terry joined their party. He was collector of taxes for the township of Pontiac and was going to Saginaw on that business. They were one day in making the journey from Flint to Pine Run a distance of fourteen miles, but the following day completed the distance to Saginaw, twenty-six miles further.

Grovener Vinton selected the land where Ben McClelland now lives and went to Detroit to enter it. At this time there were no settlers between Flint and Saginaw. The first summer he worked for Riggs and Stanard, going onto his own land in the fall, where he continued to reside until December, 1834. During this time he made two trips to Pontiac to mill, with an ox team taking nine days for each trip. In the winter of '31, the territorial legislature organized the township of Saginaw. At the first town meeting, held the first Monday in April, there were fifteen voters, Grovener Vinton being one of the number. He was married Aug. 25, 1831, to Harriet Whitney, sister to Abram and Asa L. Whitney. They being the first white couple married in Saginaw county. Their first child Sarah Vinton, now Mrs. Samuel Dickinson was born May 9, 1833.

Stephen Benson located his land on the opposite side of the river from the Bacon farm. At this time Gardner D. and Ephraim S. Williams were Indian traders at Saginaw city.

Lauren Riggs and John Brown both from Avon, N. Y., lived one mile above Green Point on the Tittabawassee river, having moved there in 1829.

John Riggs, son of Lauren Riggs was born in November, 1829, being the first white child born in Saginaw county. Lauren Riggs owned

the first two horse lumber wagon ever brought into Saginaw county. He also had an Indian trading house on Green Point, attended by Eleazer Jewett, who moved to the place in 1826.

David Stanard and Charles McClean moved into Saginaw during the winter of 1828. Charles McClean settled on forty acres of land joining the old Bacon farm, and was the first man to sow wheat in Saginaw county,

David Stanard settled on what is now known as the Court farm, and was the possessor of a run of stone for grinding corn, run by horse power.

Edward McCartney and his son Thomas came to Saginaw in August, 1830, and settled on the Tittabawassee river.

Artemus Bacon was an Indian farmer, and afterwards bought the Bacon farm.

GROVENER VINTON.

THE PIONEER SCHOOLS OF THE STATE.

BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER.

[Bay City Daily Tribune, April 26, 1885.]

A sufficient number of the early pioneers of Michigan to give character to the institutions of the State emigrated from New York and the New England states, bringing with them the patriotism, love of liberty, and the desire for an educated community, that characterized the people of the states they had left.

But up to the time of the formation of our first State constitution in 1835, little had been done by legislation to promote the interests of education. Some cumbersome laws had been enacted by the legislative council providing for the division of townships into school districts, but no provision was made for the support of schools except by rate bills. Few communities availed themselves of any provisions of law in establishing schools, but almost every settlement, where ten or more

scholars could be gathered in one place, associated themselves together as a school district, built a school house by voluntary contributions, and maintained a school three or six months in the year by rate bills.

Such was the demand for qualified teachers that associations were formed in the eastern states to supply teachers for the west. Ex-Governor Slade, of Vermont, was at the head of such an institution, and another was presided over by a Miss Tuttle, of Boston. The last named supplied some teachers for the Saginaw valley. Miss Spaulding taught a class of young ladies at Saginaw at an early day, and for her gentle ways, valuable instructions and Christian example, is held in grateful remembrance by gray haired ladies of the present day. Miss Barry, an amicable Christian lady, came to Lower Saginaw and taught the children of the late James G. Birney and Mr. Rogers. The wife of Prof. F. W. Lankenaw and her brothers and sisters were under her tuition.

A lady from Ohio came to teach in the family of Mr. Pomeroy, father of C. H. Pomeroy of Bay City. She afterwards married Leon Tromble. She was an amiable Christian woman, and the sad fate of Mr. and Mrs. Tromble is deplored by all who knew them. They removed to the north shore of Lake Michigan, where they accumulated some money, and for the purpose of plunder were attacked by a fiend in the shape of a young man to whom they had given a home, and Mrs. Tromble was killed outright and Mr. Tromble so injured that he has ever since been insane.

The foregoing will show the difficulties which parents who desired to give their children an education labored under, compared with the present time.

Of the early pioneers of Michigan there were many warm friends of education who were anxious that the foundations for a liberal school system should be firmly laid, upon which might be built a structure that would lead to the education and refinement of coming generations, and redound to the glory of the State. Among others there were the late General Isaac E. Crary and Rev. John D. Pierce, both of Calhoun county, who spent much time in consulting together about what provision should be made in the new constitution that was about to be formed for the promotion of the interests of education. Their conclusions were that it should be specially recognized as a department of the State government.

General Crary was elected to the convention to form a State constitution and by that body was made chairman of the committee on education. In his report to the convention, which was accepted,

provision was made for the appointment of a superintendent of public instruction who was to be nominated by the governor and elected by the two houses of the State legislature.

At that time no state in the Union had provided for such an officer.

General Crary was elected our first member of congress, and although in that body he was ridiculed and annihilated by the wit of Tom Corwin and referred to afterwards by John Quincy Adams as the late Mr. Crary, the people of Michigan have reason to honor his name for the action he took to promote the interests of education in the new State.

Previous to this time in admitting new states into the Union, sections numbered sixteen were donated to the townships in which they were located, for the benefit of schools, a very unequal distribution when we consider the difference in the value of sections in different townships; and the lands were generally so disposed of that they contributed but little to the cause of education. General Crary had the drawing of the ordinance for the admission of the State into the Union and so worded it that sections numbered sixteen were donated to the State in trust, the proceeds of which should be kept as a perpetual fund the income of which should be applied to the support of schools, thus preserving the magnificent gift to be used for the purpose for which it was donated. General Crary in his many consultations with Rev. John D. Pierce (who was then engaged as a missionary for the board of home missions) had ascertained his advanced and liberal views on the subject of education, and solicited Governor Mason to nominate him for the office of superintendent of public instruction. He was nominated and duly elected. After his election Mr. Pierce traveled extensively, visiting institutions of learning, educational associations, and consulted with the best educationalists in the United States in order to obtain information as to the best method of starting our new State on the right road to honor and success in her educational institutions. After getting what information he could he drew up his report to the legislature with the most advanced views that he thought possible to get adopted by that body, though the provision for free schools even for three months in the year could not be obtained then. But his object was to have all schools eventually absolutely free from rate bills, which has long since been attained; and the blessings now enjoyed in consequence of the foresight are apparent to all.

I have given this brief sketch of the history of the foundation of our school system; which perhaps is known to all, but it cannot be too often repeated, for every teacher and scholar in our public schools

should know and honor the names of Isaac E. Crary and John D. Pierce. Mr. Crary died in 1854, but Mr. Pierce lived till April, 1882. He was a grand old gentleman. I was associated with him during one session of the State legislature and knew him well for many years. In his old age he was justly proud of the world-wide fame of the educational institutions of Michigan, which had been built on the foundation which he was instrumental in laying. After legislation had been had and the system of education projected by Mr. Pierce had become the law of the land, he closed a communication to the legislature expressing his confidence in the success of the system in these almost prophetic words: "What remains is to carry it into successful operation, making from time to time such modifications as experience shall determine to be necessary and desirable. Most certainly have we laid the foundations for raising a fabric of gigantic proportions and great magnificence. Our whole super-structure, when duly perfected by the wisdom and councils of experience, cannot fail of being the ornament and glory of Michigan in all coming time, and as useful in all its departments, as grand and beautiful in its design. Hence, if we fail, as remarked by a distinguished gentleman at the late session of the college of professional teachers, it will be a magnificent failure, and draw after it consequences of direful import. But we trust, through the providence of the All-wise, the high and mighty Ruler of the universe, who has thus far so benignly and prosperously guided the councils and affairs of our State, that the system will flourish and bear fruit, even long after those who were instrumental in its production shall have returned to the dust of the valley and gone to their final rest."

SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

AN OLD MAP OF THE LATE CAPTAIN MARSAC UNEARTHED.

CONTRIBUTED BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER.

[Published in the Bay City Times, March 5, 1893.]

Among the effects of the late Captain Joseph F. Marsac, was a map and guide to Michigan which is indeed a relic at this time worthy of owning. For several years after the captain's death, the map was lost

or mislaid, but within the past week it was restored to Recorder Marsac, son of the old captain, and it is now highly prized by him. The little book into which the map can be folded is entitled "The Emigrant's Guide or Pocket Gazetteer of the surveyed part of Michigan." It was printed by B. D. Packard & Co., at Albany, N. Y., in 1831.

TO THE PUBLIC.

On the back of the fly leaf, John Farmer addresses the public as follows:

The author of the following pages has resided a number of years at Detroit, and employed much of his time surveying and in preparing maps of the territory, not only for publication, but frequently for the use of the legislative council. His occupation has naturally led him to become generally acquainted with the territory. He has been frequently called upon by the emigrant for such information respecting it, as at first sight would appear to be notorious; but of which, for the want of a gazetteer many are ignorant. He therefore came at once to the conclusion that a concise description like the following, embracing such facts only as would naturally be sought for by the emigrant, would be serviceable, especially as it can be done up with the map in portable shape. With these views the following brief but nevertheless correct sketch was hastily thrown together.

JOHN FARMER.

Albany, March, 1830.

P. S.—Last season there were about 15,000 emigrants to the territory, and double that number is confidently expected the present season. Twelve counties were formed in the fall of 1829 and twelve more this spring. Such has been the growth of improvement since the following pages were written that a new edition is required, and although the accompanying map is brought up to the present and exhibits all the late surveys, new counties, etc., yet still the demand is such that for the want of time to extend my observations I am compelled to let the Gazetteer go to press without additions.

J. F.

Albany, May 10, 1831.

MICHIGAN AS SHE WAS.

The Gazetteer says:

Michigan territory is bounded east and north by the national boundary line, which separates it from Canada, west by the Mississippi river, and south by Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. It is governed by a

governor and legislative council, composed of 13 members; the former is appointed by the president of the United States with the advice and consent of the senate, and holds his office during their pleasure; but the latter are elected every two years by the people; compose one house only, and are allowed to hold two sessions a year, not exceeding 30 days each. The territory is represented in congress by a delegate, chosen once in two years, who is entitled to the same pay as a member of the house of representatives but is not allowed a vote in that body. The expenses of the government of the territory are paid by the United States, but the town and county charges are defrayed by a direct tax.

POPULATION.

It is estimated by the most competent judges to contain, at present, about 35,000 inhabitants. Its rapid and increasing tide of emigration is such as to induce the belief that she is shortly destined to be admitted to equal rank among the political stars which adorn the American constellation. Her present growth and increasing importance may be measurably attributed to the enterprising, active and energetic talents of her present chief magistrate, Lewis Cass, whose personal exertions and enlightened policy have not only facilitated its settlement, but tended in a great measure to develop its various resources.

Following this introduction is a description of the State. The plains are said to be frequently covered with such a regular, beautiful and thrifty growth of timber, so free from underbrush as to wear the aspect of a cultivated forest.

The emigrants to the territory are spoken of as being enterprising and industrious farmers, who promise well to become wealthy citizens. The uniform price of unsold wild land is $1.25 an acre and the terms ready money, with the title indisputable as it comes direct from the United States.

Each of the counties is described briefly. Saginaw county is referred to as follows:

Saginaw county is not yet organized. It is watered by the Shiawassee, Flint, Cass, Tittabawassee and Hare rivers. The most of these streams are navigable for boats; their junction forms the Saginaw river which is navigable for sloops twenty miles to the village which bears its name and which is to be the seat of justice for said county. The United States have established a cantonment here, and laid out a road from this place to Detroit, which is not yet finished. When this

is completed, it is more than probable that it will settle as speedily as any county in the territory, as the soil is very favorable to agriculture.

There is no such reference to Bay county for the simple reason there was no such county. Saginaw county extended from Shiawassee county on the south directly north to Saginaw bay, alongside of Sanilac county. Sanilac comprised all the territory in the "thumb." Midland county reached from Saginaw bay to its present line on Isabella county. North of Midland were Gladwin and Arenac counties. Bay was formed by taking a part of Midland, Saginaw, and Arenac, the latter being dropped out of existence altogether until about ten years ago, when the northern part of Bay was made into a county called Arenac.

The entire northern part of Michigan from Arenac north is called Indian country and was inhabited by the Ottawas and Miamies. The country was called township of Michillimackinac. The straits also bear the name Michillimackinac.

Saginaw bay is very incorrectly drawn. Two islands appear located in the center, one being called Shawangunk island.

Chipp Vill is located at the mouth of the Au Sable river.

Thunder Bay river empties into Thunder bay which is a part of Saginaw bay.

There is no sign of a settlement north of Saginaw.

Lake Michigan is shaped like a pickle and hangs stiff, at a slant to the west.

Michillimackinac county reaches from the Mississippi to the straits. Chippewa county lies just north and extends from St. Mary's river to the Mississippi.

Toledo is in Monroe county.

Kalamazoo river is spelled Kekalamazoo.

Chicago is on the map in type no larger than Chipp Vill.

Wisconsin is spelled Ouisconsin.

The map was engraved in 1829 by Rawdon Clark & Co., of Albany.

It is stated that Michigan territory extends west to the Mississippi, but it is expected a new territory will shortly be set off by the name of Ouisconsin.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PIONEER OF EARLY MICHIGAN.

BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER.

Editor Sunday Times:

Your article "Sixty-two Years Ago," published in the Sunday Times on March 5, 1893, brings to my mind so vividly some of the scenes and events of that early date in the history of Michigan, that I am inclined to jot down a few items which you can publish if you think they will be of any interest to your readers. One of the items in the article referred to, signed by John Farmer, was dated on the twenty-first anniversary of my birthday (May 10, 1831.) I had then been eight months a resident of that portion of the territory of Michigan that is now Genesee county. The old map you refer to was quite familiar to me in those early days. The surveyed portion of northern Michigan included the mouth of the Saginaw river and the forks of the Tittabawassee. I think you will find on that map a tract of country about Port Huron marked Desmond. I believe the territory referred to had been set off into a township by that name. Mr. Farmer gives the boundaries of the territory of Michigan as it existed in 1831, but it was greatly enlarged in 1834 by the addition of all the territory belonging to the United States lying north of the state of Missouri and west of the Mississippi river. By an act of the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, dated Sept. 6, 1834, that territory was set off into two counties—Dubuque county comprising all the territory north of a line drawn west from the south end of Rock Island; and DesMoine county, the portion lying south of said line to the northern line of the state of Missouri.

The population of the territory of Michigan as constituted in 1830 (the census being taken after I became a resident of the territory) numbered 31,000 and some hundreds. Detroit then contained 2,222. The territory that is now Genesee county, where I then resided, contained seventy whites, and between the Flint river and the Straits of Mackinaw there were twenty-eight.

I was well acquainted with John Farmer, the author of the map

referred to. In 1837, when I was a managing director of the Portsmouth company, we employed him to survey the ground and make what is known as "Farmer's plat of Portsmouth." At the time of the publication of the map referred to in your article the story was that Mr. Farmer was employed by Orange Risdon, a United States deputy surveyor residing in Washtenaw county, to copy the minutes of his surveys and prepare the matter for a map which he (Risdon) intended to publish; that while Farmer worked for Risdon during the day, he made a copy of his work at night and forestalled Risdon in the publication of a map. Risdon afterwards published a map but it had but a limited sale and Farmer had a monopoly of publishing maps of Michigan and Wisconsin for many years. I knew Mr. Risdon very well; he surveyed the United States military road between Flint and Saginaw. I met him at the laying of the corner stone of the State capitol; he was then the oldest Free Mason in the State.

During the winter of 1831-2 I taught a school in Grand Blanc, which was the second term of school in the lower peninsula of Michigan north of Oakland county, and during the winter of 1834–5 I taught a school at Saginaw, which was the first school taught between Flint river and Mackinaw. In November, 1832, I assisted Judge Jewett in navigating a raft of sawed lumber, which was manufactured at the Thread river and hauled across to the Flint and run down that river to the drift wood, and during the winter of 1832–3 was hauled on sleighs to a point opposite Green Point. That was the first raft of sawed lumber that ever floated on any of the tributaries of the Saginaw river. In the summer of 1833 I erected a frame dwelling with a portion of said lumber, which was the first of the kind outside of Saginaw city that was ever erected between Flint river and the Straits of Mackinaw. In the summer of 1834 I assisted Charles A. Lull, late of Bridgeport, to cut boards by hand to lay floors in the log house he then erected near where South Saginaw now is, when there was not a saw-mill within forty miles of the Saginaw river.

In February, 1833, I removed from Grand Blanc to Green Point. I had never lived within twenty miles of a voting place after becoming of age and had never voted. I did not attend the spring election at Saginaw, but was elected to an office that constituted me a member of the board of inspectors of elections and held that position for fifteen years in succession—during the first five years of which time I handled all the votes that were cast on the lower peninsula between Flint river and the Straits of Mackinaw.

Saginaw county was laid off by proclamation of Gov. Cass in 1822,

including four townships now in Midland county. In the winter of 1830–31 Saginaw township was organized embracing the territory of Saginaw county as it then was. Previous to that the whole of northern Michigan to Mackinaw was in Oakland county and under the township jurisdiction of Pontiac. In March, 1831, after the organization of Saginaw township, the four townships referred to were set off into Midland county. In February, 1835, Saginaw county was organized with the boundaries as they then extended. Upon the organization of the county I was appointed to the office of judge of probate, the first to hold the office on the lower peninsula north of Oakland county, and I think my commission bears the earliest date of any person now living in Michigan that has held that office. Hon. Oka Tonen, of Allegan, who is living still, was commissioned to that office a few months later. One of the first estates I undertook to settle was of a person who died in my own town of Saginaw, but in the territory that had been set off to Midland county. It was soon discovered that the estate although in the township of Saginaw was in Oakland county and it was afterwards settled in that county.

In July, 1836, I projected and laid out the town of Portsmouth which was the first move towards building a town at this end of the river, and erected on said plat a saw-mill, which was the second put in operation in the Saginaw valley. In February, 1837, I was appointed postmaster of Portsmouth, the first appointment of the kind in the lower peninsula north of Saginaw.

In February, 1839, I united with the First Presbyterian church of Saginaw, it being the first and then the only religious organization in the valley. In 1850, with my business partners, I erected at Portsmouth a small edifice to be used for religious purposes, which was the second in the valley that was ever dedicated to the worship of God, the first being the Indian mission church at Kawkawlin. I was a director in the company that procured the building of the first railroad to Bay City and procured the organization of the second company that manufactured salt in the valley, and I caused to be thrown up the first embankment with a view of reclaiming the marsh lands from the overflow of the waters of the Saginaw river.

I was president of the first Pioneer society organized in the Saginaw valley and the first president of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society. This is not what I intended to write when I commenced, but I mention these facts to show that I am entitled to the appellation of Pioneer which I have assumed.

PIONEER.

Bay City, March 10, 1893.

A RESPONSE TO DR. WIGHT'S ANNIVERSARY SERMON.

BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER.

[Published in the Bay City Tribune, June 16, 1885.]

The parish meeting of the First Presbyterian church was held on the evening of June 15, at which the annual pew renting took place. There was a large number present. During the evening there was a discussion regarding the proposed new church, in which several took part and advanced their views.

A very pleasant part of the meeting was the response of Judge Albert Miller, on behalf of the congregation, to Rev. Dr. Wight's anniversary sermon, delivered on the preceding Sunday. Following were Judge Miller's remarks:

OUR DEAR PASTOR—I have been deputed to address you in behalf of the church and congregation and your friends present; but before commencing, I wish to say a few words outside of and preliminary to the subject in hand. During your long acquaintance with these people you have probably observed a propensity they have, especially the ladies, for scattering flowers along the pathway of life. They omit no opportunity of performing some benevolent act that will conduce to the happiness of those with whom they are associated. For instance, their efforts in preparing for the anniversaries and gatherings of the church and congregation for social enjoyment, and not long since their benevolence prompted them to give a pleasant surprise to a member of the church by extending to him pleasant greetings and congratulations on the anniversary of his seventy-fifth birthday, and they succeeded so admirably in their undertaking and made such a green spot in the declining years of that individual, that they have determined to extend their greetings to one far more worthy of their attention. So we now greet and congratulate you on the twentieth anniversary of your pastorate, which has been a pleasant, peaceful, and highly successful one. Twenty years is a long time, and in these days of unrest and change but few pastors and people in all our broad land have maintained

that pleasant relation for so long a period, and among them all I doubt whether there has been one where it has been so pleasant, so peaceful, with so little thought or desire for a change on the part of either party. You were with us in our poverty and weakness, and to some of the older members of us who had been accustomed to hear complaints from the pulpit on account of an inadequate pecuniary support, it is a wonder how you trusted us so fully in the beginning, but in all these years we have never heard one complaint from that source, and to those who have had a different experience that has been a source of pleasure. You have rejoiced with us in our prosperity and sympathized with us in our sorrows and afflictions, and you have been unwearied in your efforts to mitigate the sorrows and promote the happiness of your people, and we wish you to feel that you have done your whole duty. We are satisfied, aye, more than satisfied, for your instructions from the pulpit have been such as few congregations, be they where they may, are permitted to receive. Your discourses are gems of thought that attract the attention by their brilliancy and retain a hold on the mind by their practical common sense. We are not only greatly interested in the course of their delivery, but they furnish us food for thought during the week. Under such preaching we must grow in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and if we do not grow in grace it is not your fault. Your pastorate has been a successful one, for aside from the good it has accomplished, which will take an eternity to reveal, your long continuance with us has redounded to the honor and material prosperity of the church. Your wise counsels in presbytery and synod have added to the efficiency of those bodies with which you are connected and have conduced toward extending the gospel to points north, east, and west of us, which were waste places in the wilderness when you commenced your pastorate. Your residence among us and your efforts for her spiritual, moral, and material improvement have redounded to the honor of our new and thriving city. Your genial, pleasant, and instructive writings serve to adorn American literature. But these pleasant associations cannot always remain, like time, with us all. They must sooner or later have an end, and that thought would produce an unmitigated sorrow were it not for the bright hope that brings a full assurance that they will be renewed under far more glorious circumstances, for it is one of the brightest anticipated joys of heaven that we shall meet, know, and be associated in eternity with those who are near and dear to us in time. Now when the summons shall come that calls

you to the Master's presence, we feel that but few of all his servants will be so worthy to receive the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

At the conclusion of the response, Dr. Wight arose and acknowledged his thanks for the very kind words uttered.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BAY CITY.*

CONTRIBUTED BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER.

The Presbyterian society on June 25, 1891, celebrated one of the most important events in its history—that of laying the corner stone of the handsome new church in course of erection on the northeast corner of Center avenue and Jackson street. The event has long been looked forward to with a great deal of interest by the members of the congregation, as it would mark an important epoch in the affairs of the church, besides providing a handsome and commodious house of worship. The ceremonies were set for five o'clock, and as that hour approached, large crowds began assembling in front of the building. Chairs had been provided and nearly every person was given a comfortable seat.

At a quarter past five o'clock Rev. W. H. Clark, D. D., pastor of the church mounted the platform just inside the front entrance and addresssd the large audience. He spoke of the important work to be accomplished on this occasion and briefly reviewed the progress made by the society since its organization.

This was followed by the singing of the Doxology, and an invocation by Rev. W. P. Miller, of the Westminster Presbyterian church of West Bay City. The choir then sang the hymn, "The Church's One Foundation." Rev. Mr. Miller then read the psalter, the responses being given by the audience.

* For Twenty-fifth Anniversary Celebration, see Pioneer and Historical Collections, Vol. 4, page 177.

Rev. W. W. Lyle, of the First Congregational church, read the scripture lesson from Peter II:1-9, following it with prayer.

The following interesting paper, "Reminiscences of Early Days," prepared by Judge Albert Miller, was then read by Hon. N. B. Bradley:

This beautiful region of northern Michigan, between the northern limits of Oakland county and the Straits of Mackinaw, now teeming with life and industry, with great religious privileges and educational facilities, was known to the writer when it was a howling wilderness, inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts of the forest, except a settlement of white people in what is now Genesee county, containing about seventy souls, and twenty-eight whites at Saginaw. The writer settled in the region above referred to in the year 1830, and in 1831 heard the first gospel sermon, which was delivered at Grand Blanc by the Rev. Mr. Gilruth, the presiding elder of the northern district of the Ohio Methodist Episcopal conference, which then included the territory of Michigan. A few days ago the writer had a personal interview with the Rev. Wm. H. Brockway, now a trustee of Albion college, whom he knew fifty-six years ago. He was then the first stated preacher ever located in the Saginaw valley. There was then no religious organization in it, and but few persons who acknowledged their Saviour's claim to their service. Now there are hundreds of church spires in the region mentioned pointing heavenward, inviting the people to enter the edifices below them and there receive the instruction that will turn their thoughts in the same direction.

In the winter of 1831–2 the writer taught the second term of school, and the first that was ever taught by a man in the region referred to—and in the winter of 1834–5 taught the first term that was taught north of Flint river. Now that same region is noted for its educational facilities. Millions of dollars are expended in it, in erecting temples of science and instructing children from the rudiments, to the higher branches of an education.

In 1839 the writer with his wife united with the first Presbyterian church of Saginaw, which was the first religious organization in the Saginaw valley. The first church edifice dedicated to the worship of God in the Saginaw valley was the one at the Methodist Episcopal mission of the Indians on the Kawkawlin river. In 1850 a building twenty by thirty feet on the ground, was erected at Portsmouth and dedicated to the worship of God.

In the spring of 1856 the Rev. Lucius I. Root was invited to look over the ground at Lower Saginaw and vicinity, with a view to locating

there to preach the gospel and to organize a Presbyterian church when the proper time should arrive. The sum of $300 had been subscribed by the people for the part payment of a Presbyterian minister's salary for one year, the balance to be contributed by the board of home missions.

After looking over the ground carefully and considering the matter, Mr. Root concluded to accept the invitation to preach for the people there for one year and on the first Sabbath of May, 1856, commenced his ministerial labors. Mr. Root was a graduate of Princeton college. He was a pious, learned man, devoted to his work of the ministry, and soon gained the love and esteem of all who knew him.

In September, 1856, the first Presbyterian church of Lower Saginaw (now Bay City) was organized with eight members. Their names were Jesse Calkins, Albert Miller and his wife, Mary Ann Miller, Mrs. Angeline Miller, Mrs. Nancy M. Hart, Mrs. Abigail Smith, Mrs. Mary Tromble, and Mrs. Francis I. Root. The church had no consecrated home where its members could gather for worship, but occupied such halls as could be rented for that purpose. There were additions to the church membership at every communion season. The writer remembers the remark of Mr. Root at the second one that was held by the church, that there was a coincidence with the one where the ordinance was instituted. It was in an upper room and there were twelve disciples to partake. Although the number of church members continued to increase, there was no special interest or revival until the winter of 1857–8. As the fruits of that revival the church, at its communion season in March, 1858, received eighteen new members.

In March, 1858, Scott W. Sayles and Albert Miller were elected elders, the first the church had. Mr. Sayles died three or four years afterwards. Albert Miller has continued to be a member of the board of elders since the time of his first election. Mr. Root was installed pastor of the church in November, 1857. The church has had a flourishing Sunday school since its first organization. The late Dr. George E. Smith was one of its first superintendents.

The church continued to prosper under Mr. Root's pastorate until March, 1859, when he resigned his charge. The relation was dissolved by presbytery, and the church became vacant on the first day of May following. The church had no stated supply from that time till 1860 when the Rev. E. I. Stewart was called to occupy the position.

Mr. Stewart was an active, energetic man, had the interests of the church at heart and rendered much good service for it. But he was not a highly educated man and in preaching had not the faculty

of holding the attention and interest of his congregation. Under Mr. Stewart's administration two church edifices were erected. The first was a small edifice thirty feet by fifty. After the church had been fully completed and while the first communion in it was being partaken of, it took fire from a defective flue and was wholly consumed. There was no insurance on the building, and its loss was considered by the people as a great calamity. It was with a great effort that they succeeded in erecting and paying for the building. But their loss interested some persons outside of the church and congregation and aroused to action those immediately interested who resolved to commence at once the building of a larger and better church edifice than the one that had just been destroyed. Mr. Stewart was sent east to solicit aid from rich churches in that region. He obtained six or seven hundred dollars with which and a loan from the church erection board, the people were enabled to erect the main body of the church now occupied, and dedicated it without debt except the loan from the church erection board, on the 25th day of December, 1864. Mr. Stewart dissolved his connection with the church soon afterwards and it had no stated supply until March, 1865, when God, in his gracious purpose to continue the prosperity of the church, put it into the hearts of the people to call Rev. J. Ambrose Wight to be their pastor.

Dr. Wight commenced his ministerial labors with the people on the first Sabbath of May, 1865, and was installed pastor of the church in the November following. An eternity is not too long to show all the good that God hath wrought through his instrumentality for this church and people.

From the first Dr. Wight was a leading spirit in the presbytery and synod, and there exerted a beneficial influence. It may be said that he was the founder of Alma college. His earnest advocacy in the synod for its establishment, prevailed, and some of the contributors to the endowment fund were his warmest personal friends. Dr. Wight resigned his pastorate on the first of May, 1888, but was continued as pastor emeritus until his spirit passed from earth to heaven, in November 1889. Three years before Dr. Wight resigned his pastorate, the Rev. James Reed, a recent graduate was called by the people to be Dr. Wight's assistant. He discharged his duties with satisfaction to the pastor and people for one year, when he resigned. Afterward the Rev. Burt Estes Howard, of Cleveland, a young man of superior talents and ability, was called to the position, which he held at the time Dr. Wight resigned his pastorate, when he was called to be the pastor of

the church. He was installed pastor and filled the position acceptably till the first of October, 1890, when he resigned to take a position in a church at his former home in Cleveland.

After that the church had no stated supply, but the pulpit was occupied every Sabbath till March, 1891, when God in his infinite wisdom, and to carry out His gracious purpose of continuing the prosperity of this church and people, sent the Rev. Wm. H. Clark, D. D., to be pastor of this church. Dr. Clark commenced the work of the ministry in the church on the first Sabbath of May, 1891, and on the third day of June following, was installed its pastor, to the delight and satisfaction of all concerned. On the following Sabbath when a communion season was observed, twenty-seven new members were added to the church. God has cared for the seed that was planted here, in faith, in 1856, in the little church of eight members. He has increased its numbers till its membership is now 360, and enabled them to undertake the erection of a beautiful temple for His worship. That He may continue to bless and prosper this church and people, and enrich their hearts with His grace while there remains one stone of this edifice in its place, is the earnest prayer of Albert Miller.

After an address by Rev. Thomas W. McLean, Dr. Clark approached the corner stone and striking it three times with a mallet declared it laid according to the customs of the Presbyterian church. He then placed in the center of the block of granite a leaden box, containing the following articles:

First manual of the church, 1860; manual of the church, 1884; manual of the church, 1890; list of members June 25, 1891; sermons by the former pastor Rev. J. Ambrose Wight, D. D., "Ten Years of Quiet," "History of the Presbytery of Saginaw," "Semi-centennial of the Synod of Michigan;" memorial of the Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D. LL. D.; account of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the church and Sabbath school May 1 and 2, 1881; reminiscences of early days by Judge Albert Miller; program of the order of services at the laying of the corner stone; copies of the following newspapers and periodicals: The Bay City Tribune, the Bay City Times–Press, Detroit Tribune, Detroit Free Press, with supplement, New York Evangelist, New York Observer, The Interior, The Independent, The Church at Home and Abroad.

The singing of the hymn, "O Lord of Hosts," was followed by prayer. The doxology was then sung by the congregation. Rev. Thomas W. McLean pronounced the benediction and the large audience dispersed.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN MICHIGAN.

BY DR. O. C. COMSTOCK.

[Read at annual meeting, June 12, 1888.]

March 12, 1827, an act of the territorial legislature of Michigan was approved, which did much to save suffering pioneers from the horde of ignorant quacks found in every settlement and doing their deadly work without restraint. The preamble is in the following words, to wit:

"WHEREAS, Well regulated medical societies have been found to contribute to the advancement and diffusion of true science, and particularly the healing art," etc.

SECTION 1. The Medical Society of the territory of Michigan, as already incorporated by that name, shall continue to be a body politic and corporate.

SEC. 2. County societies to be formed of persons in regular standing in the Territorial Society and commissioned by said society for that purpose.

SEC. 3. Doctors exempted from militia duty, serving on juries.

SEC. 4. Proceedings of its annual and other meetings to be filed in the office of the county clerk.

SEC. 5. Society, after an approved examination may grant diplomas.

SEC. 6. Restrictions in reference to the examination of students.

SEC. 7. Appointment and duty of censors.

SEC. 8. No person shall commence the practice of physic or surgery within any of the counties of this territory until he shall have passed examination and received a diploma from one of the medical societies established or to be established as aforesaid; and if any person shall commence the practice, without having obtained a diploma for that purpose, he shall forever thereafter be disqualified from collecting any debt or debts incurred by such practice in any court in this territory.

SEC. 9. That if any person, except those who were residents in, and have continued to reside and practice within the territory since

1819, shall practice physic and surgery without being regularly licensed, such persons shall forfeit and pay twenty-five dollars for each and every offense of which he may be duly convicted, to be recovered, with costs of suit, before any justice of the peace of the county where such penalty shall be incurred, by any person who will prosecute the same, excepting army surgeons.

SEC. 11. No person shall be admitted to an examination as a candidate for the practice of physic and surgery in this territory unless he shall have previously studied medical science four years after the age of sixteen, with a regular physician and surgeon—but any portion of time of the study, not exceeding one year, during which the candidate, after the age of sixteen, shall have pursued classical studies, shall be accepted in lieu of an equal portion of time of the study of medical science, and if he shall have attended one or more complete courses of medical lectures, on all the branches of medical science, in any medical college or institution, the same shall be accepted in lieu of one year spent in the study of medical science as aforesaid, the commencement of his studies to be certified to,—not to be licensed under twenty-one years of age.

SEC. 12. Physicians and surgeons who may have received diplomas in other states cannot practice in this territory until they have satisfied the censors of the territorial or county society that their medical education has been full and complete, as is here required.

SEC. 13. Persons practicing without reporting to, or connecting themselves with some society, shall incur the penalty named in section nine of this act.

SEC. 16. That upon complaint in writing, filed with any county medical society charging any practitioner of physic or surgery within such county, with having been guilty of infamous crime, habitual drunkenness, or with gross ignorance and incompetency, every such medical society, at a regular meeting thereof, may proceed to investigate such charge or charges, and if upon such investigation and due proof of the facts so charged, the person complained of shall be found guilty by a vote of two-thirds of all the members present, then such medical society is hereby authorized and empowered to suspend such person from the practice of physic and surgery and the person so suspended shall if he continue to practice physic and surgery within this territory during the time of his suspension, be subject to the penalties of section nine of this act. The person so suspended shall have three months' notice of the filing of charges and have a copy thereof. The testimony in the case shall be in writing and filed with the records of

the medical society. The suspended practitioner may appeal to the Territorial Medical Society.

SEC. 18. Witnesses to be subpœnaed. If refusing to appear and testify, liable to a fine of twenty-five dollars. Swearing falsely, perjury, and liable to its pains and penalties.

SEC. 26. Copy of diplomas and licenses to be deposited with county clerks. Charges made before that is done not collectible at law.

This act of twenty-nine sections, passed in the infancy of the territory, is remarkable in many particulars, both as regards doctor, quacks, and their clients. It was the stitch in time.

The first superintendent of public instruction, Rev. John D. Pierce, in 1827, advocated the establishment of three departments in our University, to wit, one of literature, science, and the arts; one of medicine, and one of law. In 1850 the medical department opened its doors for the admission of its ninety students—a large class under the circumstances, but the smallest it has ever had.

In 1869 the legislature were asked to provide for homœopathic teaching in the medical department. It was not granted at that time and in the shape presented; but in 1873 a charter for a homœopathic college was granted. It soon went into active operation and meets the wants and expectations of that branch of medical science and art.

In 1875 a dental college was chartered, and a school of pharmacy in 1876.

About this time the eclectics, so-called, advocated their claims for recognition and patronage, but were unsuccessful.

The asylum for the insane was established at Kalamazoo in 1859, with an ample corps of medical gentlemen and accommodations for one hundred unfortunates although there were six hundred insane persons in the State at that time. This institution has been very much enlarged and its treatment of the insane is abreast with the improved and more successful treatment of insanity developed by time and experience in kindred institutions in this country and in the old world. I have not at hand the means of giving the number cured and greatly benefited as per the annual reports of the institution. I know, however, that it is large and highly creditable to the faculty in charge. Asylums for the insane have been established at Pontiac and Traverse City and all the wards are full, I understand, and yet there are many insane persons in the State, in county jails or poorhouses, or what is possibly worse, running at large without restraint and without protection. An asylum for insane criminals was established at

Ionia in 1883, which has accommodation for one hundred persons. The medical superintendents and their assistants stand deservedly high in their profession, and as experts in cases involving the sanity of persons before the courts of law—indeed the testimony which they give in such cases is the very essence of law.

One of the most deserving institutions of the State, now under the supervision of Dr. Baker, is the State Board of Health, located at Lansing, but the head, *de facto*, of the boards of health in every township of the State, and from which reports are so frequently made as is necessary for a perfect understanding of the general health and for the guidance of the doctors who are the conservators thereof. The law requires of the authorities of each town the employment of a "well educated physician" to look after the sanitary condition of the town, and report as often as may be necessary to the secretary of the State board at Lansing. The language of section two of the act is as follows: "The State board of health shall have the general supervision of the interests of the health and life of the citizens of this State. They shall study the vital statistics of this State and endeavor to make intelligent and profitable use of the collected records of death and of sickness among the people. They shall make sanitary investigations and enquire respecting the causes of diseases, and especially of epidemics, the causes of mortality and the effects of location, employments, conditions, ingesta, habits and circumstances on the health of the people. They shall, when required, or when they deem it best, advise officers of the government or other State boards, in regard to the location, drainage, water supply, disposal of excreta, heating and ventilation of any public building or institution. They shall from time to time, recommend standard works on the subject of hygiene for the use of schools." Practicing physicians are required to notify the State board of health of the existence of infectious diseases in their town or ward. Neglect in this case is punishable by fine, and this holds good also in the case of the omission of the head of the family to make known the existence of diseases as before named.

The laws hold the doctors to a strict account as conservators of the public health. Should not their education, therefore, be amply and willingly provided for?

As part of the medical history of the times, and intimately connected with our own medical history, allow me to make a passing allusion to a college outside of our own State, but from which many of us were sent out as M. D's. The history of the college of physicians and surgeons of the city of New York, the first in that great state, and the

mother in fact of the great number now in existence, dates from 1806, and was the outcome of the felt want of the profession for the protection of themselves and the public also, from the ignorant quacks who were carrying on their devilish and deadly work without let or hindrance. In their application to the legislature for a college charter they affirm that the only object of the movement is the cultivation and improvement of medical science and art. In 1807 a college charter was granted with the power of conferring degrees of doctor of medicine. From that time to the present it has been in successful operation, and its graduates are in every land bestowing upon the suffering the benefits of the instruction imparted in this classic and early school of medicine.

Allow me to digress a moment that I may give utterance to the very great pleasure I feel in saying that the recent gift of one-half million of dollars by Wm. H. Vanderbilt for a building fund for this college was as opportune as it was princely. The money for that purpose has been judiciously expended, and the new college of physicians and surgeons was formally opened with the enthusiastic rejoicing of men from all parts of the country, eminent in the world of letters. This great gift of the great financier confers immortality upon the giver.

The college clinic was established in 1841, prior to which time surgical operations and the methods of diagnosis and treatment were only witnessed and learned at hospitals and dispensaries. In that year Prof. Parker transferred to the college and brought before the class in surgery such patients as could safely be thus removed. This was the origin of college clinics, now so universally adopted and deemed so indispensable in a thorough medical education.

Medical colleges have vastly multiplied, would that I could say developing more thorough and scientific practice and instruction. But the systems taught antagonize one another and often common sense as well, and dying and suffering victims are laid low. The materia medica of these schools of medicine differ widely. Some have searched the world over to find an antidote or specific remedy for a disease that is cured after the mind cure plan in a giffy. If the faith of the doctor or his patient lets go, then the magnetizer steps in, lays upon his hands, looks wonderous wise and devout, it may be, and pains and aches are sent to Jericho and do not stand upon the order of their going. Some are accused of giving too liberal doses of drastic drugs, unpleasant to take, and are said to have an exhausting effect upon the constitution, and sugar-coated pills and pellets covering an infinitesimal quantity of Latin are substituted therefor, and soon all is lovely. Here's a man who inveighs against the use of all minerals except the brass of

which he is made. Another is so sure that our beneficent Creator has caused the very vegetable to grow and abound in the region where he permits the disease to prevail which will be successfully treated by its use, that it is wicked to use a vegetable grown in a foreign land. This wise vegetarian takes a deep and religious view of the vegetable kingdom. To him, ignorance is bliss. At the first blush it seems past all belief that intelligent people could be deceived and led away by the ignorant and worthless charlatans whose chief stock in trade is audacious lying. That it is so is known of all men, and I would relegate the quack to the obscurity from which it is most unfortunate he ever emerged, and the large class of his dupes to the sober, second thought that might have saved them from an infinite amount of suffering and derision. At an early day human frailty evoked human sympathy. A desire to afford relief to the suffering, and frequent success in that direction led to a closer observation and ultimately to a collection of facts in the administration of remedies which in time constituted the basis of a sound and intelligent practice. Religious teachers added this practice to the dissemination of gospel truths. Thus, like their great Master and Redeemer, "they went about doing good and healing all manner of diseases." We are ready to admit that what seemed admissible and necessary at that period, would scarcely be tolerated at the present time. The times were then chaotic and formative. The necessities of man's condition inspired persistence and careful observation which gradually brought medicine as a science and art out of the dark night of ignorance which then enveloped the world. It is an ever increasing and beneficent light, and not until every ill that flesh is heir to has been conquered will its mission of curing the sick be fully accomplished.

From the University calendar of 1882, under the head of requirements for admission to the department of medicine and surgery is the announcement that more time for study and more rigid examinations of the student is hereafter the rule and from which there will be no deviation, to wit: The applicant must be eighteen years of age and must present to the faculty satisfactory evidence of good moral character. No previous study of medicine is required for admission. Candidates must be examined as to their elementary education and their fitness to pursue properly and profitably the technical study of medicine. The candidate will be asked to give an account of his previous educational advantages and to answer such questions in arithmetic, geography and history and on forms of government and current events, as shall show his general intelligence, and particularly will be required to correct

imperfect English and to show his ability to express ideas correctly in writing. The aim will be to ascertain the results of the candidate's previous training and his present practical capacity and ability to appreciate the technical study of medicine. Such an examination is believed to be quite as effectual in guarding the profession from the introduction of illiterate and unworthy members as the requirements of a limited, specified amount of school book knowledge to be studied up for the occasion. The faculty express the hope that ere long a still higher order of requirements will be demanded—in this I most heartily concur.

Women are subjected to like scrutiny with the men, and are entitled to all the honors of graduation. The high standard of the medical department of the University, among medical men everywhere, is seen in the call of her alumni to important and responsible positions in the colleges of our country. There was but one person graduated in 1845. The largest number in any one year since was one hundred and seventeen in 1883, sixteen of this number from the college of homœopathy. Fifteen ladies have received the degree of doctor of medicine up to 1880, chiefly at the hands of the college of homœopathy. In 1870 women were admitted into all the departments of the University. This action was in harmony with the public opinion in the State rather than in the University. But experience has demonstrated the wisdom of it, that both officers and students in the University are now grateful that it was taken. Most of the able professors of Detroit Medical College are University graduates where they are building up a school of eminent usefulness and character. Professor Kedzie of the Agricultural College, the unsurpassed chemist of the State is a University graduate. Professors Andrews and Taylor of Chicago Medical College were graduated in 1852. Prof. Roberts of the Iowa University graduated in 1853. In the class of 1855 occurs the names of Professors Green of Bowdoin College, McCurdy of the Iowa University and Woods of Cleveland Medical College. In the class of 1860 were Prof. Lord of the Homœopathic College of Chicago, Prof. Lester of the Detroit Medical College and Prof. Plant of Syracuse University. Prof. Rose of the School of Pharmacy was in the graduating class of 1862. Dr. Ranney of Lansing, long the secretary of the State medical society was in the class of 1863. Professors Frothingham and Prescott graduated in 1864. Prof. Deane of St. Louis and Dr. Palmer of the Asylum for the Insane at Kalamazoo, were in the class of 1865. Late Prof. Cheever of the University, Dr. Hurd of the Asylum for the Insane at Pontiac, Prof. Pilcher of Long Island College, of the class

of 1867. In the class of 1868 were graduated Dr. Burrell of the Asylum for the Insane at Canandaigua, N. Y., Prof. Lyon of Detroit Medical College, Prof. Wilder of Chicago University, Dr. Vrooman, medical missionary of the Presbyterian Board, Prof. Test of Earlham College, Dr. R. S. Dewey whose medical and patriotic services in this country and Europe and who is now the superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane at Kankakee, Illinois, Dr. Boughton, superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane in the state of Wisconsin and Dr. Taylor missionary in Japan were graduated in 1870. Prof. Wyman of the Detroit Medical College and Sarah Elizabeth Brown of the Female Medical College of San Francisco, graduated in 1874. Prof. Bodeman of Burlington, Iowa, and who has held responsible and important positions in the Servian army, Prof. Senier teacher and demonstrator of chemistry in the laboratory of the British Pharmaceutical Society at London, and Prof. Stevens, graduated in 1874. Prof. Cotton of Nebraska, Prof. Harvey of the Agricultural College, Eliza Mariah Mosher physician at the Massachusetts Reformatory for Women, and Eliza Ann Shaw, president of McLane Medical College and missionary among the Indians graduated in 1875. Prof. Clark of Michigan Medical College graduated in 1877. Among the graduates of the medical department of the University are several ladies and gentlemen from Europe and Asia. Many of them are professors in the medical colleges of those countries, superintendents in asylums for the insane, deaf and dumb and the weak-minded, and are medical missionaries, and wherever they are and whatever their employment, reflect upon themselves and their alma mater great honor. The surgeons in our army, especially among the troops sent from the west, at the time of the civil war, were medical graduates from the University and the Detroit Medical College. They were found everywhere, ministering to the sick and wounded with great skill and kindness, and were often charged by the dying soldiers with tender messages to the loved ones they would never see again. In many cases they became the channel through which the small sums of money they had were sent *home*. This sad duty was always performed with great fidelity. The roll of honor could be indefinitely extended, and it would be a labor of love to do so, but it would be unnecessary. I trust the Detroit Medical College will excuse and pardon me for a seeming neglect in passing it by with so few words of praise and recognition. I know and most cheerfully acknowledge its worth and great promise, but I have not been able to lay my hand upon such an amount of data as would warrant me in speaking of it more in detail. Her gallant faculty are bringing the Detroit

Medical College rapidly into the fore front. The eclectic faculty of medicine in this State is not large, nor very promising. I had the promise of one of the most popular and best educated doctors of that school for a paper to be incorporated in this article, explanatory of their system and giving the number of persons practicing the same in this State but I did not receive it.

Medicine is a progressive science, and the field of suffering and death though still appalling is being curtailed year by year, and the difference between the past and the present is so great that sanguine hopes are entertained that cancer and consumption may in course of time be no longer the unconquered foe of human life and the reproach of medical science. Generous appropriations are made by our legislature when the University calls for help. Let them realize that all this outlay is of infinite promise, and must be continued to an indefinite period in the future. As an humble member of the profession, and proud of my citizenship in this glorious State, I thank them for their munificence in the past and point them with great pride to the amazing and gratifying results thereof, to wit: *Fame* and the *prevention* and *cure* of almost every malady to which humanity is subject.

And to the profession I would say in the words of a German scholar:

"Look not mournfully into the past it comes not back again, wisely improve the present it is thine—go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart."

FIFTY YEARS OF GROWTH IN MICHIGAN.

BY HON. BYRON M. CUTCHEON.

[An address delivered before the Michigan State Congregational Association, at its annual meeting held in Jackson, May 19, 1892.]

There is a certain correlation between the *material* development and intellectual and moral advancement of a people.

The thing of real power in a state is *man*. In vain is natural wealth

of land or lake, of forest or soil, of mine or waterfall, unless there be *man* to develop and employ them.

But there is a natural action and reaction between material wealth and civilization.

The genius of man invents the engine, the railroad, the telegraph, the steamboat; and then these, his slaves, win for him wealth and comfort.

Wealth builds the railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph, and creates the varied appliances of civilization; it makes possible schools, colleges, galleries of art, libraries, works of architecture, and provides the means of carrying forward mental and moral progress. This mutual play between material and intellectual forces constitutes civilization. It is suitable, therefore, that we should take into account the material development of our State during the last fifty years.

There is no spectacle so intensely interesting and instructive as the growth of a man, except the building of a state, which is an aggregation of men.

The characteristics of a man are comparatively simple and easy to observe and understand; the characteristics of a state are manifold, like the composite photograph, which is the blending of many—perhaps hundreds—of individual photographs, in which there is something of each and something of all.

As the man is largely the product and resultant of his environments, so the state is the resultant of the many forces and influences which enter into its life. As "the boy is father to the man," so the character of the commonwealth is determined in large measure by the circumstances and mental and moral traits of its pioneers, who lay the foundation of its social, intellectual and moral development.

Gail Hamilton once said, "to reform a man reform his grandmother." Why she did not include his grandfather I do not know, unless, because, as we all recogize the fact, that the maternal side has much more to do with character building.

Therefore to adequately study the growth of the commonwealth of Michigan from 1842 to 1892, we must go back to ascertain what were the forces at work when the half century was ushered in.

Hardly any part of our country has undergone such vicissitudes of government and population as Michigan. I scarcely need to rehearse the story of the earliest settlement of the territory which now constitutes our State.

Two hundred and twenty years have passed since Father Marquette gathered about him at Michilimackinac (now St. Ignace) his Huron

Indians and effected the first settlement. But it was not a "settlement" in any modern meaning of the word. It was a missionary station and, to some extent, a trading post. At about the same time a like mission station was established at Sault de Ste. Marie, but it gained no abiding population for many years afterward. In 1679 La Salle built a fort at the mouth of the St. Joseph, on Lake Michigan, but it was of no permanent significance and no actual settlers gathered about it.

In 1701 De La Motte Cadillac, the real founder of the first permanent settlement in Michigan, established a post at Detroit for the purpose of insuring French control of the upper lakes.

At this time Quebec and Montreal were the seats of French power in America; and Detroit was then all there was of Michigan, except the Indian population.

Sept. 13, 1759, on the heights of Abraham, the fate of French power on this continent was adversely decided, and on November 29, 1760, the French commandant surrendered Detroit and Michigan to Major Rogers, the representative of British government, and from that time until the peace of 1783 Michigan remained a part of British America. As a matter of fact, though not of right, Detroit, and as appurtenant, Michigan, remained under the British flag until July 11, 1796, when, in accordance with Jay's treaty, the British garrison was withdrawn, and for the first time the American flag was raised upon Michigan soil.

Until 1760 such white population as there was in Michigan was wholly French, and consisted of Jesuit missionaries, fur traders, the hunters, or *couriers des bois*, and a few soldiers.

Between 1760 and 1796 this population was only slightly modified.

The French soldiers gave place to English, and the traders became largely Scotch and to some extent Irish; and a rural population began to gather about Detroit and extend along the river front from Lake Erie to Lake St. Clair. When the British retired from Detroit the region now known as Michigan was, and since 1787 had been, a part of the Northwest Territory, embracing all that great domain west of Pennsylvania, north of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi.

In 1800 Ohio was set off, and Michigan became a part of the territory of Indiana, under the governorship of William Henry Harrison; and it so remained until June 30, 1805, when the territory of Michigan was set off by that name.

Michigan then consisted of all the territory west of Lake Huron and the Detroit river, and embraced between lines drawn due east from

the southerly extreme of Lake Michigan to Lake Erie, and from the same point through the center of Lake Michigan to its northern extremity, and thence due north to the national boundary.

The total white population of this entire territory at that time probably did not exceed 4,000 souls.

It was in this year, 1805, that Governor Wm. Hull, together with the judges, organized the first legislative body in Michigan.

The picture drawn by historians of the condition of the people at this epoch is not a promising one for the future of the infant commonwealth.

The dominant elements of the population were the thriftless, untaught Indian, with his ever-present thirst for fire-water; the roving, unsettled, uneducated wood-ranger, fur hunter or "*voyageur*," leading a careless and dissipated life; the traders, whose only thought was to make as much money as possible from the Indian and woodsman, ministering to the lowest appetites of both, and the sprinkling of military with little or no interest in the improvement or education of those around them. The religion of this people, whatever they had of it, was almost entirely Roman Catholic—the legacy of the Jesuit missionaries.

Into this motley community came, about the beginning of this century, the first strong and positive influence for morality and reform in the person of Father Gabriel Richard, a devoted Christian of the Catholic faith.

For more than thirty years he remained one of the chief forces making for a better future of the growing State, and finally fell a victim to the cholera in 1832.

From the organization of the territory in 1805 to the war of 1812–15, little progress was made, materially or morally. The settled portion of the State continued to be a narrow strip along the Detroit river.

The war of 1812 brought an epoch in the history of the community. In the first place it brought the presence of a large military force from Ohio and Kentucky, mostly of American birth and traditions, many of whom remained in the country permanently, and all of whom left an impress upon it.

It opened up a path through the heretofore trackless wilderness stretching southward to the Ohio, and, more than all, it brought, Oct. 13, 1813, as governor of the territory, an educated and ambitious young statesman, reared among the influences of a patriotic and refined New Hampshire home; the son of an officer of the revolution, and an adherent of the Protestant faith—Lewis Cass. He brought with him the desire and the purpose to civilize and Americanize his new prov-

ince. For more than fifty years he remained one of the greatest factors in the development and progress of the territory and State. From his coming began the actual rise of Michigan as an American commonwealth.

By 1818 some public lands had been brought into market, and emigration began, so that the census of 1820 showed 8,591 white inhabitants in the territory.

Now progress became more apparent. The American influence became more and more dominant, and the old French strain comparatively less and less. In 1820 Detroit had a population of 1,415. In 1823 a new departure in government was made. The legislative power was confided to a council of nine, which in 1825 was increased to thirteen, appointed by the president.

In 1827 the choice of the legislative council was entrusted to the people, and Michigan for the first time became a self-ruling community.

In 1817 the newspaper had come to stay, in the Detroit Gazette. By 1829 there were three newspapers in the territory. Roads began to be opened, counties to be organized, and townships to be laid off.

The completion of the Erie canal in 1825, and the advent of the steamboat upon the lakes at about the same time, was pouring the lifeblood of New England and New York into "the beautiful peninsula." The census of 1830 showed a population of 31,639, and the stream of immigration was setting more strongly than ever to the rising State.

At the beginning of the present century only one county had been established in the territory, and that was Wayne, which was established by proclamation of Gen. Anthony Wayne, in 1796, and at that time embraced the entire State and portions of Ohio and Indiana. It was re-established by Gov. St. Clair in 1813, and finally organized in November of that year by order of Gov. Cass. Monroe county came next, in 1817, also by order of Gov. Cass, followed in 1818 by Mackinac and Macomb, by the same authority; by Oakland in 1819, by St. Clair in 1820; and in 1822 by Lenawee (from Monroe), Saginaw, Sanilac and Shiawassee (from Oakland), and Washtenaw, from Wayne.

In 1829 came the whole brood of counties named for Andrew Jackson and his cabinet, namely: Jackson, Van Buren, Berrien, Branch, Cass, Eaton, and Ingham, with Calhoun for the vice president, to which must be added the same year, Barry, Hillsdale, Kalamazoo, and St. Joseph.

From this time forward immigration continued rapid and constantly

increasing. From 1830 to 1836 the maturing State advanced with strong and vigorous growth.

The character of the people changed. The new-comers were home seekers, mostly from the east, who brought with them the enterprise, the thrift, the pluck, and also the moral and religious ideas under the influence of which they had been reared, and by the same token, they brought with them also the New England home, school, and the church.

In studying this period it is of great interest to note the changes in the map of Michigan.

Referring to Farmer's "Map of Michigan and Ouisconsin," printed in 1830, we find that the county of Michilimackinac extends from St. Mary's river westward to the Mississippi north of St. Paul, while Chippewa county includes all remaining between Michilimackinac and Lake Superior, and westward to the Mississippi.

The county of Shiawassee extends northwest to Lake Michigan, at a point north of the mouth of the Manistee river, while the township of Michilimackinac embraces all from the north line of Saginaw county to the Straits of Mackinac. On the west side of the State all the region north of Barry county is designated as "Indian Country." It is also interesting to note the names on these old maps. Manistee river is set down as Manistic, the Muskegon as Maskegon, the Kalamazoo as Ke Kalamazoo. On Young's map, of 1835, Grand Rapids is put down as McCoy's Mission.

To resume the thread of our history: In 1831 Gen. Cass ceased to be governor to become secretary of war in President Jackson's cabinet, and for many years thereafter his personal influence was wanting to the community.

As early as 1832 the question of admission as a State into the Union began to be discussed.

Under the ordinance of 1787 the territory was entitled to admission when it should have sixty thousand free inhabitants. This agitation culminated in the calling and election of a constitutional convention in 1835, which, in May of that year, met and proceeded to frame a constitution, which being approved by the people in October of the same year, State officers were elected thereunder, who proceeded to organize the State government without waiting for the admission of the State into the Union.

At this date the population probably approximated 100,000 within the boundaries of the future State, as it had been ascertained to be 87,273 in the previous year. It is no part of my purpose to dwell at

all upon the events which fill the years from 1830 to 1840. In many respects they are the most interesting years in the history of the State.

Here belong the administration of the "Boy Governor," Stevens T. Mason, who was acting governor at nineteen; the rapid rush of immigration and the settlement of the interior across the southern portion of the State; the boundary war with the neighboring State of Ohio; the addition of the Upper Peninsula to the domain of the State; the founding of our educational system, including the University of Michigan; the great land speculative excitement, when paper towns were platted upon every stream and by every waterfall; and the banking craze—a special development of the cheap money insanity, which has passed into history as the "wild cat" epoch.

During this decade also arose the schemes to gridiron the State with railroads and canals, which fostered every form of speculation, and ultimately plunged the State into disastrous debt and brought it to the brink of repudiation.

During this decade, too, the following new counties had been established:

In 1831, Allegan, Bay, Clinton, Gladwin, Gratiot, Ionia, Isabella, Kent, Midland, Montcalm, Oceana and Ottawa.

In 1833, Livingston was set off from Washtenaw, and in 1835, Genesee from Oakland.

Many of these counties, though laid off, were still attached to other counties for judicial and taxation purposes, and were not duly organized with county government until long after.

Thus, with rapid glance at the origin and rise of the infant State, we arrive at the census epoch of 1840, where we can secure a reliable starting point for our fifty years' view.

But first it should be said that through much tribulation, arising out of the boundary dispute and the unjust action of congress to shape her boundary anew, the State had been formally admitted into the Union January 26, 1837, and had assumed all the dignities and responsibilities of statehood.

We will now take a view of the development of Michigan in 1840.

SUBDIVISIONS AND POPULATION.

In the census of 1840 returns are made from thirty-one counties, organized into three hundred and thirty-six townships and towns. Of these counties four, namely, Chippewa, Ottawa, Saginaw and Mackinac, had less than a thousand population each. Ottawa then, including

everything north on the shore of Lake Michigan to Manistee, had a total of 704. Saginaw, which included several other counties, had an aggregate of 892. The population of the State was 210,032.

As far north as the tier of counties through which passes the Detroit and Milwaukee railway, the counties were divided and organized substantially the same as now; but north of that the names are nearly all strangers to the census of 1840. Muskegon, Newaygo, Montcalm, Gratiot, Bay, Midland, Tuscola, and Huron nowhere appear. That country is all "attached" to the older counties on the south, or is a part of the county of Michilimackinac.

Chippewa and Mackinac were the only organized counties in the upper peninsula, with 534 and 923 population respectively.

More than half of the entire population of the State was embraced in six counties, thus, Wayne, 24,173; Oakland, 23,646; Washtenaw, 23,571; Lenawee, 17,889; Jackson, 13,130; and Calhoun, 10,599. These were the only counties having upwards of 10,000 people.

The only towns and cities having a population in excess of 2,000 were as follows:

Place.	Population.	Place.	Population.
Detroit	9,102	Ann Arbor	3,600
Jackson	2,773	Tecumseh	2,503
Adrian	2,496	Ypsilanti	2,419
Plymouth	2,163		

Other well known towns had the following numbers:

Place.	Population.	Place.	Population.
Pontiac	1,904	Port Huron	1,184
Marshall	1,763	Kalamazoo	1,290
Monroe	1,703	Battle Creek	993
Grand Rapids	1,510	Flint	984
Niles	1,420	Saginaw	837
Coldwater	1,123		

Among the cities now well known, the following had no name or existence in 1840:

Place.	Pop. in 1890.
Bay City	27,839
West Bay City	12,981
Muskegon	22,702
Manistee	12,812
Alpena	11,283
Menominee	10,093
Lansing	13,102

In 1840 the total population of Ingham county was 2,498. The largest town in the county was Stockbridge, with 285, Leslie had 281.

Lansing first appears in 1845 with 88. In 1840 there were two cities in the State, Detroit and Monroe. This must suffice for organization and population.

ROADS AND MEANS OF COMMUNICATION.

One of the first and most keenly felt wants of the people of Michigan in the early days was adequate means of travel and communication. Until after 1820 there was very little settlement away from the larger rivers and navigable waters.

Between 1820 and 1830 a few of the most ambitious and determined pioneers began to push inland and settle on the Raisin, the Huron, the Rouge, and the Clinton.

But the roads were of the most primitive and elementary character, scarcely more than a trail blazed through the woods. A journey from Detroit to Dexter with an ox team, hauling family and household goods occupied nearly a week. Such a thing as a turnpike road was well nigh, if not quite, unknown.

But this state of things could not continue. As before stated, the Erie canal had been opened in 1825, and by 1826 not less than six steamboats were plying between its terminus at Buffalo and the Detroit river, bringing thousands of emigrants, attracted to the new state by free lands and fertile soil.

It was in the latter named year (1826) that congress undertook the construction of several territorial roads, and, as the country filled up, the settlers gradually opened roads for themselves from settlement to settlement, and from town to town.

The railroad had not yet come. It was in 1830 that the first railroad was chartered. It was the Pontiac & Detroit Railway Co. It never progressed further than the charter, and the project died in infancy.

In 1832 the Detroit & St. Joseph Railroad was chartered. This long after became a reality in the Michigan Central. Plank roads and turnpikes were chartered in many directions.

When the constitution of 1835 was framed, one of its provisions recognized the universal feeling of need of better communications. It declared that "Internal improvements shall be encouraged by the government of this State, and it shall be the duty of the legislature as soon as may be to make provision by law for ascertaining the proper objects of improvement in relation to roads, canals and navigable waters.

In pursuance of this policy, the State, in 1837, provided for the con-

struction of three lines of railroad across the State—one from Monroe to New Buffalo, on Lake Michigan; one from Detroit to the mouth of the St. Joseph, and one from Port Huron to the mouth of the Grand river. These were the three roads which twenty years later became the Michigan Southern, the Michigan Central and the Detroit and Milwaukee.

Many canals were projected, but none were completed and put in use, though I remember having driven along the unfinished canal-bed through a portion of Macomb county.

In 1840 the railroad system of Michigan consisted of three short lines as follows:

1st. The Erie and Kalamazoo, completed Oct., 1836, from Toledo to Adrian, 33 miles. The motive power consisted of two small locomotives, and the cost of operating from Oct., 1836 to Dec. 31, 1837, was $14,181.52.

The cars were small and rude, and the whole outfit scarcely superior to a first-class stage line.

2d. The Detroit and Pontiac, chartered in 1834, and operated as far as Royal Oak, twelve miles, by horse power until 1838, when one very small locomotive was put on. This road made the round trip each day. It ultimately became a part of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railway.

3d. The Detroit and St. Joseph, from Detroit to Ypsilanti, twenty-nine miles. This road was opened for traffic in 1838. Its rolling stock consisted of four small locomotives, five passenger cars and ten small freight cars.

Besides these railroads there had been constructed several so-called "territorial roads." The chief of these were the Detroit and Perrysburg, connecting Perrysburg, near Toledo, with Detroit; and the Chicago territorial and state road, extending from Detroit via Ypsilanti, Saline and Clinton to Jonesville, and so on westward to Niles, leaving the State at Bertrand, on the Indiana line.

These roads greatly aided in the settlement and subsequent development of the State.

Burr's map of Michigan, published July, 1839, shows as the only completed railroad, the line from Toledo to Adrian. This map also shows the different mail routes in the State. One four-horse mail route extended from Detroit via Dearborn, Plymouth, Ann Arbor (spelled Annarbour), Dexter and Jacksonopolis (Jackson) to Marshall, thence as a two-horse route via Kalamazoo to St. Joseph.

There was also a four-horse mail route from Detroit along the terri-

torial road, via Ypsilanti, Saline, Clinton, Jonesville and Coldwater to Niles, thence as a two-horse mail route to Terre-Coupé, on Lake Michigan.

On this map Grand Rapids is put down as Kent, and Lansing does not appear at all.

I find from Blois, Michigan, published in 1838, that there were then sixty-eight mail routes in the State. One, "No. 10," extended from Clinton, Lenawee county, via Napoleon, Jacksonopolis and Eaton C. H. (now Charlotte), to Kent (now Grand Rapids), over which route there was a weekly mail.

Some statistics given by Blois will assist us in realizing the Michigan of half a century ago.

AGRICULTURE.

In 1837 a State census was made, with the following result as to the agricultural products:

	Bushels.
Wheat	1,114,896
Rye	21,944
Oats	1,116,910
Corn	791,427
Buckwheat	64,022

STOCK.

	Head.
Neat stock	89,610
Horses	14,059
Sheep	22,684
Hogs	109,096

MANUFACTURES.

Under the head of manufactures, Blois says: "Manufactures in Michigan, as well as in all new states, are in an incipient condition, and carried on no further than the immediate wants of the settlers absolutely require.

"Several saline springs known to be of value, exist within the State, but the manufacture of salt has been but little attended to until very recently.

"The cultivation of the mulberry and manufacture of silk, which is undoubtedly destined to be a lucrative business, are beginning to attract public attention.

"Public attention has been likewise turned to the growing of the sugar beet, and the manufacture of sugar from its root. The State has offered a bounty of two cents for every pound of beet sugar manufactured within the State.

From this we may see that McKinley was not the original inventor of the sugar bounty.

Blois gives the following as the total of manufacturing establishments in the State in 1837: Grist mills, 114; saw mills, 433; carding machines, 23; cloth dressing shops, 12; glass factory, 1; distilleries, 16.

It is hardly needful to say that these so-called manufactures were wholly for local supply, and that commerce, in the proper sense of the word, did not exist.

But the State was developing rapidly, and it is gratifying to find from the census of 1840, that in three years agriculture had made great advance, as shown by the following returns:

CENSUS 1840.

	Bushels.
Wheat	2,157,108
Oats	2,114,051
Corn	2,277,039
Barley	127,802
Buckwheat	113,592
Rye	34,236
Potatoes	2,109,205
Wool, pounds	153,375

LIVE STOCK.

Horses and mules	30,144
Neat cattle	185,190
Sheep	99,618

MANUFACTURES, 1840.

The following from the same census exhausts the return of manufactures in 1840, and nothing can more impressively exhibit the growth of the last fifty years:

Total capital invested	$3,112,240
Sugar made (domestic) pounds	1,329,784
Domestic goods made	113,955
Tobacco (value)	5,000
Persons employed	12
Capital invested	1,750

I do not pause to draw contrasts, each person will draw them in his own mind.

Tanneries	38
Capital invested	$70,240
Distilleries	31
Gallons distilled	337,761
Breweries	10
Gallons brewed	308,696
Men employed	116
Sugar refineries	none
Musical instrument factories	none
Flouring mills	93
Barrels flour made	202,000
Grist mills	97
Saw mills	491
Men employed in mills	1,144

From the fact that these 681 mills employed only 1,144 men their capacity and output can be judged.

Woolen manufacturers	4
Men employed	59
Capital employed	$34,120
Carriages and wagons (value)	$20,075
Men employed	59
Furniture manufactured (value)	$22,494
Men employed	65
Capital employed	$28,050

No words could possibly be more eloquent of the growth of the manufactures of the State than these simple figures.

But the greatest contrast presented between the present and fifty years ago is in the development of the mineral resources of the State. The great deposits of iron and copper had not then been touched, as no means had as yet been provided for connecting the waters of Lake Superior with the lower lakes.

In the census of 1840 there is no return of mining of any kind in the State. There appear to have been engaged in the production of iron (presumably from imported ores) 99 men, who during the census year produced 601 tons, with a capital of $60,800.

The salt industry had as yet no existence. There is no record of the manufacture of the article in commercial quantities prior to 1850.

Of lumber yards (probably retail) there were returned 15, said to employ 312 men all told, and to represent a capital of $45,600. So it will be seen that the three great leading industries of mining, lumbering and salt production had not yet come into existence, while agriculture, manufactures and transportation scarcely supplied the limited

wants of the actual inhabitants, leaving little or nothing to find a market outside the State.

How difficult it must have been fifty years ago to foresee the vast commerce of our State in these recent years; the millions of tons of iron and copper ore; the thousands of millions of feet of lumber; the millions of barrels of salt annually to be poured from her exhaustless stores into the wealth of the world.

How little they dreamed of the vast copper mines of Keweenaw Point; the iron deposits of the Marquette district; the great salt blocks of Saginaw and Manistee, cities which as yet had no name; the great furniture factories of Grand Rapids, or the immense car shops, stove works and tobacco factories of Detroit.

Land was, of course, abundant and cheap. The clearing of the forest and the cultivation of the soil were almost the only pursuits.

The towns, as already seen, were not large nor many in number. It was equally difficult to bring in heavy merchandise or ship out the products of the State.

The great majority of the settlers were engaged in a struggle to live; few had a competence, fewer still had wealth.

Judge Cooley, in his history, thus describes the condition of the settlers:

"It was a hard life which the pioneer farmers of Michigan had come to lead. A rude log cabin for a home and the bare necessaries of life for their families contented them while clearing their lands. * * *

"But in coming to Michigan they had calculated not so much upon their own immediate advantage as upon giving their children a chance to grow up with the country. * * * Even now, though they could not supply all their wants from their farms, they contracted few debts, but postponed purchases when they had nothing to barter for the articles they desired."

In the villages life was almost equally simple. There were no large factories or mills, with hundreds of operatives doing just one thing over and over, day after day, and month after month.

As a rule every man was his own master. There were no great corporations with thousands of employés; there were no strikes, no boycotts, no lock-outs, and no labor organizations. Each man made his contract and expected to live up to it. Education was mostly confined to the district schools, though some academies had been established. Colleges and universities existed in plan and possibility only.

Such was the Michigan of fifty years ago.

It would not be possible within the limits of this paper to trace the growth of the State from decade to decade. We must pass over the intervening period with only the briefest possible notice.

Nothing indicates material development better than increase of population.

Wealth and business maintain an almost unvarying relation to people—gradually increasing from decade to decade, with the growing accumulations of the past.

The present ratio of wealth to population is about $1,000 per capita.

Growth has been constant, rapid and steady. The following eloquent figures tell the story:

Year.	Population.
1840	212,267
1850	397,654
1860	749,113
1870	1,184,282
1880	1,636,937
1890	2,093,889

It will be noticed that the *increase* alone between 1880 and 1890 was more than twice the entire population in 1840, and 60,000 greater than the whole number in 1850.

INCREASE OF WEALTH.

The valuation of real and personal property of the State, as equalized by the State board of equalization, from 1853 to 1891, has been as follows:

Year.	Valuation.
1853	$120,362,474 35
1861	172,055,808 89
1871	630,000,000 00
1881	810,000,000 00
1891	1,130,000,000 00

LANDS ASSESSED.

The number of acres of land assessed for different decades has been as follows:

Year.	Acres.
1854	12,167,812.84
1860	15,162,710.40
1866	17,111,710.91
1870	20,515,398.03
1876	27,605,262.96
1881	29,306,820.20
1891	32,171,787.00

SUBDIVISIONS.

In 1840 Michigan had *one* representative in congress; today she has eleven, and after the next fourth of March she will have twelve.

The State is now divided into 84 counties, five of which contained in 1890, upward of 557,000 inhabitants, and at this date doubtless have more than 600,000.

The city of Detroit alone now has a greater population, and far more wealth than the entire State had in 1840.

Thirty-nine cities in the State, in 1890, contained upward of 4,000 each; fifteen cities each had upward of 10,000, and six cities upward of 20,000 each.

RAILROAD PROGRESS.

The status of a people is determined, in the great social and industrial scale, by their power of production and consumption; and this is measured, in large degree, by the means they have provided for transportation.

I have already spoken of the progress in railroad building in 1840. The State continued the construction of the Central and Southern railroads until, in 1846, the former was completed to Kalamazoo, and the latter to Hillsdale.

In that year the Central was sold to a syndicate of capitalists for $2,000,000 and the Michigan Central Railroad Company was chartered to complete and operate it. The Michigan Southern was sold by the State for $500,000, and passed into the hands of the Michigan Southern Railroad Company.

This was the last of railroad building by the State. In 1849 the Central reached Lake Michigan at New Buffalo, and in May, 1852, both roads entered Chicago.

The Detroit and Pontiac, reorganized as the Detroit and Milwaukee, now pushed forward, and in 1858 also reached Lake Michigan at Grand Haven; and thus the State was spanned by the three lines of railroad, as originally contemplated in 1837.

I shall not attempt to trace step by step the further growth of the railroad system of Michigan as it has developed, year by year, until it has reached its present vast proportions.

Those of us who have lived in Michigan for the last thirty-five years, may say that it has grown up under our eyes.

Among the earlier were the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw, the Flint and Pere Marquette, and the Grand Rapids and Indiana, all penetrating the northern part of the State; while in more recent years the Detroit,

Lansing and Northern, the Chicago and West Michigan, the Toledo, Ann Arbor and Northern, the Grand Trunk, and scores of others, interlace the State with a network of iron. "Figuratively" speaking, the following statistics tell the story of magnificent growth:

RAILROAD MILEAGE BY DECADES.

Year.	Miles.
1838	63
1848	326
1858	703
1868	1,120
1878	3,564
1888	6,411
1890	6,957

STATISTICS OF PRESENT OPERATIONS.

Number of roads operated in the State	78
Cost of railroad properties operated in Michigan	$699,401,821 78
Receipts for 1890	93,430,433 00
Operating expenses	63,920,091 54
Miles run by trains	71,578,208
Number of passengers carried	33,503,059
Tons of freight transported from Michigan stations	26,185,257
Tons of freight transported one mile	8,997,937,524
In round numbers	9,000,000,000
Employés of railroads doing business in Michigan in 1890	65,257

ROLLING STOCK.

Kind.	Number.
Locomotives	3,131
Passenger cars	1,530
Baggage, mail and express	663
Box freight cars	56,190
Stock cars	6,600
Platform cars	24,257
Ore cars	14,674
Other cars	4,176
Total	111,222

LAKE TRANSPORTATION.

But transportation is not wholly by railroad or by land. Concurrently with this immense development of the railroad system, a vast carrying trade has grown up upon the lakes and waterways which border the State, hardly second in importance to the railroad commerce.

The floating equipment of the lakes, as given in the census of 1890, is not arranged by states, but by lakes and ports. It is not possible,

therefore, to give accurately the water commerce of Michigan, but some items may be given:

MICHIGAN TONNAGE ON THE LAKES, 1890.

Ports.	Number of vessels.	Tonnage.
Detroit	275	129,768
Port Huron	293	61,482
Grand Haven	225	20,425
Marquette	111	20,759
Bay City	56	31,176
Muskegon	17	3,088

This represents only a portion of the carrying of Michigan commerce by water, for a large portion of the vessels engaged in it are registered in other states.

The first propeller was built on the lakes in 1842, just fifty years ago. Until 1855 the increase was slow. From 1856 onward the growth was rapid, owing to the construction of the St. Clair Flats canal and the opening of the St. Mary's ship canal. Not only the number but the size also has steadily increased.

Beginning with vessels of four hundred tons and under, as harbors and waterways have been deepened, the tonnage has increased until propellers of from twelve hundred to three thousand tons are common, and this evolution is still going on.

MINING AND LUMBERING.

This vast amount of transportation is chiefly employed in shipping the enormous mineral and forest products of the State, for no state of the Union, and perhaps no equal population in the world, has more varied wealth and more diversified industries than Michigan.

Chief of the mineral resources of the State is iron. Michigan produced in 1890, 7,185,175 tons of iron ore, worth at the mines at least $26,000,000, being about seven-seventeenths of the iron ore mined in the United States, and that, too, of the best grades of ore. Nearly half of this product was of the grade of Bessemer ore.

Shipments of iron ore from Michigan mines have increased as follows:

Year.	Tons.
1855	1,449
1860	114,410
1870	859,507
1880	1,948,334
1885	2,205,190
1890	7,185,139
Total to date	50,766,109

COPPER.

Until the year 1890 Michigan was the greatest copper producing State in the Union, and in 1889 produced more than any other country in the world. In 1890 Montana took the lead.

In that year Michigan produced 100,607,151 pounds, worth $15\frac{3}{4}$ cents per pound, making a total output of $15,845,427.28.

The total copper production of the United States was, for 1890, 273,547,151 pounds, so that Michigan produced considerably more than one-third of the whole.

The total of her product, including 1890, has been 663,899 tons.

SALT.

Next in importance of her mineral resources is salt.

In 1890 there were in operation in the State ninety-seven salt works with a producing capacity of about 6,000,000 barrels.

The actual production for that year was 3,838,637 barrels. Until about 1860 the manufacture of salt in commercial quantities was practically unknown in Michigan. How it has grown is shown by the following figures:

Year.	Barrels.
1860	4,000
1870	621,352
1875	1,081,856
1880	2,676,588
1885	3,297,403
1890	3,838,937
Total to date	52,874,937

We have it on the highest authority that salt is good. And we may say that Michigan is the salt of the earth in more senses than one.

GYPSUM.

Our gypsum mines have been of large commercial importance.

In the year 1890 we produced 29,500 tons in the form of land plaster and 238,700 barrels in the form of stucco.

The total to date has been 920,436 tons of plaster and 2,498,383 barrels of stucco.

Michigan also has gold. In 1890 the Ropes mine at Ishpeming produced of gold $65,240.

Though we do not count this as one of our sources of wealth, yet it exceeds the aggregate of all our mining industries in 1840.

COAL.

Coal is produced to some extent. The amount mined in 1890 was 71,991 tons, and although new discoveries in the Huron peninsula seem to promise largely, it is not probable that Michigan will ever be reckoned as an important coal producing State.

LUMBER.

I shall not weary you with the progressive statistics of lumber, but only say that for many years Michigan has been the foremost producer of lumber in the Union, and that means in the world. In 1880 the number of lumber manufacturing establishments in Michigan was 1,649.

Capital invested in manufacturing lumber	$39,260,428
Persons employed	24,235
Wages paid during year	$6,967,905
Value of logs and mill supplies	$32,251,372
Total value of lumber	$52,449,928
Amount of lumber products, in feet (about)	5,500,000,000

I have not the actual figures at hand, but I believe that the value of forest products taken from this State and shipped out of it has exceeded a thousand million dollars.

The statistics of our lumber products for 1890 are not yet published, but the official estimate of our forest and saw-mill products for that year aggregate upward of $55,000,000.

OTHER MANUFACTURES.

The statistics of the manufactures for 1890 are being issued by industries, and only a few have yet been completed.

Summaries of a few which have been issued are here given:

PIG IRON.

Number of furnaces	26
Tons produced, 1889	224,908
Steel works	2
Tons of steel produced	5,600

WOOL MANUFACTURES, 1889.

Establishments	52
Capital invested	$1,899,460
Number of hands employed	1,428
Wages paid, 1889	$390,147
Value of product	$1,689,970

I have sought in vain at the United States census office, both in person and by letter, for the statistics which would measure the growth of other manufacturing industries, but they are not yet sufficiently advanced to make it possible to obtain even the aggregates. But there is one industry which I cannot forbear to mention, because it is the leading industry of a city which scarcely had a local habitation or a name in 1840—it is furniture.

The single city of Grand Rapids has forty-six furniture factories, employing a capital of $6,160,300, doing a business of $10,000,000 annually, and giving employment to more than 6,600 men and boys.

The total number of manufacturing establishments in that city (not local) is 498. Capital employed, $18,228,000; business transacted, $33,555,000; number of employés, 15,000.

With this statement I think I may close this exhibit of material growth of fifty years. I ought to say here, in justification of these lengthy and, I fear, dry details of material development, that when I received the invitation of your present moderator to prepare this address, the subject assigned me was "Fifty Years of *Material* Growth;" and sticking close to my text I had completed this address before becoming aware of the change of the topic to the broader and more inspiring form in which it now appears upon the program, "Fifty Years of Michigan." I had supposed that others would treat distinctively of the educational, social and political history of our State. But this view would be too incomplete were I not to add a few words upon these most important features of growth.

Prior to the admission of the State into the Union there could hardly be said to be a school system in Michigan.

The present school system owes its origin to a Congregational home missionary, Rev. John D. Pierce, the first Superintendent of Public Instruction under the constitution.

I remember "Father Pierce" very well in the days when I was preparing for college at Ypsilanti, and during my course at Ann Arbor. No commencement of Normal school or University was complete without him, and he took a just pride in his share in shaping the educational system of Michigan.

Another man to whom great credit is due is Stevens T. Mason, the first Governor of the State. It was by him that "Father Pierce," as he was afterwards known, was appointed, and together they worked out the plan—from district school to University.

It was through these two men that the land grant made to the State on its admission was not frittered away, as it was in so many states.

A monument to these two men is yet to be erected, and an appropriate spot would be on the University grounds at Ann Arbor.

It is hardly needful to say that in 1840 there were no graded schools, no high schools, no normal school, no agricultural college, and no university.

In 1841 the first student entered the University. There were three teachers, including the acting president. That student still lives, in the city of Grand Rapids—not an old man either—while the University registers 2,700 students, taught by more than eighty professors and instructors, and last year conferred 623 degrees upon examination.

From 1845 to 1850 the evolution of the graded school commenced, and has gone forward until in 1890 we had 513 graded schools, 194 high schools and 6,655 ungraded schools. The total number of districts in the State is 7,168.

The total school census of 1890 showed 654,502 children of school age and a total enrollment of 427,032. At the same time there were attending private schools 33,975.

These children were taught by 15,990 teachers, who received in wages $3,326,287.

Our Normal School, Agricultural College and Mining School are among the very best in the land. Besides all these institutions we have flourishing denominational colleges at Albion, Adrian, Alma, Battle Creek, Detroit, Hillsdale, Holland, Kalamazoo, Olivet, and the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake, besides several ladies' seminaries well entitled to rank as colleges. Surely every citizen of Michigan may review with pride and wonder the growth of her educational system during these fifty years.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

This almost measureless growth of wealth, contemporaneous with the increase of educational facilities, has wrought great social changes.

We have drifted and are drifting—perhaps inevitably—farther and farther away from the simple social conditions of fifty years ago. The palatial residence has replaced the log cabin; the great factory has taken the place of the humble shop; luxury in furnishings, in art and in equipage has taken the place of scant surroundings and simple living.

A tendency grows ever stronger to divide the people on lines of social conditions, and with this tendency comes a greater need for the leveling and humanizing influence of the Gospel of Christ.

We need more and more to remember that we are but trustees for God and humanity of all this wealth and of all these privileges.

MICHIGAN AND THE NATION.

The people of Michigan have ever been loyal and liberty loving.

Their free frontier life, somewhat isolated by their geographical position, made them independent in spirit and hostile to the aggressive demands of slavery.

Michigan answered the Fugitive Slave Law with her "Personal Liberty Act."

When slavery declared war on the nation, Michigan stood loyally by her faith and her allegiance.

She offered her manhood in no stinted measure and poured out her best blood, a free libation, upon the altar of liberty and union.

At the call of Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, she put into the field more than 90,000 men, organized into thirty regiments of infantry, eleven regiments of cavalry, fourteen batteries of artillery, one regiment of engineers, one regiment of sharp-shooters, one regiment of colored troops and many independent organizations.

There was scarcely a battlefield of the great war where Michigan men did not take a conspicuous and honorable part.

Of these troops 358 officers and 14,497 enlisted men were killed in action, or died of wounds and disease during the war.

What a story of valor, of struggle, of achievement and suffering and death is summed up in those figures!

More precious than the piled up millions, dearer than riches of mine, or forest or factory, to Michigan, now and evermore, is her wealth in manhood and womanhood, the priceless heritage of her sons and daughters.

The future of our beloved State we can only dream. But the past is secure. The future will depend much upon this generation and the ideals upon which we build.

Truly the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. However appropriate the inscription on the great seal of the State may have been when it was adopted, fifty-seven years ago, it is more appropriate now. "*Si quæris Peninsulam Amœnam Circumspice.*"—"If you seek a beautiful peninsula, look around you!" It is indeed beautiful, and it is also great, and flourishing and rich.

Laved on the east, north and west by the great "unsalted seas," bearing a commerce unequaled in ancient or modern times; treasuring in her bosom inexhaustible mineral wealth; clad with a native forest

growth that has been and is a source of vast wealth in itself, and bespeaks the richness of the soil from which it springs; with luxuriant fields of grain unsurpassed in richness; with flocks and herds counted by millions; with manufactures of almost endless variety and extent; with an educational system the equal of any in the world; and a university abreast with any in excellence and the foremost on the continent in numbers; with State institutions for the defective and the unfortunate that are models of their kind, Michigan enters upon the second half-century of her statehood, proud of her past, confident of her future, and thankful to God for all that He hath wrought in her behalf.

It is for us, citizens of the State to remember that opportunity brings responsibility, and that of those to whom much has been given will much be required.

PIONEER HISTORY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF EATON COUNTY.

WRITTEN BY EARLY SETTLERS.

[Taken from the Saturday Journal, Eaton Rapids, Mich. Frank C. Culley, Editor.]

JESSE HART.

I was born in the township of Springfield, Portage county (now Summit), State of Ohio, April 27, 1814, and lived there with my parents until I was twenty-three years old. I then married Miss Rachel Richards, July 16, 1837; and about the 10th day of the next October, we started for Michigan with two light yoke of oxen and one wagon. We got along well until we came to what was called "black swamp;" then of all the roads I ever saw or traveled over that road through that swamp was the worst. Suffice it to say that I worked hard for eight days to get thirty-two miles.

We arrived at Joseph Bosworth's, on the 6th day of November following. He lived then in what is now the township of Walton, Eaton

county, Mich. He had moved there two or three weeks before, and had built him a shanty in the woods. My land was four miles from there, in a northeast direction, right through the woods, it being the north one hundred acres of the northwest one-quarter of section seven, in town one north, of range four west, now the township of Brookfield, and a part of the farm I now own. As Mr. Bosworth was the nearest one to my land I made arrangements to stay with him until I could build a shanty, and cut a road to it; and I got him to help me. We got the body of the shanty up, about three-fourths of the roof on, and the door cut out; but no door nor floor in the shanty. Then we moved in. It was here, in this partly built shanty, on the 12th day of November, 1837, that my wife and I first commenced keeping house. It was four miles to the nearest neighbor, with no road, only a crooked track I had cut through the forest, and the whole county almost an unbroken wilderness. The screech of the owl, and the howl of the wolf, was our music by night, and the Indians our callers by day. The first night we made our bed on some split pieces of basswood in one corner of the shanty, built a fire in another, hung up a blanket for a door, and some on the wall around the bed; and it seemed quite like home, and we had a good night's rest. I soon made a pole bedstead, hewed out and put down a puncheon floor, built a stone back and stick chimney in one corner, made a clay hearth and the shanty was finished without a nail, with the exception of what was in the door. We lived in that shanty nearly two years. Oh yes, happy two years! The happiest two years of my life were spent in that shanty. There was something grand and romantic about it I very much enjoyed.

The grand old forest yielded up enough almost for our support, of its wild fruits, its honey and venison. It was in this shanty that our first child was born, March 20, 1839, cradled and rocked in a sap trough, and is now the wife of Dr. Derby of Eaton Rapids. It was in the fall of 1839 that our shanty was swapped for a new log house, which we built about fifty rods east of the shanty. My hogs slept west of the shanty, next to the woods. The second night after we had moved into our new house, about twelve o'clock at night my wife woke me and said she heard a hog squeal. I got up, took my gun and ran over to where the hogs were, and found a bear had caught the old sow and was about killing her. When I came near enough so I thought I could hit him I fired. He let go of the hog and ran into the woods. It being quite dark I could not tell whether I had hit

him or not; but I went out the next morning and found the bear dead and the hog alive, but very badly hurt.

One more bear story: This was in the fall of 1841. I had built a log hog-pen about eight rods from the house, and a lane west from the hog-pen to the woods about fifty rods. My cattle were kept in the lane near the hog-pen. It was not far from the middle of night when I heard a hog give a short squeal, and then the cow bells commenced to rattle. I got up and stepped to the door. I then heard something running in the lane toward the woods, and it was not more than a minute before I heard a hog squeal on the edge of the woods at the end of the lane. (It seems the bear had caught the hog near the hog-pen, and the cattle had driven him off; then he had chased the pig into the lane west to the woods before he caught him again.) My rifle being loaded I caught it up and ran, just as I had got out of bed, to save my hog. When I got to the end of the lane I saw that he had caught the hog under some tops of trees that had been felled when I cleared. I got into the topmost one and started out on it to see if I could not shoot him in that way; but as I started my dog ran under and went to barking at him; then the bear took the hog and started into the woods with him. I called back the dog, who took his place behind me, and then I started after him. I ran as fast as I could in the brush and dark, and went some twenty or twenty-five rods before I got near enough so I thought I could hit him. When I was within ten or twelve feet of him I shot at the black spot, for that was all I could see. As the gun went off he dropped the hog and ran off three or four rods and all was still. I loaded my rifle and could hear nothing of the bear. I was so near him I knew if he stirred I could hear him, there being dry leaves on the ground. I made up my mind that I had hit him, and that he was sitting and looking at me, or else I had killed him; so, to find out, I told the dog to "take him." The dog went to where he was, off aways, and went to growling and snuffing around, but I could hear nothing of the bear, so I concluded he was dead. I went to where the dog was and there lay a monstrous black bear, stretched out dead enough. His fore paw when pressed down would cover a common breakfast plate. When I went back I met my wife in the lane coming with an ax. She said she was afraid I had got into trouble.

In the spring of 1842 I built a frame barn, 30x40 feet. It was the first frame building built in Brookfield. And in 1851 I swapped the old log house for a new frame one, out on the road; for there were roads laid out then. In the spring of 1863 I rented my farm and

moved to Charlotte, where I have lived ever since. We have had ten children, five of them having been laid away in the silent grave, the youngest lives at home, three near by in Charlotte, and one at Eaton Rapids.

FRED SPICER.

FRIEND CULLEY—Learning that you desired the old settlers of Eaton county to give a brief history of early days and the settlement of our county, I will attempt to pen what I know in the matter in my humble way. I came to Eaton county with my father (Amos Spicer), mother, and two sisters, Mrs. Benjamin Knight and husband, Eunice J. Spicer, now wife of J. L. Holmes, of Jackson, my uncle, P. E. Spicer, and cousin, Daniel Bateman, all from Middlebury, Portage county, Ohio (except Benjamin Knight and wife, who were from Kyshockton, Muskingum county, Ohio), on the 3d day of June, 1836, landed at Spicerville about 8 o'clock p. m., and found a double log house, which my father and uncle, P. E. Spicer, Daniel Bateman, Benjamin Knight, Charles Hanchett and son, and others, had built without a door or a window, with puncheons for a floor below, and boxwood bark for the upper floor, which material they procured from the forest without the help of a saw-mill, for there was no mill of any description nearer than Clinton, about fifty miles from us, nor even a neighbor nearer than twelve miles, save the red man's wigwam.

Michigan was then a territory, and without a road, except the old Clinton road, which my uncle, Sam. Hamlin, and C. C. Darling had cut through from Clinton to the Thornapple river, in the northwest part of our county, the fall before for the government, which had just been completed and accepted when Father, P. E. Spicer and Daniel Bateman arrived at Jackson, in the the fall of 1835.

Father told my uncle he had come out to look out a home, and would like to find a good water power, as he proposed to build a saw and grist-mill if he could find a desirable spot. Uncle Sam and Mr. Darling told him that Grand river and Spring brook were both good powers. So as soon as Aunt Liddia Holmes could bake some pork and beans for the journey, each took his grub and knapsack and started for the north woods, without any guide save the blazes the surveyor had made when the country was cut up into counties and towns. The party consisted of Amos Spicer, P. E. Spicer, Samuel Hamlin, and C. C. Darling, now of Lansing, and Daniel Bateman, who lives at Spicerville on the land he located about forty years ago.

They spent over a week wandering over the country, and located over a thousand acres of land, making many pleasant farms around Eaton Rapids, together with about four hundred acres where Eaton Rapids now stands. Father being a little more fortunate than the rest of the party, being a master millwright, had earned quite a little lump of money at his trade, so you will find that where Eaton Rapids now stands, and that considerable of the lands they selected were located by him, as the records will show. While wandering here in the wilds with no knowledge of the country, only as they found it out by tracing the surveyor's trail, when their grub was about all gone, they were wandering on the lands now the farm of James I. Rogers, near the close of the day when C. C. Darling, seeing a white ash tree that had fallen by the winds and splintering up some inviting them to stop and camp. They did so, and while they were fixing the fire and tent Father said he would take the rifle and go over the hill and kill a turkey for supper, and as good luck favored him, in a very short time they heard the crack of the rifle, and soon he returned with a nice wild turkey. In the meantime the rest of the party were gathering wood from the top of the tree, and found the tree in falling had broken off just above a nice swarm of bees, and that the honey lay inviting them to help themselves. Uncle Sam, being a good cook, served up the turkey in good style, roasting it by the fire and swabbing it with salt and water until it was seasoned and looked nicely. Thus you see, when their provisions were nearly all gone, and on the last night of their soldiering, God in His goodness, gave them a sumptuous supper. And they began to think that this was the land where milk and honey flowed so freely.

On the following morning the party started for Jackson, and late at night they reached Wm. Lyons, about two miles this side of Tompkins Center. P. E. Spicer got foot sore and brought up the rear about 10 o'clock at night, and after taking some pork and beans for supper, they retired for the night. One more hard day's march brought them to Jackson, and the next day Father and Mr. Bateman started for Kalamazoo, to locate the lands they had selected before some speculator would get ahead of them and jump their claims, which in those days was often done by a set of hawk-eyed fellows who hung around the land office. But I believe they secured all the land they selected, and got back to Jackson the next day, which was then about the first of December, 1835. The next day Father, P. E. Spicer and D. Bateman, started for home in Ohio. On arriving home, Father secured thirteen pounds of pork to take to Michigan in the spring, for he found it

quite a scarce article, and worth $25 per hundred in the hog. He ordered a large, strong wagon for the trip, bought four yoke of oxen to draw it to Michigan and employed Daniel Bateman and Chas. Hanchett to drive the team through with a load of household goods such as he thought would be needed in a new country. About the 10th of May, 1836, he started the ox teams with P. E. Spicer and old Gray with the one-horse wagon, two cows and a calf for the escort. They reached Jackson about the 25th of May. Father and the family, and Benjamin Knight and family started about two weeks after the ox team, by canal boat to Cleveland, steamboat to Detroit, and lumber wagon from Detroit to Jackson. Following the old territorial road to Jackson, making the trip from Detroit to Jackson in three days, and arriving at Jackson the next day after the ox teams. We found Uncle Bateman and Mr. Hanchett all in good spirits with many interesting accounts of their journey, having to milk the cows and drink the milk for food. Some days the teams and cows fed on the road side.

The next day they started for the woods to build the old cabin in Spicerville, which (I have heretofore mentioned) we reached on the 3d day of June, A. D. 1836, and as soon as possible Father commenced to build a saw-mill on the same site where my saw-mill now stands; it being the third frame the old site had worn out in thirty-nine years.

Our family consisted then of father, mother, Benjamin Knight and wife, one child, Amos Knight, E. J. Spicer and myself, with P. E. Spicer, Daniel Bateman, C. C. Darling, Charles Hanchett and George Allyn, and about fourteen now hired men. So you see my dear old mother and sisters did not have much time to play in those days between meal time. And above all this, we kept from two to four land lookers every night, for they had nowhere else to stay. With this small party of men and women, Father commenced the building of a saw-mill with none of the improvements of today to help them; with only the material which nature's God had placed here in its own native wildness. With broad ax, plumb and square, he commenced the task, having to hew every plank and timber from the water wheel to the rafters, and after a long summer's work, fighting mosquitoes by night and working hard by day, in October the mill began to roll its water wheel around and you could hear the saw go crash, crash, by night and by day. P. E. Spicer and Benjamin Knight were boss sawyers. They found ready sale for all the lumber they could spare at ten dollars per thousand, but used a great share of it in preparing for the building of the grist-mill that now stands in the lower part of Eaton Rapids, and the house opposite David Stirling's springs, the

grocery store of Mrs. N. C. Merritt, near Morgan Vaughan's bank, and one other building, a tavern, that stood on the grounds where the Mitchell house now stands. Those three houses were framed in Spicerville of plank, and drawn down and raised in the village, being the first rude cottages that ever broke the monotony of nature's wilds, and told people there was a village sprouting in Eaton county. The town was laid out early in the spring of 1836, and well do I remember the first time I saw the ground Eaton Rapids now stands on. It was in January, 1836, Charles Hanchett, Daniel Bateman, Father and some others besides myself, with two ox sleds and four yoke of oxen drew the two-run of mill stones that have ground flour for the bread for most forty years. We left them on some poles about where David Stirling's house now stands, and they remained there till September, and long before Father had got the grist-mill ready to bolt flour we got out of flour and there was no mill nearer than Clinton, so we lived on johnny cake until we got tired of it. One day my mother told me to go down to the mill and have Father grind some wheat as he did corn (graham we would call it now) and she would make some biscuit of it; and I never shall forget how good they tasted, to me at least.

When we raised the mill, people came twenty miles to help. Daniel Bateman and Benjamin Knight spent over two days inviting men to the raising. They came the day before, helped raise the next day, had a dance that night, and went home the next day.

It might be interesting to some to know how we found we had neighbors. The first we knew we had neighbors on Montgomery's plains, one of our cows strayed away, and Daniel Bateman, while looking after it, came to the river and hearing some cow bells on the east side, pulled off his boots and pants and crossed over, and followed on until he found the cattle, and hearing some one pounding a little farther on went on to where he found John Montgomery splitting poles on the farm where the stone house now stands, and we often would meet a stranger in the woods while out hunting and after asking a few questions and answering a few, would find we were neighbors, getting at facts by learning the section, number of section and range of the lots they lived on, and from that brief acquaintance they became neighbors, brothers and sisters, tried and true, who felt for each other's interests and comforts next to their own homes and families; helping each other in divers ways, by making logging bees for those who had nothing, and thus aiding to hew out happy homes in the wilderness, all of which had a tendency to bind them together as one family. But I am sorry to say it is fast fading out in these days.

And when I look over this country and the many now who people the lands, I see but very few of those old veterans' land marks, in fathers and mothers left. My dear old mother left us one year ago last October, at the ripe old age of seventy-eight years, and has gone home to reap her happy reward in heaven. And I trust there are many of the yet surviving pioneers who have often eaten at her table and shared her hospitality in divers ways, who will ever cherish her memory for those early days of our country's history. And we, their sons and daughters, when we look around over the happy homes we enjoy, don't let us forget what it cost our dear parents in the hardships and privations they endured to make our homes as pleasant, with fine orchards and wide fields, all of which took patience and great toil to procure for our benefit and enjoyment. No, let us cherish their memories and tell them to our children, so that their noble traits of character, their benevolent and virtuous brotherly love may live in the hearts of our children to pattern from long after we are gone to that better land to which we are all fast passing away.

JAMES GALLERY.

FRIEND CULLEY—As you wish to know something of my early history, and experiences in Eaton county, I would say that I was born in Caledonia, Livingston county, N. Y., on the first day of June, 1817. My father and mother had a family of seven children, five sons and two daughters, of which I was the oldest. Father was considered skilled in two trades—one as a weaver, and the other a miller; and by industriously working at those trades he managed to support, and rear his family, until the fall of 1836, when he anticipated the advice of Horace Greeley, and "moved west."

We first landed at Detroit, but not admiring the surroundings there, we went back to Toledo; from there to Adrian, and finally about the first of November secured winter quarters near Clinton in Lenawee county. After getting the family properly settled, Father and I started out to look for government land, that we might secure a permanent home, and thereby reap the full benefit of our change of country. We were advised and directed to what was then known as the Grand river country, and on arriving near Jacksonburg (as it was then called), we met one A. F. Fitch, afterwards notorious as a railroad conspirator who then made a business of selecting and locating lands. With him we made an arrangement leaving the money to buy one-quarter section, which it was agreed should be good timbered land; which promise as far as the timber was concerned was well fulfilled, as I had reason

to think many a day while swinging the ax. Having made this arrangement, we returned home, and my brother John and I hired out to shovel and drive team on the mill dam and race, which was then being constructed for the Globe Mills at Tecumseh; and my brother William obtained employment at a clothing mill near the same place. This was our first winter in Michigan, and was a long, cold, and dreary one, waiting anxiously to hear where our land would be found, while living in a shanty with about twenty other coarse laborers and coarser fare. Finally late in the spring we received a duplicate for one-quarter section of Uncle Sam's domain, and which read the "southeast quarter of section twenty-nine, in town 2 north, of range 3 west," and was said to be about two miles from a place called Spicer's Mill. So, as soon as we could get the conditions all right Father and I started out again, and arrived at this place, now called Eaton Rapids, on the 17th day of August, 1837. The first blow had been struck here that summer, by the firm of Spicer, Hamlin & Darling, who had the year before built the saw-mill at what is now called Spicerville.

There were then three dwelling houses in the place—the dam across Spring brook was built but the water had not been raised. The grist-mill frame was up (a part of the present one) and partly inclosed. There was not a bridge across any stream here; no farms or cultivated ground, or hardly anything except the four little buildings to tell that civilization was trying to gain a foothold, and drive the poor Indians, who were continually paddling their canoes up and down the river, into the darker forests.

The families living here at that time I think were those of Amos Spicer, Benjamin Knight, and C. C. Darling, Samuel Hamlin then living at Spicerville. We met with a cordial welcome, and a hospitality which is common to new places, and all were ready to show us our land, which we found about one and one-half miles northwest of here, and after following the lines around it as well as we could, and being fully satisfied with it we returned home.

About the first of November we started with our household goods and a part of the family with one team. The family, consisting of Father, Patrick Gallery, John, the one next in age to me, and my sisters, Mary (now Mrs. D. B. Hamlin), and Jane who died in 1859, coming here, and my mother. The two youngest boys, George and Edward, returned to the state of New York, where they remained one year. My brother William remained at Tecumseh until about the middle of January, 1838, when he came here also. We arrived here in due time, and went into the house with Lawrence Howard and family, about a

mile west of this place on the town line. We remained there about a week while we cut logs and rolled up a shanty twelve by twenty-four feet and drew some whitewood boards from Spicerville for roof and floor. I remember building the door. With me then the sash and door business was in its infancy. Then I also built a chimney of stones, sticks, and clay; and although the workmanship would not be considered very ornamental now, I think we took as much comfort in that shanty as the average man enjoys anywhere.

At this time, November, 1837, I found here Amos Hamlin and family, who had erected a slab blacksmith shop, and was building a plank house as all the dwelling houses were then built. There may have been some other family in the village but I do not remember. My impression now is that there is but one man now living in the village that lived here then, being William Winn, and of women Mrs. Waldron, Mrs. Hamlin, and possibly Mrs. P. Conley. There are quite a number of the farmers around us now that were here then, but fearing that I would not enumerate them correctly I will not attempt to name them, and they will probably tell their own story. I will say, however, that John Montgomery had raised one crop of wheat, and of him we purchased twenty-five bushels, thinking it prudent to secure it when it could be found, and we had the money to buy. For this we paid one and one-quarter dollars per bushel. There were no grist-mills nearer than Jackson; but about the first of January, 1838, our mill was started, my father assisting. There was but one run of stone, commonly called rock; and they now lie between the mill and the river as relics of the past. That fall and winter I took my first lessons in felling the tall forest, and toward spring found the supplies getting low, and started south to look for work, which I found in drawing mudsills on the Palmyra and Jacksonburg railroad. The month of February of that year seemed to me the coldest I ever knew; but March warmed up beautifully, and on the last day of that month I planted potatoes at Tecumseh. About the middle of April I returned home and found our folks winding up on sugar making. They had about a half-barrel of syrup which they said would not grain; but I thought I could conquer it, and the result was "burnt," and only fit for vinegar. April and May were cold, rainy, and backward months, and it was tedious business to burn and clear off a patch for corn, potatoes, and all the other trash that was considered necessary to supply the wants of a family. But patience and perseverance are always rewarded, and our efforts were crowned with very satisfactory results. And now as the crops were coming up with astonishing rapidity, my brother John

and I started out to work in haying and harvest and were gone thirteen weeks. We received good wages, clothed ourselves well, and brought home a cow and some of the "wild cat" of the times, which had been considered as good as greenbacks now are; but were then getting shakey and we suffered some losses by it that year, and I think the year after.

During the summer the first store was built by Benjamin Knight, on the corner where the Anderson House now stands, and though small at first it was afterwards enlarged and an independent warehouse built and became a business house of large capital and business influence, always sound and healthy while under his control. In the winter of 1838–9 I ran the grist-mill in this place, boarding in the family of Benjamin Knight. This was my first residence in the village, and although our numbers were few, we felt the dignity and put on the airs of much larger places, as we had a name and a postoffice, and I think had been at this time set off in single townships. At first the county was divided into four townships, our quarter being called the town of Eaton. As harvest time approached my brother and I again went out where they had more money, again devoting about three months to harvesting and railroading; again clothing ourselves and bringing back some of the needful to pay taxes and such other purposes as only money would satisfy. From this time until August, 1840, I chopped, logged, split rails, and all kinds of general labor. During the latter part of 1840 the saw-mill race was dug and the saw-mill built; and about this time the first house was built north of Spring brook by William Frink, near where Mr. Jopp's house now stands.

About this time I came to the conclusion that clearing land was not the vocation that agreed with my tastes and inclination, although it did agree with my health much better than milling, at which I was considered a fair workman. So I concluded that I would start out to seek my fortune and make milling the business of my life, and not stop until I found a place that suited me with a prospect of a permanent place where I might build up a character as a first-class miller and qualify myself as a business man.

I left here on the last day of August, 1840, with five dollars in my pocket, not knowing where I would stop nor how far that would carry me. However, I brought up at Clinton, where there was a new flouring mill, one of the finest in the State. I crowded myself in (although they did not want help) on trial without any agreement about wages, and there I labored eight years and made it pay well.

I might here note a few of the events which transpired during the time I was absent, coming home once or twice each year. On the 17th of September, 1842, my mother died of asthmatic consumption. Her funeral was held on Monday, the 19th, at the school house in this village. At the same time and place, the funeral of John Bentley (whose history you gave some months ago), who died about the same time and of the same disease, and also the funeral of the child of a blacksmith, whose name I did not know. This was a very unusual circumstance, three funerals and three families of mourners under one sermon. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. W. Crane, the pioneer clergyman of this section, a very excellent man, whose ear was always open to the call of the distressed, and his words of wisdom and kindness comforting to the mourning soul. He was a man of education and a great historian. He delivered a course of six lectures here about ten years since, at the close of which the citizens, through the Rev. J. R. Stevenson, furnished him with a check for one hundred dollars. The people always heard him gladly. He has gone to his reward, and the call found him with the harness on, although very aged and infirm.

In the summer of 1843 our village took its first important stride to greatness. During this year the dam was built across Grand river and the race dug connecting and consolidating the river and Spring brook into one power, and an addition built on the north side of the grist-mill. I think there were added also two runs of Burr stones and a set of merchant bolts.

The two churches, Methodist and Congregational, were erected, although not finished inside until 1855. This year also I think Hamlin's hotel, now called the Mitchell house, was enlarged to its present proportions, on Main street. The north addition to the village was laid out, and I think that year the cabinet shop was erected at the head of the saw-mill race by Alanson Osborn, who carried on a very important business there while he lived, and it continued to be of great benefit to the place until it burned down in 1868. During these years we had two or three asheries which did a large business in black salts, pot and pearl ashes, and sometimes in saleratus. This was a very important interest to the farmers at that time, as almost everyone had ashes to sell after burning off a fallow; and although they would not often bring money they would always exchange for groceries and other necessaries.

In 1844 the carding shop was erected by the mill company and fully

equipped with all the necessary machinery for wool carding and cloth dressing. In the spring of 1845 my brother William rented it for one year, and in the spring of 1846 he and brother John purchased it, paying two thousand dollars for it. In the summer of 1846 the foundery was started by George W. Spencer and Benjamin O. Davis, using power from the carding shop to drive it for about two years.

In the spring of 1847, finding my health failing rapidly and knowing that the flouring business did not agree with me, I began to study the question of health in occupation and came to the conclusion that there was none better suited to my constitution than a foundery and I immediately bought out G. W. Spencer. I, however, could not easily get released from my position in the mill until one year later and rented my share of the shop to B. O. Davis for one year, during which time we put up a second building and put in a water wheel.

Those three shops were the first and only ones of the kind in the county for several years, and were of great importance in giving character and business to the place. But now how changed! Any manufacturing interest of less than one hundred thousand dollars capital and a dozen traveling canvassers is not worthy of notice.

The fall of 1847 was a season of peculiar and fatal sickness in our place; the disease was generally called brain fever. It carried off some six or seven of our most robust and substantial citizens, among whom were brother John and Alanson Osborn. I have always felt that our physicians did not understand the disease; however, that had great influence in giving us the character of a sickly place.

The first of June, 1848, I returned and took charge of the foundery without any experience in the business, since which time, however, I have learned considerable.

In November, 1848, I married Eliza M. Hamilton, of Salem, Washtenaw county, who was born in Madison county, N. Y., in March, 1830. We commenced housekeeping in the house now occupied by James Herrick, where we lived three years, and during that time our two eldest children, Alice M. and James H., were born. By this time I had erected the house where we now live, and since that time our family circle has been enlarged by the addition of three, Ida L., Kate E. and Arthur D., and by the mercies of a kind providence they are all spared to us, and we hope to be permitted to lean upon them in our declining years.

In the winter or spring of 1849 the Jackson and Lansing Plank Road company was chartered, and we as a community commenced our first struggle for a thoroughfare of a public character that would put

us in communication with the "rest of mankind." The first question was whether it should go through Mason or Eaton Rapids, or whether it would be better to take an air line and pass three or four miles east of here. This class of questions are always engineered in a way to get the most money out of the locality where they wish it to run. So in this case. Seven of our citizens gave a bond conditioned that in addition to taking a large amount of stock, if the road would pass through our village, we would donate the right-of-way for seven miles south of Eaton Rapids and grub and grade five miles of the road bed. This proposition was accepted and the pledge fulfilled, and in the following manner: The business men of our place to the number of seventeen, organized themselves into an association, agreeing to pay all assessments made upon them, necessary to complete the work, the assessment to be a uniform and equal percentage upon each man's valuation on the township assessment roll, and I being supervisor of the town of Eaton Rapids was made secretary, etc., of the association. And I find by referring to the record (which has escaped fire and flood and is still in my possession) that it cost us in addition to all donations by parties outside and along the line twelve hundred and thirty dollars, being seven and three-tenths per cent on our valuation. Of that association there are now living six, N. J. Seeley, B. F. Bailey, H. A. Shaw, Alanson Harwood, D. Stirling and James Gallery. In addition to this we took stock in the road, some large amounts, and all sufficient to feel it a burden; and it turned out to be utterly worthless as an investment. And what was still worse, it seemed a positive injury to the growth and business of our town. This seemed to be so from the fact that it was a good road for the farmer who could put fifty bushels of wheat on his wagon and take it to Jackson; and of course where he sold his wheat he would buy his goods, and return the same day. This seeming injury, however, I think was like casting bread upon the waters to return in after years; for unless the farmer flourished and grows in wealth and wants, and in ability and disposition to pay his debts, we have no use for a village here. And unless the agriculturalist, the tradesman and mechanic feel that they are necessary to and dependent on each other, there is no rational appreciation of the benefits of a division of labor, and of the social relation.

The only apparent benefit to the village, was a daily mail on four-horse coaches, with frequently twelve passengers inside, and ten on the roof. This condition of our advantages was then very satisfactory, because we were recognized as being on one of the main lines of

travel in the State, and we did not dream of ever enjoying the advantages of railroads here.

In the fall of the year 1852 I was elected to the office of county treasurer, and on the first of January, 1853, moved to Charlotte, and gave my personal attention to the duties of that office for two years, when I found that the honors of office, and a salary of five hundred dollars a year, without any opportunity to *steal*, did not compensate me for neglecting my business and carrying such political dead beats as chose to hitch themselves to my fortunes. But I may say here even at the risk of being charged with egotism that I am the only Democrat that the people of this county have ever entrusted with their funds. Now whether this was wise in the people I have grave doubt; but will leave them to decide that for themselves.

About 1854, there was another addition and expensive repairs made to the grist-mill by McIntosh & Garton. The east addition was purchased and laid out. Also, McIntosh & Frost's addition, and considerable general progress made in improvements.

In the year 1856 congress granted lands to aid in the construction of a railroad from Amboy on the south line of this State, by Lansing to Traverse bay, and it was made the duty of the State legislature to assign the rights and benefits to a proper and responsible company to carry out the conditions imposed. We immediately united with Albion, Homer, Litchfield, and Jonesville, in the organization of a company. Mason, Jackson, and others organized another company. Both companies presented their claims to the legislature, and after a long and bitter fight, our company came out victorious. Some of us took more stock in this company than we were worth in dollars; but it looked as well on the stock books as any other stock, and after getting everything safe we assigned to other parties such surplus as we thought we were unable to carry, and the work commenced, under what seemed reckless and extravagant management. It was decided to commence at Owosso and build to Lansing, which they finally succeeded in completing. The villages south of Lansing having no faith in the management would not allow their means to be expended, out of their own township except so far as they had given their notes and could not help themselves; and thus about forty thousand dollars was expended about and south of this place when the company failed. The war broke out, and here again we were slaughtered. However, there was enough confidence in the final success of the enterprise to organize a new company under the name of the Northern Central Michigan, take an assignment of the franchises south of Lansing, and have their acts

ratified and confirmed by the legislature, in which condition it remained eight or ten years, the directors paying their own expenses and hiring money on their own note to keep up the organization, although it was generally supposed to be dead. About the year 1865, the Grand River Valley road, which had been chartered in 1846, I think, was found to have life in it, and we were called upon to take stock in that, and responded to the amount of about eight thousand dollars only, and the town afterwards voted ten thousand more, and the road was completed to this place July 4, 1867, which was a great day and long to be remembered by our people. I presume most of our citizens thought that one railroad would do very well for this place. Others appreciating the advantages of competition watched and waited, and labored until 1871, when Hon. W. H. Brockway of Albion, to whom the management had been committed by the board of directors, made a conditional arrangement with the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern company, by which the old Ramshorn railroad, as it was called, could be completed.

And now we were called upon to make the grand and final effort. The conditions were a free gift of a large amount of money, the only return being the advantages of sharp competition in freights, and consequently a market surpassed by no place equidistant from tide water. And now for the second time many of us put in a large amount of money to secure the advantages that would accrue from this enterprise, and our people almost universally responded to the best of their ability—some even to serious embarrassment. But there were some, as I suppose there are in every community, who can never see any advantage in anything that does not give them a per cent as they go along and who never take stock in anything except their own supreme wisdom and selfishness. We raised in subscription notes about twenty-three thousand dollars, which was delivered to Mr. Brockway, who stepped into the breach and agreed to fulfill the conditions that we had assumed. And he informs me that he never realized more than three-fourths of that amount, which statement I have no doubt is true. To his persevering energy and determination we must award the credit of the final construction of the road.

Now with my experience on these subjects, I have come to the conclusion that well directed efforts and expenditures, to secure real benefits, either pecuniary or social, or moral, are never lost. If we had not sunk money in the old Ramshorn we would never have had a division of the Lake Shore road running through Eaton Rapids.

JOHNSON MONTGOMERY.

My first visit into the territory of Michigan was in the fall of 1826. I was then twenty years old. My brother John was with me. We came up the lake as far as Upper Sandusky; then we came the rest of the way by land, through the state of Ohio. The county was very new; many miles between houses. The roads were almost impassable for teams, but we being on foot would dodge into the woods and get along very well. While coming through the state of Ohio, near the Black swamp, we came to a very pretty chestnut tree (as we supposed) and under it we found some of the largest chestnuts we had ever seen. We did not stop to taste until we had filled our pockets; but when we did taste them we found they were not the kind we had been in the habit of eating; so we threw them away, reserving a few that we might learn what they were. So at the next place where we stopped we asked the man of the house what they were. He told us they were "horse chestnuts," or "buck-eyes." Since that time I have known him as "Old Buck-eye."

We came on to Toledo, where at that time were only a few buildings on either side of the river. We crossed the river in a small row boat kept for that purpose, and came on to Detroit. The country was very new and the roads very bad. No regular roads but they seemed to be made where they could get along the best. Where there were inhabitants they were mostly French. The most of them could speak English. I think we were a little over a day and a half going from Toledo to Detroit. The majority of the inhabitants in Detroit were French at that time. The place was not so large as Eaton Rapids is now. Tried to get work but could not. After looking around awhile we went back to Bennington, Genesee county, N. Y.

My next trip into the territory was in the fall of 1835. After looking around awhile, I bought two lots of land in Jackson county and left money with brother John to purchase two more lots wherever he might choose. He was then living in Washtenaw county, near Dexter. It so happened that he sold out that fall and in making a purchase on the plains he also purchased three lots for me.

In the fall of 1836 I started again for Michigan with my family, which consisted of my wife and three children. In the fall of 1836 we resolved to sunder all the ties and associations, to us so pleasant, in and about Ithaca, and hazzard the many privations and difficulties attending the pioneer life, "far west" in the State of Michigan. We started with two yoke of oxen, bringing the family and all our house-

hold goods in one wagon. At Buffalo we went on board a steamer. Nothing occurred of particular importance during our voyage to Detroit; but after leaving that place it was almost impossible for us to proceed, the roads were so badly cut up, so great was the tide of immigration to the west. In about five days we arrived at Dexter, having surmounted many difficulties. Here we were joined by brother Robert. After we left Dexter we found it very difficult to proceed, fording streams and wading mire-holes. While fording Portage river the wagon became fastened in the mire. Brother Robert went two miles to get a team to help draw the wagon out, and while he was gone I waded to my waist in mud and water and carried my wife and children and some of the goods to dry land. The water was so high that it ran into the wagon box and wet some of the goods. After brother Robert arrived with the team we fastened one end of a long pole to the wagon tongue and the other end to the teams on dry land and hauled it out of the mire.

As we proceeded westward we found it still more difficult, and as the country was very thinly settled, or rather was not settled at all, it became evident we would be obliged to camp out one night before reaching our place of destination. We accordingly procured a sufficient amount of provisions for such an event, and on the first night after we were mired darkness came upon us and we camped out. We were obliged to make ourselves as comfortable as we could with naught but the vast canopy of heaven for our shelter, exposed to the mercy of whatever wild beasts might be in the habit of frequenting those regions. But, thanks to kind providence, nothing was fitted to annoy us. We were obliged to turn the cattle loose at night to feed, and great was our disappointment in the morning to find they were missing and nowhere to be found about there; but by examining their tracks it was evident they had gone back. I immediately started to go in search of them, and after traveling as fast as possible fourteen miles, overtook them. The sun was not two hours high when I returned with them to the wagon. Brother John had heard we were on the way, and not far distant, and during my search for the cattle, had been to the camping ground and had very kindly taken my family and a portion of the goods and carried them to his house. This so lightened my load that I was able to proceed more rapidly and I arrived there at about eleven o'clock that night.

The next day I moved my family into a shanty about 10x14 feet, just vacated by Mr. Tolls. He had just moved out and gone down to assist Mr. Fifield and Mr. Turney in building a saw-mill, at the mouth

of Big Meadow brook. They got the saw-mill running along in the winter, so that I got lumber to help me about building my house in the spring, and also to build a door to the shanty, for we were obliged to hang up blankets in the place of a door, and to use greased paper in the place of window glass to let in a little light. This was the latter part of October. Although we felt this to be quite a severe introduction to pioneer life, still we were not disheartened, but looked hopefully forward for the days of better things. As soon as we were moved into the shanty I was obliged to go back through the mud and mire with the team to Dexter, to purchase provisions which were very scarce and difficult to obtain at any price. It is hardly necessary to go through a long detail of events connected with the hardships and discouragements of settling a new country. But briefly to say, it is hard enough, cutting roads, bridging mire-holes, prying cattle out of the mire, going sixty miles to mill, paying very high prices for provisions, sometimes going several miles to help a neighbor raise a building, and help in cleaning out our mill-pond, which we did with a very good will, expecting to reap the benefit of it at some future time, and which I did. For I got my wheat floured and took it to Troy, N. Y., several years where I received a reasonable price; for here we could get only forty-four cents per bushel, and not cash at that. Corn was about fifteen cents, buckwheat twelve and one-half cents, and pork two cents per pound. This was mostly in consequence of the falling off of immigration. The people had made improvements, and were raising a surplus and no home market. It is well known that in plowing up a new country the decaying of vegetable substances produce sickness, and but very few were fortunate enough to escape the fever and ague. We could generally tell how long a man had been in the State. The second year he was obliged to wear his best coat every day; and the third year he had to cut off his coat tail to mend the sleeves. It is often said with truth, that the first settlers wear themselves out to prepare the way for corporate bodies, speculators and loungers; and I begin to think it is true.

At this time we found ourselves in a new country without any school district or school house. So a few of us joined and built a small shanty and supported a school without any public aid. It was four or five years before we had a district organized and a school house built. Our school then was mostly supported by rate bill, with the aid of a very little public money, and having a large family it cost considerable. My children all received a good common school education. After a while we got a plank road. I took some stock

in that, thinking it would help Eaton Rapids, but we found it would not help us much. In a few years there came up an excitement about the Ramshorn road. That went just far enough to benefit a few and then died away. Two or three efforts were made to revive it again, and once it went so far that a considerable amount was subscribed. I was among those who subscribed. It gave employment to a few who liked good pay and easy work, and finally "flashed in the pan." After a while we got the Grand River Valley road. Being badly in debt at that time I did not take any stock in that. But that did not save me. A vote was taken to tax the people a large amount to help build the road. So I suppose I shall have to pay my part with the rest. Soon after this Mr. Frost discovered the artesian water. And that did not prove a saving element as was anticipated, for it was soon ascertained that a more commodious hotel was necessary for the entertainment of strangers. They got up a stock company calling the capital stock $25,000, and after the $25,000 was subscribed they raised the stock to $100,000, thereby destroying the value of the shares, so I with others lost the greater part of the stock we took.

I have had the pleasure and misfortune of living in Eaton Rapids the last thirty-nine years. I was the first man who commenced a dwelling house in town 2 north, of range 3 west. John E. Clarke commenced a house soon after and he got into his house a little first, I think in the winter; and in the spring I left the shanty and moved into my house on my place. That same spring the Spicers, Darling, and Hamlin commenced building, in what is now Eaton Rapids village. The towns of Hamlin and Eaton Rapids were then one town. In the spring of 1837 there was a town meeting held at Spicerville. There we organized a town and set the wheel of this great Republic in motion. We elected Wm. W. Craine for supervisor, and W. McQuean for town clerk, and Johnson Montgomery for justice of the peace.

When we first came into the State there were very few who had horse teams for several seasons. In breaking up, logging, and clearing a new farm, ox teams were better than horse teams. Another reason was there were but few who were able to keep horses, and the roads were so bad that it was unsafe to drive horse teams; they would mire down more than oxen. It was several years before we got the bad places safe for horses.

The first settlers in Michigan were mostly young people, just starting in life, and the most of them were poor, so they had almost a lifetime of trial before them before they could have the comforts of life.

About the time we came into the State there was a great deal said upon the subject of slavery, so of course the anti-slavery people had to have mass meetings and conventions, and the counties of Eaton and Ingham sent one representative to the State legislature. It made my house the most convenient place to hold conventions, it being near the line between the two counties, and there were quite a sprinkling of anti-slavery men in that vicinity. On such occasions we would always get up a free dinner, and have speakers from abroad and have a good time generally. Tables spread eight or ten rods long, and eight or ten roast pigs, some of them so large that they had to be quartered before baking. The anti-slavery folks would bring in, so that we would have as good a meal as can be got up now. Some of those who were not abolitionists, would help sometimes. If Jeff Davis, Yancey, and Breckenridge, and half a dozen others of the leading rebels of the south had been there to have faced those grinning pigs, it might have prevented the rebellion. But they did not come round.

For a few of the first years there were plenty of sand hill cranes. They were very tall, their heads would reach up to a man's shoulder. They were harmless and shy. I have not seen any in several years. As soon as the people began to have saloons and liquor shops, they left. They could not stand such civilization. In and through the providence of God I have been permitted to live to see sixty-nine years, thirty-nine of which have been spent in Michigan. I have lived to see Eaton Rapids a nice, flourishing town, made so by the laboring class of the community and the rich country surrounding it. It is improvement that makes a place, and not the change of property. My parents were of Scotch-Irish descent, from the northern part of Ireland. They emigrated to America in the year 1805. At that time they had one child, between one and two years old, John Montgomery. Their first place of residence was in Johnstown, Montgomery county, New York, the place of my birth, the first day of the year 1806. My wife, Elvira Dudley, was born in the town of Peru, Bennington county, Vermont, July 18, 1807. We were married November 9, 1830.

Johnson Montgomery, in summing up his recollections of the early days in Eaton county, gives the following political morsel:

This history seems to call for something in my political life. I have always been a very strong, anti-slavery man. Was one of the first in this country. Voted the first anti-slavery ticket that was cast in the county, and the only one that fall that I knew of. That ticket was cast for Roxwell B. Rexford, of Napoleon, for representative to congress,

in the year 1840. At that time there was no regular organized political anti-slavery party in the county. By the next election we had a well organized political party. You may ask how it happened that I voted an anti-slavery ticket before there was a party organized? The way it happened is this: We met in convention at Jackson as a society. We had been many years laboring as a society, but we accomplished but very little. In that convention we discussed the propriety of taking it into politics. But a vote of that convention showed a large majority to be opposed to making it a political question; but advised anti-slavery men to stand still, and not vote with any party. We found that the most of the abolitionist votes had a choice between the whig and democrat parties. As far as abolition was concerned the parties were equal, and there were other national measures with them important. At the convention before mentioned, we appointed a state committee.

They took the liberty to get up a ticket at a late hour; so in some places they were partially organized. The committee were not instructed to do anything of the kind. But I partially followed the instruction of the committee. I was nominated by the abolition party twice for representative to the State legislature; but with no expectation of being elected. We had to keep up an organization, so we stood up like "chickens at the dough," from year to year, and voted against the great sin of oppression. At first we had five or six votes in this town. We kept increasing in numbers from year to year until we got up as high as twelve or fifteen. We kept up our courage, and in a few years had the balance of power. Then the parties began to know us. "O, yes," say they, "We always knew that slavery was wrong." "We are opposed to its extension in the territories." That was said by the democratic party in the several northern states by instructing their representatives in congress to go against the further extension of slavery in the territories. The whig party claimed to be in favor of the non-extension of slavery in the territories, and the most of them were. But when we organized the republican party many of the "Old Hunker Gray whigs" went over to the democrats, for by that time the democratic party had turned a somersault, and come down flat on popular sovereignty. The union of the whig and anti-slavery parties, in convention, adopted the anti-slavery principles.

I have lived to see all those measures carried out, for which the party was organized. I voted the union ticket in the time of the war believing that it was no time to keep up a strict party organization. I voted for Lincoln both times, and for Grant the first time, and for

Greeley the last time of Grant's election. I voted for Greeley believing it would better harmonize the north and south, and time has proved I was right. The democrat and republican boys were enlisted together, companied together, suffering all the privations of camp life together, fighting together, and falling together, and many times dying together. Was not that enough to test their loyalty to the government? "Save the Union," was the only important measure. I could not give a loyal democrat boy a cold shoulder at that time. My principles became known, and unexpectedly to me I was nominated for representative to the State legislature by the union party; I received a very large majority in my own town but was defeated in the district by a very small vote.

A SCRAP OF POLITICAL HISTORY.

Captain J. W. Hickok, of Charlotte, one of the "old residenters" of Eaton county, has furnished the Leader with a little incident which we have heard him relate with no little pride for the prominent part he took. It was in the early days of the settlement of the county and he was then, as now, a staunch democrat. In distributing tickets to the several townships, the captain found it necessary to go on foot, a decidedly laborious task. At Eaton Rapids he called on Benjamin Knight, a justice of the peace. He stated his business to Mr. Knight, at the same time handing him a package of democractic tickets with a request that he endeavor to have as many voted on the day of election as possible. Mr. Knight took the tickets and threw them carelessly upon a shelf saying at the same time that he had a package of whig tickets that had been left there by other parties, but that he did not want his politics known and would not peddle tickets for anybody.

"Very well, sir," said Captain Hickok, "if you do not intend to use the tickets return them to me, please." The tickets were handed back and the captain started for Charlotte. After traveling two or three miles he became aware that he was followed and waited for his pursuer, who proved to be none other than the justice of the peace, to catch up, which he soon did. He had changed his mind and wanted the tickets. But Captain Hickok refused at first to let him have them. After a long argument, however, he relented and gave Mr. Knight some of the tickets, but the captain had been offended and was not easily consoled.

Having determined to get satisfaction for the brusque manner in which Mr. Knight had received him he acted accordingly. Being on

intimate terms with Hon. Isaac E. Crary, of Marshall, he soon after made that gentleman a visit. As a result, when the people of Eaton Rapids petitioned for the establishment of a postoffice soon after (which petition had to go through Mr. Crary's hands) their petition was never again heard from, and thus it was with petition after petition for two years, when Captain Hickok, in reply to a letter of inquiry from Mr. Crary, said he was satisfied, and so Eaton Rapids was given a postoffice, and Captain Hickok went over and related to Mr. Knight the facts herein set forth, that there should be no misunderstanding as to the cause of the numerous petitions remaining unnoticed.

THE FIRST COUNTY CONVENTION.

Mr. Robert M. Wheaton, of Chester, corrects the statement made by several writers, that the first county convention was held at the house of Jonathan Searles, in Eaton. Mr. Wheaton says the first convention was held in Chester, in the log house now standing near his residence which was occupied at the time by his brother, Levi Wheaton.

The legislative act organizing the county was passed in February, 1838, divided the county into three townships, Bellevue, Eaton Rapids and Vermontville. It provided that an election of county officers should be had on the first Monday of April following, the time of holding town meeting.

Soon after the act had passed a convention was called, and held as above stated and the following delegates composed the convention:

Bellevue—Dr. Samuel Clark, Charles T. Moffatt, Phineas Spaulding, Reuben Fitzgerald, Calvin Phelps.

Eaton Rapids—Amos Spicer, Benjamin Knight, Samuel Hamlin.

Vermontville—S. S. Church, D. S. Dickinson, W. S. Fairfield, Harvey Williams, Levi Wheaton, R. M. Wheaton.

A few delegates were in favor of holding a democratic convention, but the majority decided that as there were so few voters in the county it would be as well to have but one ticket. The following nominations were made:

Sheriff, Robert M. Wheaton.

Clerk, Caleb Woodbury.

Treasurer, Levi Wheaton.

Register, John T. Ellis.

Associate Judges, S. S. Church, Amos Spicer.

The vote was required to be canvassed "at the county seat." The canvassers were Reuben Fitzgerald, Calvin Phelps, Benjamin Knight, Christopher Darling, Wait J. Squires, and R. M. Wheaton. They

knew that the county seat had been located "on the prairie." But there was no house on the prairie at that time and none of the canvassers knew where "the stake" had been driven. So they met under a burr oak tree near what was afterwards called the "seminary" lot—that being near the center of the prairie—and there they canvassed the votes and declared the ticket given above unanimously elected. They then went to the house of Jonathan Searles and ate dinner, after spending most of the afternoon in discussing public affairs, the news respecting new comers, etc., and from thence dispersed to their homes.

The convention held at Mr. Searles' house was to nominate candidates for the election occurring in November.—*Charlotte Republican.*

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY REV. W. B. WILLIAMS.

[The following exceedingly interesting address by Rev. W. B. Williams at the annual meeting of the Eaton County Pioneer Society, we reproduce from the columns of the Charlotte Republican, August, 1885.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The annual pioneer meeting has for several years been held at a time when I could not attend, and when I was recently requested to prepare an address for it I was wholly at a loss to know what sort of an address would be expected on such an occasion. On making inquiry I was told that personal reminiscences would be in order. "But," I replied, "such an address would be abominably egotistical." "Never mind, that is what is wanted." "But I am a young man, my experience does not go far back." "Well, you are one of the oldest ministers in the county. You have been here nearly a third of a century." Well, I never suffered any hardships, I never had a fight with Indians. The secretary of our society in his circular tells us that "bear, wolf and snake stories and personal adventures by the early settlers are always interesting to listen to and instructive." I must confess I was never treed by a bear or a pack of wolves and obliged to spend the night sitting on a limb, and as to snake stories,

you all know I have always been a total abstinence man and have had no chance to see as many or as large snakes as some of you who have been less careful of what you drank. Then nothing seems to be a hardship to a boy so long as he escapes flogging and has enough to eat, and as for staying in a tree all night with a pack of wolves waiting for him to come down, it would be just fun for a boy. He would enjoy tantalizing them much as he would breaking the shell of a turtle or running a pitchfork through a snake to see him squirm. It is a question, too, how far back to begin these reminiscences, for things have changed east as well as west since I was a boy, and if I should dwell more than others have done upon church affairs, it must be excused upon the score that I am a clergyman.

My earliest recollection of churches runs back to the old Unitarian church in Brooklyn, Conn. The early New England towns were often built upon hills, and if the town was not upon a hill, the church was often set upon one even if it was outside the village. The church of which I speak stood upon the village green. Its sides were shingled instead of being covered with clapboards. The whipping post stood near the church but its only use in my day was as a bulletin board on which notices were posted. The audience room was nearly square, with a gallery on three sides. The singers sat in the gallery in front of the speaker. The pulpit was quite high and completely shut in, having a door with button on to fasten it.

Overhead was a large canopy or sounding board, thought necessary to throw the speaker's voice out into the room. Instead of such slips as we have now, the floor was covered with pews about eight feet square. The sides were of panel work, about three feet high, surmounted by a balustrade, making the whole four feet high, so that the appearance was of a multitude of little sheep pens. The floor of the outside or wall pews was raised a foot higher than the rest of the floor. The outside pews were reached by an aisle that ran all round the house next to them. Two other aisles crossed each other at right angles in the middle of the church. The seats in each pew were on two sides of it and were hung upon hinges, so that they could be turned up during prayer time, and the people stood leaning against the top rail behind them. When the prayer ended you would hear the seats slamming down with a loud report all over the house.

Until about sixty years ago there was no provision made for warming churches, but all the women had foot stoves, which were tin boxes about eight inches square with a door on one side and the top full of holes. These boxes were put in a wooden frame with slats across the

top and a bale or handle with which they could be carried. A small sheet iron cup had ashes put in the bottom with live coals thereon and these were also covered with ashes and the cup and contents were placed in the box. On these footstoves the ladies put their feet and thus equipped managed to keep them from freezing. The villagers always expected to have a fine bed of coals Sunday morning with which to fill the foot stoves. Meetings were always held morning and afternoon with an intermission of an hour in which the people could eat the lunch they brought with them and attend the Sabbath school.

There was another household utensil much in use then but out of date now, called the "warming pan." Bed rooms were always cold in winter, and so the beds were warmed for guests by means of a warming pan, which was of brass about the size of a small wash basin. It had a cover full of holes and a long handle. Live coals were put in the basin, the cover dropped, and then it was moved briskly back and forth in the bed until it was thoroughly warmed. I have heard that on one occasion some roguish maidens had a beau come to visit them, and as he came from a distance he spent the night. The ladies did not favor his suit. There were linen sheets on the bed that could be heated almost red hot and that bed was warmed most thoroughly up to the last minute. They stepped out the door as he came in. He undressed quickly and bounced into bed only to hop out again quicker than he got in, much to the amusement of the girls, who listened outside the door.

It is just fifty years ago since my parents caught the western fever. An uncle at Michigan City wrote glowing accounts of the west and urged removal, assuring us that if we came, we should soon have more oxen, sheep, and asses than Job ever dreamed of. Other uncles came to my father's from Massachusetts and Montreal. Their conferences lasted until the small hours of the night and it was finally decided to sell the old homestead that had been in the family for two hundred years and go west. My father was a farmer and was a judge of good soil so he was urged to go and select the land. He declined because he was not accustomed to traveling, and prevailed upon an uncle to go who was in business in Montreal. My father, after examining the maps, advised looking for a location near where Milwaukee now stands. Had that purchase been made my father might have been a millionaire and I a graceless scamp. But the uncle upon a bright morning in June found himself in northern Indiana, upon the low wet prairie through which Hog creek wends its sluggish way. The flowers were in full bloom, he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful,

and there he expended his last dollar. The plan was to build a mill. My father was to buy all farming implements, machinery, tools for carpenters, blacksmiths and shoemakers in New York city, while all mechanics and hired girls were to be brought from Montreal where labor was cheap.

Strange it seemed to my boyish fancy, and as I looked at the state of Indiana upon the map, I wondered if the sun shone there and the clouds looked just as they did in New England. It will be fifty years in May next since our goods were packed, the farewells spoken and we were all aboard the stage for Norwich, thence we took the steamer for New York, and another for Albany. We turned aside to visit friends near Cooperstown, N. Y., and then they brought us in large wagons to Fort Plain, where we took the canal packet for Buffalo. These boats made about six miles an hour day and night. This was the aristocratic mode of traveling in those days. That year there was an immense emigration westward and the boats were crowded. When night came the cabin floor was so covered with sleepers that it was almost impossible to walk across it. The bridges that spanned the canal were low and as the boat approached one the helmsman would call out "bridge," and if one did not stoop he would be knocked over. The saucy street Arabs would sometimes call out, "make your manners," and we had to obey.

At Buffalo we met others of our company and took a steamer for Detroit, which stopped at Dunkirk, Erie, Cleveland and other ports, and it was, I think, four days and nights before we landed in Detroit, which was a town of only about 5,000 inhabitants with few buildings between Jefferson avenue and the river. Here our party, twenty in number, hired teams to take us across the country to Michigan City. The mud in Detroit was so deep that one team mired in the street and the ladies had to be carried to the sidewalk. The road from Detroit was a continuous causeway until you were within three miles of Ypsilanti; an almost unbroken forest was on each side the road. Nearly all the houses were of logs, and almost all were taverns. It took us two or three days to reach Ypsilanti. The first night, two ladies who had babes, occupied the only bedroom and the rest of the party, numbering twenty with stage drivers and teamsters, slept in the chamber. To the young ladies of our party, fresh from New England, this seemed a little rough. The next night the landlord where we stopped told us that he had not room in the house for the whole party, but if the men would sleep on the hay in the barn he could make room in the house for the women. We agreed to it. In the

night, I, a restless boy, suddenly found myself going somewhere, and when fairly awake found I had rolled off the hay mow into a horse rack. At Ypsilanti the heavy rains had carried away the bridge and we crossed the river in a ferry boat and stayed at the old Hawkins house, which remained standing until about 1880. I think there were at that time only about a dozen houses in Ypsilanti.

In all this county of Eaton at that date, I believe there were not over half a dozen families. From Ypsilanti we went to Clinton, Jonesville and Coldwater. This was the first prairie we saw. There were a half dozen houses there and the prairie was covered with hazel brush. White Pigeon, the next prairie, was in all its beauty on a June morning when we reached it, and a fine sample of prairie.

On the 6th of June we reached our destination on Hog Prairie, sixteen miles south of Michigan City, and about two miles southeast of Haskell, on the Chicago & Grand Trunk railway. A new barn had been built for our accommodation. There were no partitions in it and no fastenings upon the doors. The lumber was unseasoned, the floor was of two-inch oak plank, the boards on the sides had shrunk so you could put a finger through every crack, and the roof instead of being shingled, was made of boards, with the cracks battened with siding. When the first shower came, we found the only dry spot was along under the ridge pole. Our first supper was cooked beside a green oak stump. Dry goods boxes formed our tables and pantries. We fastened the barn doors at night by bracing them with rails on the outside, and spreading our beds on the floor, were soothed to sleep by the croaking of frogs in the distant pond and the howling of wolves. Before another shower came we had the roof shingled and rough board partitions up, and in this we lived for nearly two years. There were three families in the barn and as the partitions were not very tight we often had quite a social time after retiring. In the winter the snow drifted in during the driving storms and occasionally as we got out of bed we stepped into a snow drift an inch or two deep. House cleaning was easy in those days. Six lights in a window were washed in half the time it takes to wash twelve. The unplaned woodwork rebelled against scrubbing, and, if the housekeeper swept across the planks the dirt disappeared down the cracks as she crossed the room. In this barn my youngest sister was born. As I passed the old building some years since and saw the straw sticking out the windows, I thought I would joke her about her humble birthplace when the thought flashed over me as never before, a far greater than she had a humbler birthplace than that.

The school house was of logs. The chimney of sticks plastered with mud filled one side. The floor was of puncheons or thick planks split out of oak logs and hewed so as to take the twist out of them. The desks were made by boring into the logs and driving long pine into them and on these pine boards were nailed after having been smoothed off as well as green boards could be with a plane. One log was cut out just above the desks and a row of window panes were put in to fill the space, thus we had one long window extending the whole length of the desk. The seats were made of green slabs with legs driven in that projected a half inch or inch above the upper surface. On these slabs the pupils hung day after day, for it was only when sitting upon the edge of the seat that they could touch the floor with their toes.

Sunday was a strange day. Nowhere could we hear the sound of the church going bell. My father made rude seats of boards resting on blocks under the wide spreading branches of an oak and here we gathered while my father read a sermon and prayers, interspersed with singing familiar hymns. When the weather was too cold to have the meetings out of doors we had them in the large kitchen, and whenever we could capture a minister of any denomination we gladly set him to preaching. Western sermons and prayers sounded strangely enough to those familiar only with the staid and proper worship of the Unitarian churches of New England.

Men would bawl at the top of their voices until they were hoarse, as if the Lord were deaf or they lived so far away from Him that they could only with difficulty make Him hear. Preachers would speak until they frothed at the mouth and were almost exhausted. I remember one good old man who came to preach in our school house on a rainy Sunday. There were just two men and two boys of us beside himself and he gave us a sermon two hours long by the watch. It was delivered with as much enthusiasm as if he had had an audience of a thousand people.

Schools were scarce and poor and much of my time for several years was spent in work upon the farm, in hunting, fishing and herding cattle. This outdoor life, much on horseback, while I was growing, developed a degree of health and strength that has been of the utmost value to me all through life. The population of Indiana was very much mixed. A few came from the state of New York and from New England, but very many were from Virginia, Kentucky, and Carolina, and their quaint speech and ways amused us greatly. They commended things as being "right smart." "Heap" was a favorite word.

One of the young men said, "mind I tell you, boys, there is a heap of water on the prairie." He did not refer to snow either. They thought it was a great disgrace for a man to "pail the cow." We had one neighbor who had seven sons but no daughter. All were men grown. When the mother was sick the cow went without milking until she got better, then you would see two sons keeping the cow in the fence corner while the mother milked. This was done in southern style. The woman with a pint cup and pail would squat beside the cow and with one hand milk into the cup until it was full and then pour it into the pail. If a man seated himself on a stool and began to milk with both hands he soon found out that the cow would not stand that sort of thing at all.

Several young physicians from Virginia, anxious to remove their families from the blighting influence of slavery, settled in La Porte. And this brings to mind the "underground railroad." Rev. John Cross lectured upon slavery through Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan, and thus found out who were abolitionists and established a line of stations about twelve or twenty miles apart, from Missouri to Detroit. Fugitive slaves were carried from one station to another in the night. My father's house was one post. Several nights I carried fugitives eighteen miles to the next station, passing through the village of La Porte, where there were many southerners who would gladly have made us trouble. Owen Lovejoy was about that time imprisoned in Bureau county, Ill., for giving a pair of shoes to a colored woman. I carried her eighteen miles on her way a few nights after. The next post to ours was kept by an old Scotch covenanter who used at family worship to sing the psalms of David just as they are written in the English Bible. If the verse was not long enough for the tune he would slur it until it reached the end of the tune, and if the verse was too long he would chant until he got it all in.

When in '65 I delivered the dedicatory address for the first school house ever built for colored people in the state of Georgia (the Storrs school at Atlanta), I could not help thinking how times had changed. Soon after our underground railroad was in operation the Clay-Ashburton treaty went into effect. This denied the right to search vessels and while designed to protect deserting sailors protected also fugitive slaves, so that when they could get on board a British propeller in Chicago, they were as safe from capture as if already in Canada. After that the track east of Chicago was abandoned.

At seventeen I was unexpectedly invited to teach school and I soon found I must have more education to make it a success. At Michigan

City was a pretty good select school. The principal was a retired clergyman, who also kept the light house. He was very willing to board me if I would take care of the light house for him, which I was quite ready to do. There was no harbor there then and the vessels would run in and drop anchor a half mile out and stretch a cable from ship to shore and the vessel was loaded by means of large scows or lighters. By working day and night we could usually load a vessel, and thus we boys could earn as dock-wollopers three dollars in twenty-four hours, which was more spending money than we could earn in any other way in the same time. About that time I heard of Oberlin and that poor young men could work their way through there, and that they could have instruction in vocal music gratuitously. These things led me to decide to go there for two years of study, for while my father had hundreds of acres of land, it was unfenced, untilled and unproductive, save of taxes. It was on the 27th day of March, 1844, before the days of railroads, that I left my father's house with twenty-four dollars in my pocket and in my satchel books, clothing and provisions for the journey of three hundred miles. The first night I staid with a friend in La Porte, the next with one in Mishawaka, and after that I was wholly among strangers. I struck the canal at Fort Wayne intending to ride on the boat at night and take the tow-path by day, but the water was not yet let into the canal and the boats were not running, so I took the tow-path. The canal was straight as a line for miles through an unbroken forest. It was one of the first pleasant days in spring, the sun came out extremely hot, and there was scarcely a breath of air stirring. The sticky clay hung to my feet in large lumps, I was forced to become a holder of real estate in that vicinity much against my will. In the far distance I could see the white of houses but I walked on hour after hour tormented with thirst without apparently getting any nearer the houses. Now and then I passed a dead hog floating in the sluggish water of the canal, but my thirst was finally so great I was glad to drink even the canal water. After I left the canal I always managed to reach a hotel after the supper hour and simply get my lodging, for which I paid a shilling. I ate my own provisions for breakfast and at about two o'clock would stop at a tavern and call for a "cold cut." Beef, pork, potatoes, bread and butter, and a piece of pie would be set on for which I paid a shilling and got the worth of my money every time. I reached Oberlin Saturday evening, April 6, having traveled three hundred and six miles and all but forty of them on foot. The first Sabbath was spent at the hotel, but funds were too low to think

of boarding there. My bedding was to be sent round from Michigan City to Cleveland by boat. On Monday I got a chance to work for a few weeks for a widow and in return for three hours' work, daily, she boarded me. I looked into her barn and found a fine mow of hay and at nine o'clock went down to the barn and crept into the hay and slept all night. She was a brisk, energetic woman and the next day she inquired into my plans and lent me a straw bed and quilts, my room mate had a pair of sheets so with the aid of a college bedstead we passed the next night very comfortably in our room. I was gone from home eight months and traveled six hundred miles and all the money I paid out was twenty-four dollars, of which twelve went for tuition.

In the winter of 1849 and 1850 I was engaged in a book agency in this State. In 1849 there was a great rush to California. Nearly every man had loaned all the money he could spare to a son, brother, nephew, or cousin to help him to go to California and the whole State seemed actually drained of money. I made only thirty dollars during the entire winter and lost a horse that cost me sixty dollars, so that I was thirty dollars out of pocket on my winter's work. I gained a great deal of valuable experience that winter, but not much money. It was in February of 1850 that I passed through Lansing. The forests were standing within gunshot of the capitol. I counted some two hundred buildings there and did not notice one beside the capitol that appeared to be finished. The small-pox broke out in town that winter and the legislature hastily adjourned and went home. From Lansing I went to Delta and spent the night and next day came straight south until I struck the State road that had just been cut out between Lansing and this place but had not yet been plowed or turnpiked. For ten miles there was not a house on the road. The snow fell about six inches deep the night before and during the day slowly melted so that the road was quite muddy. I reached Charlotte about sundown and called at the old Eagle hotel, standing where the Phœnix house now does, to enquire the road to Olivet. I think there could not have been more than twelve or fifteen houses here at that time and from the Sherwood house south to Shepherd's corners it was all open prairie on the east side of the street. Coming here when I did I thought it a dirty little place, and had not the slightest thought that it would ever be my home. I reached Olivet at ten o'clock at night and spent the Sabbath there. I was just beginning to try my hand at preaching and spoke in the chapel, since burned, which stood near where Mr. Ely's house does now. Not one of the present college buildings was in

use then. Colonial hall was up but unfinished. This was my first visit to Eaton county made more than thirty-five years ago and at that time there was not a single meeting house in the entire county. Three years later—in August, '53—as I came off the platform after delivering my graduating address, at Oberlin, Prof. E. N. Bartlett, of Olivet, came to me and said, "We have organized a Congregational church at Charlotte, the county seat of Eaton county. Mr. Hardy of Vermontville and I have been supplying them the past year and the church wanted I should try to get them a minister. Will you go up there? It is quite a small place now but is the county seat and it will be a large town sometime." I replied at once "I will go." So I came here and spent two Sabbaths in August and September, '53, and was invited to become pastor, which invitation I accepted, then went east, was married and spent several weeks in visiting friends in New York and New England, returning here in season to preach my first sermon as a minister in the old court house on New Year's day, 1854, from the words "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

At that time there was no meeting house of any kind within ten miles of here and there were only two in the county that were finished. The M. E. church in Bellevue was dedicated in the spring before I came here and the house of worship in Olivet was completed.

The Methodist and Congregational churches in Eaton Rapids had been commenced but were not finished until 1855. There are now in this county sixty-five meeting houses, of which the M. E. church has nineteen, the Congregationalists have eleven, the United Brethren nine, the Presbyterians, Baptists and Second Adventists have four each, the Protestant Methodists three, the Lutherans and Episcopalians two each, there are two Union churches and the Free Will Baptists, Universalists, Catholics, Dunkards and Free Methodists have one each. Fifteen denominations in the county have sixty-five houses of worship. We hope, however, that none of you will suppose that fifteen denominations is all that we have in the county for when the population of this village was only about 1,200 I could count up seventeen denominations that were represented here.

In 1854 there was not travel enough on Bostwick avenue to break the turf even. There was not a single brick building on Main street and there were several vacant lots in what are now our principal business blocks. The lot where Barber, Green & Co.'s store stands was sold to a cabinet maker named Roller for $75. He put up a little shanty by the front fence of the lot and put in a turning lathe and

thus began cabinet making. All the southwest part of the city south of the Lutheran church was Charles Brooks' wheat field.

Our meetings were held in the old court house. We alternated with the Methodists. We held meetings one Sunday morning and the next in the evening. I had one out-station at Hyde's mill in Kalamo, one at Hovey settlement in Benton and, after a time, at Dimondale. Sometimes I borrowed a horse but often went on foot. I remember a sultry Sabbath in June the roads were muddy and I had no time to go home for dinner but walked the twelve miles to Dimondale in the middle of the day without a morsel of anything to eat until I reached there. My salary that year, all told, was only $333. As my wife was receiving $400 a year as a teacher in the public schools of Buffalo before her marriage the prospect must have seemed quite flattering to her to have a husband who was receiving the munificent salary of $333. The first six months we lived in Widow Munson's upper chamber and the next six months in the north wing of Chas. Brooks' house, since burned. In the autumn we bought the place where we have lived ever since. The stumps on it were as thick as the trees were in the original forest. The charred logs in front were so thick a carriage could scarcely come within twenty rods of the gate. There was upon the lot a log stable, log cooper shop and a log house, into which we moved in midwinter. We had green beech wood for fuel and dug it out of the snow at that. Since that winter my wife has burned dry wood Our log cabin had two rooms below, one of which served as kitchen, the other as bed-room, parlor, dining-room and study.

When we had visitors to dinner we required them to take their seats upon the lounge and we set the table as close as possible to them and then spread it in their presence and they retained their seats until the table was cleared; there was no taking of seats or leaving them until the table was removed.

During the winter I engaged neighbor Hines to build a frame addition to our house. He was a hunter and killed forty deer that winter. Indeed one Sunday afternoon, as we looked out of our door we saw a couple of deer running along between our house and the village near where the cars now run. On Monday morning tracks of deer were seen crossing the public square.

The Congregational church when we came here had sixteen members scattered over a tract of country ten miles square and it was quite difficult for all to be at meeting. Sometimes we had a little church business to attend to and the church would be requested to remain after the audience was dismissed. As the people went out I used to

hope no one of them would look back to see how large the Congregational church was, but now and then one would cast a glance over his shoulder and would see Deacon Slocum and wife, Mrs. Blinn and myself. In the latter part of '55 we decided to try to build a house of worship and circulated a subscription paper for that purpose, and by hard work secured about $700. We also received $275 from a fund raised to aid Congregational churches in erecting houses of worship. The contract for building the church was let to Deacon Slocum and Samuel Arnold for $1,070, and our lot cost us $275. It taxed us almost as heavily to build that little church as it has since to build our thirty thousand dollar church. The old church was subsequently enlarged by cutting it in two and building in twenty-five feet, and is now owned by the Lutherans. Some of us were anxious to build on the lot where Mr. Kilborne's house now stands, but our country members out-voted us and put it on the lot it now occupies, urging as a reason that they wanted room for horse sheds. The lot was large but we could never coax a man to build a horse shed on it, and we suffered for years all the evils of a bad location, for all south of it was a wheat field. It was on one side of the town and there were no sidewalks or street lamps. No one at that time ever thought of its being desirable that Bostwick avenue should ever be extended further south. The out-of-the-way location interfered sadly with our evening congregations. I learned a lesson then that has been of great value to me ever since, namely, that it is of just as much importance that a church have a good stand for business as it is that a store or a hotel should have a good stand.

Our morning attendance was usually good, ranging, in fair weather, from one hundred to one hundred and fifteen, but a year or two later our Methodist friends built a church in the heart of the town where people lived, and frequently our evening audience would not number more than twenty or twenty-five. For several years we had only one or two male members living within a mile of the church, and our prayer meetings were very small. On one occasion only Henry Arnold and myself were present and the thought came over me, if Brother Arnold gets discouraged and falls off our prayer meeting is gone, for we must have two at least to have a meeting. As we sat in the darkness I said to him, "This looks discouraging, Brother Arnold, but the time will come when you will see a large Congregational church here. I shall of course be elsewhere, but you, a gray haired man, will rise in the large prayer meeting and tell the people how you and your old

minister used to come and hold prayer meetings in the dark in the old church." I never expected, however, to be here myself to see that day.

Some of the time I was not only pastor, but sexton, chorister, Sabbath school superintendent and teacher and had to collect my own salary besides and pay for the oil to light the church. The highest salary I ever received here was eight hundred dollars, and that was during the high prices of the war. At the end of the year there was usually a deficiency in the salary of from ten to fifty dollars, and there was no way in which it could be adjusted so quickly and with so little hard feeling as by "jumping accounts." I found, however, that the men who furnished me firewood and groceries were not in the habit of jumping their accounts, but wanted the last dollar that was due them.

The discouragements to religious work in that day were not a few. The business men in town were almost wholly indifferent to religious things. I often thought and said that there was not enough religious interest among them to embrace spiritualism even. It seemed for many years as though every Christian that came into the town was a Methodist or of some other denomination than ours, while every one who died or moved away was a Congregationalist. Among the early workers in the Congregational church, removed by death, were William Wilson, Mrs. Blinn and daughter Nancy, Mrs. Henry Arnold, Dr. Stowell, and Henry Stebbins, not one of whom could well be spared.

There were times when for a little while almost utter discouragement would settle down upon me. After going home full of enthusiasm over my morning audience I would come to the evening service and find only twenty or twenty-five persons present and it seemed as though all my friends had deserted me.

More than once after putting out the lights I have walked down the middle of Bostwick avenue in the darkness, swinging my fists and saying, I will leave here, I will not stay here any longer, but before I had passed over the half mile to my home I would cool off and find myself still swinging my fists and saying with clenched teeth, "I'll never give up. I'll stay here just as long as I can fling a stone." Although at noon I went home quite exultant, I usually went to bed Sunday evening in a very humble frame of mind.

One evening after attending our little prayer meeting and locking the church I went home by way of the postoffice and Main street and as I looked in at the brightly lighted windows and saw the merchants selling goods and chatting with their customers, the question arose in my mind, are not these the wise men of Charlotte and am not I the

fool? They are working for something substantial and tangible, and am not I engaged in the pursuit of that which is wholly visionary? They were as poor young men when they came here as I was, now they own these stores and goods. Why could not I make money as well as they? Why not quit preaching and go to making money as they have done? Thus I walked on with eyes downcast until I had nearly reached my gate (how often we get into the dark by looking down instead of up), when I chanced to look up and saw the full-orbed moon rolling above me in splendor and beauty and the thought flashed upon me how she had been for untold ages measuring off the months and years upon the vast dial plate of the heavens, and I said, I know that there is a God. I know that when a few more years have passed my neighbors and I must bid adieu to earth. They will then leave these farms and stores behind. In that day I shall be as rich as they. I will still preach the gospel.

Many associations both pleasant and sad cluster around old basswood meeting house. Some who were present at its dedication will remember the peculiar tenderness and pathos with which the preacher, Rev. Edward Taylor, speaking of the brevity of human life, said: "With some of you the sun has already reached it meridian; with others it is fast descending in the western sky; with some it is almost sundown, almost sundown, almost sundown." And within ninety days three that were in that small audience, in the full tide of health and hope, were sleeping within the grave, Mrs. Myron H. Crafts, Dr. Stowell and Henry Stebbins, and but a few months later the beloved wife of Henry Arnold. You cannot realize the sadness of heart with which the little church gathered in the sanctuary for these funerals.

But not all the associations are of this kind. Some border on the ludicrous. On one occasion I had prepared and had given notice of a sermon to young men. The evening came and there were present Dea. Slocum, Bro. Blood and about twenty young women; but that sermon was advertised and was delivered according to notice. A few months later I gave notice of a special sermon and said very gravely I hoped I should see all the gray headed men and women present. As I expected, the young people were out in full force, and I had, as I thought, such a sermon as they needed to hear.

At another time I gave notice of a temperance sermon on a certain evening and had a full house. As I began my address I mentioned the fact that not long before I was in a neighboring town and a lady said to me, "What sort of a man is Mr. X. of Charlotte?" I did not wish to say anything against our young men and so evaded her ques-

tion, when she said very artlessly, "The reason I asked is, he is visiting a young lady here, and the other day when he came to see her he was taken ill quite suddenly and it was evident he had taken too much liquor." Whether that young man had laid awake nights in consequence of that visit I did not know, but I did not like to be asked such questions about the young men of Charlotte. By this time the audience were all on the *qui vive* to know who it was, and I had the closest attention to the end. I spoke a full hour and was so thoroughly roused that I never slept a wink that night. Many efforts were made to find out who that young man was, but I never heard any one even so much as surmise the right one. From the number of valentines I received not long after I concluded that several were hit. Some of the senders are living in town today, but I can assure them that they need not have confessed judgment for it was altogether another man.

One dark, sultry evening the audience consisted of fifteen or twenty young people in the back part of the house while Deacon Slocum sat in his accustomed seat at the right of the pulpit. The good deacon was overcome by the heat and dropped asleep. Soon his head fell back and he began to snore, and the young folks—I think our future congressman was one of them—began to titter, and I began to preach with unusual vehemence. It would not do. At every pause I made the deacon put in the loudest kind of a snore. Matters were getting desperate and I saw that there would soon be a perfect outburst of laughter, in which I was in danger of joining myself. So I turned suddenly to the deacon and said most sternly, "Brother Slocum, Brother Slocum!" "Ah," said he. "You are disturbing the meeting." The young folks thought that if I went for a deacon in that way there would be no mercy for them, and they straightened out their faces and there was no more snoring or laughing in meeting that evening.

The old church at that time stood on oak blocks or posts some eighteen or twenty inches high, and one rainy Sunday in autumn a young rooster went under the church for shelter and just as I began my sermon his shrill voice rang out cock-a-doodle-doo, and will you believe it that rooster kept it up every few minutes all through the sermon. If he had stayed at home and crowed on his own dung hill no one would ever have thought of laughing at it, but coming in so unexpectedly in the midst of the sermon it was superlatively ridiculous. I never knew what became of him, but he spoiled that sermon and I am sure if he got his deserts he went to pot before Christmas. Of course such interruptions were not to be tolerated, so before another

Sunday we had some heavy planks spiked on to keep all such intruders out. My sentiment was well expressed by General Grant, "Let us have peace."

You will scarcely believe it, but in those days swine roamed at their own sweet will through the streets of Charlotte, and before I knew it several had formed a partnership and worked one of the planks off and made a nest of leaves and shavings under the middle of the church. The first I knew of their presence was after I had begun my sermon on a bitter cold night in midwinter. There evidently were not bedclothes enough for all, and if hogs ever swear those hogs surely did that night, else I don't understand their language. Such aggravating snarling, growling, biting and squealing I never heard. But what could I do about it? I thought of sending a deacon to drive them out but knew that if I did I should soon hear him under there crying out "whee, whee." That would be altogether too much for us, and if he once got them out I must keep him there till meeting was out or they would be back again. So I abandoned that plan and went through my sermon as best I could, fully persuaded that when the evil spirits of olden time entered into the swine they were not all drowned in the depths of the sea.

But deer and swine no longer roam our streets. Log cabins have given place to frame dwellings. Pullman cars run where trundled the lumbering stage coach. The thirty thousand dollar church has supplanted the thousand dollar basswood meeting house, and the seven hundred dollar court house has abdicated in favor of the seventy thousand dollar temple of justice. Sixty-five churches stand where thirty-five years ago there was not one. Candles have given way to gas. Beautiful flag stones furnish safe footing for the pedestrians. Shoe-blacks give strangers no chance to shake the dust off their feet against us. Beautiful lawns border the streets so lately usurped by Mayweed and thistles, and the beardless boys of 1850 are the gray haired business men of today.

But I have alreavy detained you too long, and if to any of you this address seems intolerably egotistical I will say to you as Gould Brown is reported to have said to the church when they called him to account for marrying outside the denomination, "I won't do so again."

EARLY HISTORY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF DAVISON.

BY GOODENOUGH TOWNSEND.

The new township of Davison was in the limit of land obtained of the Indians by the treaty at Detroit in 1807. In the first year of the war with England in 1812, an act was passed by congress requiring that two million acres of land in each of the territories of Michigan, Illinois, and Louisiana—in all six million acres—should be surveyed and set apart as a military tract, and of which each soldier serving in the armies of the United States in the war with England, should be entitled to receive one hundred and sixty acres of land fit for cultivation. The surveyor general in his report dated November 13, 1815, gave such discouraging and dismal accounts of the country, that congress on April 29, 1816, repealed so much of the act of 1812, authorizing the soldier's land in Michigan, and providing in lieu thereof a survey and location of land in Missouri.

A few years after a publisher of a geography—I think it was Woodbridge—described Michigan on the report of that survey: "That after you get a few miles back from Detroit the land is low, swampy, marshy, and wet, with some barren sandy openings; destitute of vegetation; and that the country is fit for nothing but savages and wild beasts."

There is a vast difference between that description and the fine farms, fruitful fields, beautiful villages and splendid cities now located on that same territory.

The first land entered in Davision was by James Hosie, from Essex, N. Y., on Nov. 14, 1835, and consisted of the northeast quarter and the east half of the northwest quarter of section twenty; also the west half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-one. In the year 1836 all the land in the township was taken except a few forties and a few eighties in and around the big swamp. Thomas L. L. Brent, of Virginia, was the first, and on March 16, 1836, he entered the northeast quarter of section eighteen.

Of the one hundred and thirteen different individuals who purchased land in the township prior to 1837 only fifteen of them became actual settlers on the land they purchased. Francis G. Macy was the largest purchaser. He bought the whole of sections nineteen and thirty-two, and he and John McDonald the whole of section seventeen, and he also purchased more or less land on eighteen other sections. Amon W. Langdon and Oliver E. Maltby purchased land on nine different sections.

The first improvements made in the town was in the fall of 1836, by Alson and Andrew V. Seelye. They cleared off a small piece on their purchase on section thirty-three, and sowed it with wheat, and in the following March they, with their sister Debby, made a permanent settlement on their land.

In June following Christopher Miller, with his wife and sons Jacob, John C. and Jeremiah, came from Chautauqua, N. Y., settled on land they had purchased on sections twenty-six and thirty-five. Aaron B. Adams settled about the same time on section twenty-six.

In September Abel Seelye, Sr., accompanied by his wife, Abigal, and children, Abel Jr., Abner, and Aaron L. S., from Charlton, N. Y., and settled on section thirty-three.

Ira Potter, a native of Vermont, in 1834 came from Rochester, N. Y., where he had been for some time engaged in mill business, to Knapp Mills, on Black river, twenty-two miles from Port Huron, and went into the lumber trade. In 1836 he moved to Flint and soon after to the Kearsley mill in the township of Genesee, and in August, 1836, purchased of the government the largest part of section one, now in the township of Davison.

In Sept., 1837, Mr. Potter, with his son Ira W., Samuel Johnson, James Wood and Roswell Pettingill, started from the mill in Genesee with the purpose of opening a road to, and commencing an improvement on his purchase, ten or twelve miles distant. They were over three days in accomplishing the journey. Nearly half the way was through an unbroken wilderness. They arrived on the spot at noon and before dark had erected the walls of a log house, twelve by fourteen feet inside; Wood and Pettingill starting on their return home about 3 p. m. Mr. Potter, with his wife, Clarissa, and children, Robert E., Ira W., James A., Mary E. and Frances, moved onto the land in January, 1838, becoming the first settlers in the north half of town 7 north, of range 8 east, now Davison. In the fall of 1839, town 7 north, of range 8 east, the north half attached to Richfield, and the south half to Atlas, contained the following settlers:

Ira Potter and family, on section one; Jacob Teachout on five; Samuel Crandell and Samuel Johnson on eleven; Harrison G. Conger on fourteen; Goodenough Townsend on twenty-two; Justin Sheldon on thirty; Abelino Babcock on thirty-one; Abel Seelye and family on thirty-three; Christopher and John C. Miller and Aaron C. Adams on twenty-six.

Atlas was organized in 1836, containing town 6 north, of range 8 east, and the south half of town 7 north, of range 8 east. Richfield was organized in 1837, containing the north half of town 7 north, of range 8 east; town 8 north, range 8 east, and town 9 north, range 8 east.

In the fall of 1839 a petition was circulated to have town 7 north, range 8 east, set off and organized into a separate township by the name of Middlebury. The petition was sent to James Sanborn, representative from Lapeer county. Nothing was heard from Mr. Sanborn or the petition. The first of March G. Townsend wrote Dr. Dunham, representative of Monroe county, with whom he was well acquainted—having taught school in his neighborhood for several years. Dr. Dunham returned answer, saying that he had seen Mr. Sanborn and that he had been sick most of the time and not able to attend to business, and that if Mr. Sanborn was not able to attend to our petition he would. Time passed and nothing was heard from our petition. The Wednesday before town meeting, which was held the 6th of April, the whigs of Atlas held a caucus and nominated their ticket. A union caucus was called for Friday, and the voters in the south half of town 7 north, range 8 east, were notified and earnestly requested to attend, and several of them were nominated for one or more offices. The next day, Saturday, Paul G. Davison mounted his horse—such animals were scarce in this vicinity in those days—and notified every voter in town 7 north, range 8 east, that the act had passed to organize their township. The voters gathered at the place designated on April 6, 1840, when the act to organize the town was read, as follows:

"Be it enacted, by the senate and house of representatives of the State of Michigan, that all that portion of the county of Lapeer designated by the United States survey as township number seven (7) north of range number eight (8) east be and is hereby set off and organized into a separate township by the name of Davison, and the first township meeting therein shall be held at the house of Goodenough Townsend, in said township."

A nomination of candidates for office was made as follows:

For Supervisor—Goodenough Townsend.

For Township Clerk—Jacob Teachout.

Treasurer—Justin Sheldon.

Collector—Abel Seelye, Jr.

Assessors—Jacob Teachout, Robert E. Potter, Alson Seelye.

School Inspectors—Goodenough Townsend, Jacob Teachout, Robert E. Potter.

Directors of the Poor—Justin Sheldon, Abel Seelye.

Highway Commissioners—Abelino Babcock, Goodenough Townsend, Harrison G. Conger.

Justices of the Peace—Goodenough Townsend, Jacob Teachout, Abel Seelye, Justin Sheldon.

Constables—Ira W. Potter, Abel Seelye, Jr.

Pound Master—Samuel Crandell.

Overseers of Highway—Harrison G. Conger, Jacob Teachout, Justin Sheldon, John C. Miller, Abel Seelye, Jr.

The ticket was elected without a dissenting vote.

The township of Davison, prior to its settlement by the whites, was an Indian hunting ground traversed by three, and perhaps more, trails. The main trail from Compenaconaic to Neppessing crossed the Kearsley creek below where the Atlas mills now stand. A short distance east the trail branched, one going through the north part of Atlas to an Indian cornfield and burying ground, which was mostly on section one, in Atlas. The trail then took a north northeast course in Davison, between the swamp and Lake Hasler to Neppessing. The other trail took a northerly course along the highland, northeast of the Kearsley creek to some springs on section twenty-two, where the Indians had a camping ground, which had been used from time immemorial. A little east of north of the springs was an old burying ground; traces of graves could be seen at the time of the first settlement; and a little to the south of west was another burying ground, traces of which can be seen at the present time.

After the missionaries went among the Indians they would camp by these springs and hold their evening and morning devotions there, sending up their songs of praise and prayer to the giver of all blessings. Here the trail forked, one going along the highland, west of the big swamp and around Potter's lake, probably to Neppessing; the other took a northerly course to Flint river.

A considerable portion of the north and west part of the township is level, undulating enough for good drainage. The timber was maple, beech, some oak with elm, bass and ash, with some small tamarack

swamps. A considerable portion of the south and east rises generally to nearly or quite to an altitude of one hundred feet and then descends gradually to the big swamp. The timber was mostly oak and maple with some hickory, black walnut, butternut, beech, bass, elm, ash, and ironwood, with small clumps of pine on sections 14, 27 and 34.

A vast tamarack swamp, comprising parts of sections 1, 12, 13, 14, 23, 24, 25, 26 and 35, extends from the town line south to Potter's lake, comprises hundreds of acres. On the borders of which are some elm, soft maple and ash. Potter's lake, on section 1, and Hasler lake, on section 36, are mostly in this town. The Kearsley and Black creeks are the main water courses. The Kearsley enters the town near the southwest corner of section 33, takes a northeasterly course until it reaches section 34, then north to the quarter post on the west side of section 22, then northwest and leaves the town on the northwest quarter of section 7. Black creek takes its rise from Potter's lake, runs north into Richfield, forms a half circle and enters Davison on the northeast quarter of section 2, thence southwest and enters the Kearsley on section 7. Along the Kearsley are a number of springs which are impregnated with iron. On the west half of the northwest quarter of section 21 was a deer lick, which has been drained and filled up; the water was and is quite brakish.

There was some dissatisfaction in regard to the name of the township, but it soon died out. At the State election in the following fall, held two days according to law, one day at Abel Seelye's and the other at Harrison G. Conger's, there were but fourteen votes polled.

The township of Davison, as well as the greater portion of the State, was settled in rather unpropitious times. In 1833 the president of the United States removed the public deposits from the Bank of the United States and deposited them in banks of the several states, which were nicknamed "pet banks," and they were allowed to issue bills upon the deposits; and in 1836 he issued the specie circular, requiring that all purchasers of government lands must be paid in specie. The legislature of Michigan in 1837, passed a general banking law, whereby ten or more persons could organize themselves into a corporation for the transaction of banking business.

The following spring and summer a financial crash came and the banks all over the country suspended specie payment. The crisis led the governor to convene the legislature in extra session in June. They remodeled the banking laws so that any number of persons, by signing an agreement to that effect, might go into a general banking business, with the privilege of issuing two and one-half times more

bills than the capital invested, which was thirty per cent in specie, some of which was only certificates for specie and seventy per cent in mortgage bond on real estate without any improvement and valued at ten to twenty times their original cost from the government. The State was flooded with money; much of it soon became valueless, and the best of it was so uncertain that a passage could not be procured down the lake in 1838 or '39 with Michigan money. In 1840 a laboring man could not get but a bushel of wheat a day in haying and a bushel and a half in harvesting in this vicinity—worth in Pontiac, the nearest market, thirty or forty or more miles distant, but five shillings per bushel. Those were hard times, very depressing on farmers and laborers, and thousands failed and hundreds left the State.

Hard and oppressive as the times were they were not as hard and ruinous as the present license law is—licensing respectable hotels and dens of iniquity and gilded saloons that "leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind," which not only ruins many of the lovers of strong drink financially but body and soul. It fills our prisons, our houses of correction, our asylums, our reform schools, our poor houses and our jails; makes women mourn and children wail; taxes the sober and industrious persons to support the institutions, and allures young men and boys to ruin and destruction.

The times continued hard. The summer of 1841 the crops were good. The following winter was mild, with very little snow, and the spring opened pleasant and warm. Some corn and other crops were put in during April. May was warm and everything was growing finely. The first of June there was a heavy rain, the wind shifted into the north and it grew cold fast, and on the morning of the sixth there was a heavy frost; in a few days it rained again, and on the morning of the twelfth there was another hard frost. Plowed ground froze hard enough each time to bear a person. Spring crops, I think without an exception, were killed, as was also the wheat sowed on new unplowed ground, and the wheat on plowed ground was badly injured. Timothy was entirely killed, as were the leaves on trees. Desolation reigned supreme. The leaves soon started anew, and potatoes were planted, and some oats and roots were sown, but no one ventured to plant corn. The balance of summer and fall was tolerably warm and pleasant until the 11th of November, when winter set in in earnest and very few had fodder to any amount and cutting trees to browse cattle became the business of the winter. The weather was cold and snowy until the last of January, when there was a thaw, which settled the snow in the woods and where the clearings were large enough

there could be seen some bare spots. In a day or two there fell quite a quantity of snow, and from that time until the 3d of April it did not thaw enough to make the eaves run. There was two feet of snow in the woods the last of March, and the last day of March and the first day of April there fell fully a foot of snow so that on town meeting day, the 3d of April, the snow was three feet deep. It began to thaw that day so that snow balling could be indulged in, and ten days later the snow all disappeared without any rain, and the streams were higher than they have ever been since.

The scattered condition of the inhabitants and the length of time it took to realize anything from the highway tax, they were obliged to underbrush roads through the woods and around the swamps and cat-holes to get an outlet to mill and market and to their neighbors—everybody in town were neighbors in those days. Atlas had laid out a few roads in the south part of the town. One, known as the Irish road, from the south town line, half way through the town; another, known as the Ridge road, making a zigzag course and following very nearly the Indian trail and reaching the north line of section 22 somewhere between thirty and eighty rods from the northwest corner, very little of it remaining.

Highways were soon laid out, and as fast as the non-resident highway money was received it was expended in chopping out and building causeways along the laid out road. More than two hundred rods were built between the center and where the station now is, and quite a considerable more on the Irish road, and more or less was built all over town, and jouncing and jarring and shaking up could be indulged in.

Deer and wolves were plenty and bear occasionally made their presence known by stealing a pig. In May, 1841, two Indians brought to the writer, in birch bark baskets, seven young wolves, on which there was a bounty of four dollars each. I, according to law, associated with me H. G. Conger, overseer of highways, and gave them a certificate amounting to twenty-eight dollars. Between then and the time the wolves left I gave certificates for nine full grown wolf scalps at eight dollars each. At this late date I am not sure that any other person gave a certificate. In February, 1844, the wolves gathered in council on an underbrushed road running east from Mr. Thurston's, who lived in a house that stood where Hon. E. W. Rising now resides. There had been a light snow the day before the gathering, which was about thirty rods distant from Mr. Thurston's house, and he said that such barking, yelping, howling and wailing could not be imagined.

Next morning I visited the spot and found the snow covered with blood and hair for rods quite thickly. During the wolves' pow-wow Thurston's people blew horns, rang cow bells, slammed planks, and did everything possible to scare the brutes away, without avail. When they got through howling, fighting and biting each other they took a northeast course and there has never been a wolf seen in this section since. The Indians and deer left about the same time.

It has often been asked how it came about that the west tier of the townships of Lapeer county was detached from that county and attached to Genesee county. Two men that had been to Lapeer on business on their return talked the matter over with regard to the location and business relation of this tier of townships. They concluded that every settler had come in by the way of Stony Run, Grand Blanc, Flint, or Genesee, and in that direction they were opening up their outlets, and their business and political relations centered in that direction, and that they of rights ought to belong to Genesee county. On their return the matter was talked over and it was proposed to get up a petition to that effect, and men readily volunteered to circulate it, and every man in the tier of towns signed it save one. It was given to Daniel B. Wakefield, of Grand Blanc, representative from Genesee county. A new difficulty then presented itself. These towns were decidedly whig and Genesee county was democratic. By adding these towns Genesee would doubtless be whig. Mr. Wakefield called a meeting of the leading democrats at Flint and they talked the matter over. Mr. Wakefield argued in favor and said he believed if they were attached, and he was running for office, he would get a good vote from those townships. They told him to go ahead. The act to attach them to Genesee county was passed by the legislature and approved by the Governor March 9, 1843, to go into effect the 30th day of the same month. Lapeer was not satisfied.

The next year they got up a petition to have this tier of townships set back to Lapeer county. A meeting of delegates from each township was called to meet at Jud Tucker's in Richfield. Each town was fully represented. Daniel Dayton was chosen chairman and G. Townsend secretary. Resolutions were passed against being set back to Lapeer county, and that remonstrances be circulated in each township against the move, and these remonstrances, with a copy of the last poll list from each township, be sent to the legislature. That ended the matter.

The township settled slowly. In 1844 there were but forty-one

resident tax payers in town, and two or three of them were on land they did not own. They were as follows:

Ira W. Potter, sections 1-2; John C. Miller, 26; Robert E. Potter, 1; Jeremiah Miller, 32; Clark Potter, 1; Ira Cobb, 22; Eleazer Thurston, 10; S. M. Fisk, 34; Samuel Crandell, 11; Silas S. Kitchen, 27; Samuel Johnson, 11; Iddo H. Carley, 26-35; Samuel J. Ashley, 11; Hart W. Cummings, 36; Harrison G. Conger, 14; Abram Hotchkiss, 15; Daniel Dayton, 36; Abner Hotchkiss, 15; Abelino Babcock, 31; Abel Seelye, Sr., 3-15-26; John Casler, 26; Elias Bush, 22; David Casler, 30; G. Townsend, 22; John Austin, 31-32; T. O. Townsend, 23; Robert Knowles, 33; Christopher Miller, 26-35; Justin Sheldon, 30; James A. Kline, 20; William Thomas, 31; Calvin Cartwright, 20; Thomas Parks, 6; Alson Seelye, 33; Henry Hastings, 6; William Sheldon, 30; Jacob Teachout, 5; ——— Churchill, 5; William Phillips, 5; ——— Davis, 5; Almeron Perry, 20.

Of these six are still living in town and are over seventy-five years old: Samuel J. Ashley, William Thomas, Robert Knowles, Elias Bush, Hart W. Cummings and G. Townsend.

There are two more living, H. G. Conger of Burton, this county, and Daniel Dayton of Minnesota, who is over ninety years old. The rest are either dead or gone to parts unknown.

The first person married that had commenced improvements in town was H. G. Conger to Deniza Seelye, of Genesee, on December 29, 1839. The next was Robert E. Potter and Abigail Clark, of Richfield, January 5, 1840. On the 20th of November, 1840, the following was published in the Northern Advocate, printed at Flint by W. A. Marrison:

"Married—In Genesee, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. James McAllister, G. Townsend, Esq., of Davison, and Miss Mary A., daughter of Reuben Fish, Esq., of the former place. The receipt of a liberal share of wedding cake is gratefully acknowledged and the motto which it bore ('Old Tip') gives assurance that the ascendency of the whig party will be perpetuated. Our best wishes for their happiness."

Alson Seelye and Lorenza Wicker, and Seth J. Wicker, of Groveland, and Debby Seelye were married, I think, in 1842. Ira W. Potter was married soon after to Abigail Troop, of Genesee.

The first marriage in which both parties resided in town was Abel Seelye, Jr., and Eliza Townsend, Daniel Dayton, Esq., officiating, on August 28, 1845.

The first child born in town was a daughter to S. M. Fisk and wife. The next was a son to R. E. Potter and wife, born October 12, 1840.

The next that I have any correct knowledge of was a daughter to G. Townsend and wife, born February 27, 1842.

The first death in town was that of Andrew Jesse Seelye, April 6, 1839. The tombstone says he died April 6, 1838. He was in his 23d or 24th year.

Ira Potter died September 29, 1839, aged 47 years.

Christopher Miller died February 22, 1858, aged 79 years. His wife died July 22, 1872, aged 82 years.

Alson Seelye died March 9, 1862, in the 50th year of his age, and his wife died March 15, 1887, in her 71st year.

Abel Seelye, Sr., died in 1863, aged 81 years. His wife died in 1861, aged 75 years.

Silas S. Kitchen died March 16, 1890, aged 70 years. Mrs. Elizabeth Kitchen died April 4, 1875.

Ira T. Potter, the first male child born in town, died April 27, 1886, aged 42 years, 6 months and 12 days.

Robert Edson Potter died September 24, 1886, aged 70 years, 1 month and 6 days. His first wife died July 28, 1857.

Ira W. Potter died April 26, 1890, in his 73d year.

Calvin Cartwright died January 15, 1891, aged 71 years.

Thomas O. Townsend died February 16, 1891, aged 71 years.

Mrs. Debby Harger, she that was Debby Seelye, died April 4, 1891, in her 83d year.

Mrs. Goodenough Townsend died April 15, 1891, aged 72 years, 1 month and 22 days.

These are all that I have been able to obtain the date of the death and ages of those that were here prior to 1844.

Jacob Teachout moved to Richfield in 1847 and died a few years after.

The following is a list of those who came here soon after 1844 and lived to a good old age:

Matthew Walker died February 16, 1872, aged 103 years, 5 months and 8 days. He was a remarkable man; firm in convictions of right, a strong Presbyterian, temperate in his habits, never drank anything that would intoxicate nor used tobacco in any form. His knowledge of scripture was remarkable. He could quote verse after verse and chapter after chapter. He began to fail physically soon after he was one hundred years old, but he clung to his Bible and died with it by his side.

David Hollenbeck died December 6, 1886, aged 89 years and 7 months.

William Hoyle died July 16, 1886, aged 70 years and 6 months.

Matthew McCormack died July 13, 1889, aged 76 years and 27 days.

Henry Long died March 12, 1890, aged 78 years and 1 month. His wife died May 6, 1887, in her 63d year.

Lorenzo Adams died August 9, 1890, aged 84 years.

Miles Washburn died December 16, 1890, aged 77 years.

William H. Smith died March 1, 1891, aged 52 years.

Henry Wackerly died July 21, 1891, aged 77 years, and his wife, Christina, died August 15, 1891, aged 59 years.

Nathaniel Cole died August 10, 1891, aged 66 years.

Joseph Fenner died October 15, 1891, aged 84 years.

Charles W. Henderson died September 6, 1891, aged 56 years.

Walter W. Worden died December 8, 1891, in his 87th year.

Iddo H. Carley, Daniel Eastwood, Seth J. Wicker, Stewart McCollum, Nicholas Clapsaddle, and William G. Merrit were early settlers, but I have no date of their death or ages.

Soon after the republican party organized in this State a whig caucus was called at the Townsend school house. When it was organized a motion was made to change it to a republican caucus, and it was carried, and every whig save three and many democrats joined the party, and the town has been decidedly republican since. Other questions besides those brought forward by the republican and democrat parties are being looked into, such as prohibition, woman suffrage, trusts, syndicates, foreign emigration, educational qualifications, etc. The town, according to its population, responded nobly to the call for troops. The following list of names show those that went from the town of Davison, from 1861 to 1865, save perhaps one or two:

Ed Carley, Hiram H. Clapsaddle, Robert Knowles, Palmer Hoyle, Israel Hill, Monroe Wooley, Sylvester Haynes, William Clapsaddle, Thomas Sidington, Lester S. McAllister, Milton Goodenough, Hamilton S. Wilder, Nelson N. Welsh, Phineas H. Flint, John Flint, Horatio Flint, Lyman E. Hill, Charles W. Long, John F. Cartwright, Adoniram S. Conger, Moses Cooledge, William Miller, John Ray, James Warner, John Warner, William Warner, George Van Volkenburg, Harris Marsh, Warren Justin, Henry Hackett, Benjamin Badgley, Judd Hewitt, George Tharrett, Charles Johnson, Merrit Johnson, Christopher Wagner, William Hurd, John Reigle, Henry Gidley, Lafayette Hathaway, Nicholas Fenner, Hezekiah Pierce, Cornelius Fenner, Samuel Watson, Gilbert Hackett, Elias Parkhurst, George Welch, John Ivery, Sandford McTaggart, Andrew J. Seelye, Eugene Phelps, Oscar B. Moss, James E. Howe, Calvis Wakefield, ——— May-

hone, Hiram Applebee, Josiah P. Hackett, Alexander Campbell, Allen Campbell, George Campbell, James Campbell, Jonathan Coomer, James W. Benjamin, John Rump, Harrison Haynes, Henry Hardee, Thomas Baxter, Lafayette McCollam, William McCollam, Henry Wightman, Robert Dickenson. Total, seventy-three.

The first legislature after the admission of the State in 1837–8 passed acts to build three railroads—the Central, the Southern and the Northern.

The Northern was surveyed through town 7 north, of range 8 east, now Davison, in the fall of 1838, and in the following winter the timber was felled and nothing further was done. Several years after the legislature passed an act to convert it into the Northern wagon road, and an appropriation was granted to clear it out and build several bridges, etc.

In 1858 or '59 the legislature passed an act to incorporate the Port Huron and Lake Michigan railroad. It was soon surveyed through this town, but the capital was not sufficient and improvement was slow.

On January 18, 1866, a special town meeting was held to tax or bond the town to aid in the construction of the road. There is no record of the number of votes polled or the amount voted on.

The conditions were not complied with by the road and the bonus was not called for. In the latter part of the summer and fall of 1871 hundreds of old pine trees were brought and buried in the swamp at the head of Potter lake, and late in the fall the first passenger train ran over the road. The road changed owners and the name was changed to the Chicago and Port Huron, and another change has named it the Chicago and Grand Trunk, and it is one of the best equipped roads in the State.

There was but little business done in town, aside from farming, until the railroad went through. S. J. Wicker kept a few dry goods and groceries and opened a tavern. Several tried the business but soon gave it up. A. J. S. Seelye started an ashery and opened a store in the south part of town and did quite a business. S. J. Wicker opened a store at the center and did considerable business until the station started.

The first postoffice in town was established under Taylor and Filmore's administration. G. Townsend was the first postmaster. He was followed by S. J. Wicker, Sr., G. W. Griffin, A. B. Scott and S. J. Wicker, Jr., who held the office some time after an office was established at the station.

The east half of the northeast quarter of section nine and the northwest quarter of section ten was bought by Rising, Hyatt, and McQuigg, and the village of Davison Station was laid out in 1871. C. B. Uptegraff had built a house and blacksmith shop before it was laid out. The first building after it was laid out was the hotel barn; the next was a store building occupied as a boarding house until the hotel was completed. The first merchant was Damon Stewart, in the building now occupied by J. Jacobus. The first physician was Dr. Hanson. The first drug store was owned by Hanson & Caswell. The first postmaster was Dr. Hanson. Hyatt and McQuigg took but little interest in building up the village and left Hon. E. W. Rising, with no capital, to boom the village; which he has done to the best of his ability and means. Therefore the settlement and improvement were slow. In 1880 there were but one hundred and sixty-five inhabitants in the village, but in 1890 there were five hundred and eighty-two, which has increased considerable since.

There was last year one shop for wagon and other wood repairing and three blacksmith shops, doing a business of over $3,000. Mrs. R. J. Groves, Mrs. J. H. Tyler, and Miss C. T. Treadwell have millinery stores doing a business of $2,400 a year. R. J. Groves' furniture and undertaking business amounts to $4,400. There are five general and two hardware stores. A. E. Hurd has been in business the longest and combines drugs with general merchandise. J. Jacobus, Haynes Bros., L. Gifford & Co., Coöperative Association, James H. Baxter, manager; I. T. Hurd & Co., Wm. H. Foote & Co., hardware dealers; are doing a business of over $122,000. Thomas Dugan a short time ago opened a drug store and says he is doing a fair business. Harris & Co. have opened a dry goods store. Charles L. Worden has recently opened with boots, shoes, and general groceries. There are two physicians, L. J. Locy, M. D., and J. F. Rumer, M. D., who look after the health of the people. There have been two hotels and two saloons the past year, the Davison House kept by Tho. J. Dumanois, and the Commercial House by E. A. Quigley. The latter is doing a business of about $4,000 a year. The business done by the other house I have been unable to learn. A. B. Cullens & Co shipped from this point the past year $65,000 worth of live stock and $23,000 worth of wool. The Wolverine Carriage Factory, incorporated with a paid up capital of $12,000, is doing a business of $50,000. The Davison Manufacturing Company have done the past year a business of $7,500, and calculate to increase it the coming year. The Uptegraff Bros. have done a business in brick and tile, of $5,000. The elevator since the first of

August last, has done a business of $81,000. Armstrong & Austin built a fine creamery last spring and from June first to March first made 113,083 pounds of gilt-edged creamery butter; also bought from November first to March first 20,191 pounds of poultry; from August first to March first purchased 18,631 dozen eggs. C. W. Long & Co. furnished about 30,000 berry plants, which were set out in this vicinity last spring, and also built an evaporator capable of drying one hundred and fifty bushels of fruit per day. There is one roller process flour mill, the New Era, built and owned by E. W. Rising, capable of grinding two and one-half barrels per hour besides coarse grain. There are two saw-mills, one owned by Geo. Hills, the other by S. & John Gillies. There has been brought here of lumber, or timber to be sawed or shipped to Port Huron over 1,300,000 feet. The Davison Banking Co. is doing a business of between $500,000 and $600,000 a year. The total amount of money received at the Davison postoffice the past year was $1,117.61. C. W. Long and others have shipped from here 12,000 bushels of potatoes and 10,000 bushels of apples. John Alexander has a harness shop and is doing a fair business. John U. Smith has a book store and bazaar. A. Seeley keeps the citizens' hair trimmed and their faces close shaved. J. M. Smyth and A. W. Hills keep our watches and clocks in good repair. L. G. Adams and J. D. Light own the meat markets. The Ladies' Library contains between 500 and 600 volumes of books. The school house is a two story brick building, containing three rooms—more room is very much needed. There are three churches—Free Will Baptist, Methodist Episcopal and Free Methodist, capable of seating over 1,000 persons. There are several halls where the different societies meet, but none large enough to accommodate a large gathering. The residences, with exceptions, are good—a few elegant. An abundant supply of flowing water is obtained of good quality, by boring or drilling to a depth of from thirty to eighty feet. Last, though not least, we have as good a home paper as any town of its size in the State. There has been pressed in this vicinity a large quantity of hay, which has been or is being brought to this village for shipment.

Since writing the foregoing, E. W. Rising has died. He had begun the building of two more brick blocks on Main street, which will probably be finished by next fall. Also the Davison House has been swept away by fire. I understand Will Howe, the owner intends to erect a three story brick hotel on the ground. Also that a boot and shoe store has been started here, the McBartney Brothers proprietors thereof.

SOME LENAWEE COUNTY HISTORY.

BY JUDGE NORMAN GEDDES.

[Paper read at the County Officers' Reunion at Putman's Grove, Sand Lake, September, 1892.]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I have been asked to say something about the early settlement and the early settlers of the neighborhood in which we are met today and comply the more willingly because it takes me back to the time when, as a boy, I knew nearly all the people residing in the neighborhood of the lake.

Coming as I did into this then wilderness, a mere boy, fifty-seven years ago this very month, and here spending my boyhood and early manhood, this, to me, is classic ground. This lake, still beautiful, then seemed like a gem, encased in a setting of the rarest beauty. Upon the surrounding lands were large oaks, standing isolated from each other as in a park, planted by a skilled landscape gardener. The forest fires which every year swept over the oak openings, burned up the fallen timber, kept back the growth of all underbrush and removed everything that could obstruct the view or passage, leaving the surface very like a well kept lawn. The wild deer, of which there were great numbers, could be seen as far as the eye could reach and one could ride or drive over these lands in almost any direction he chose. In fact there were no roads of any account with two exceptions. In 1825 the United States government had caused to be surveyed and laid out a military road from Detroit to Chicago. This road, afterwards called the Chicago turnpike, runs through the northern part of this county near the north shore of the lake.

Twelve years later, in 1833, the government caused to be surveyed and laid out the La Plaisance Bay turnpike, starting at Monroe and intersecting the Chicago road at what is familiarly known as the Junction, some five miles west of where we are met today. Both these roads were constructed before Michigan was admitted into the Union as a State and it was owing to their being located as they were that

the lands through southern Michigan bordering upon, or in proximity to these great highways, were settled at the time they were.

In 1833 my father (I think within one week after the survey of the La Plaisance Bay or Monroe turnpike, as it is oftener named) purchased from the government the farm, a part of which is now owned by Mr. Edgar Hubbard, a little over one mile south and west of this lake.

It was upon this farm that I spent my boyhood and upon which my father, mother and brother lived and died. To me the old farm was marvelously attractive so long as the log house—built by my father in 1835 and one of the best and most comfortable I have ever seen—was permitted to remain, but when that was torn down to give place to the more elegant and commodious farm house which has been erected in its place, it has never seemed like home and has had very little attractiveness for me.

But, beautiful as was this lake region at its early settlement, my recollection of some of its early settlers, the mere mention of whose names justify, as it seems to me, my claim that this is classic ground, has a far more roseate hue.

Of those early settlers, who ever deserve to be held in grateful remembrance, I have only time to name Rev. Henry Tripp, Rev. Wm. N. Lyster, James King, Benjamin Workman, Deacon Giles Hubbard, Major Philo Mills, Leander Kimball, N. S. Wheeler, Abram Butterfield, Isaac Powers, John Brears, William and Joseph Camburn, Isaac and James Miller, Thomas, John and Samuel Pawson, Andrew and Benjamin Ayers, Samuel, Paul, James and William Geddes, John Monaghan and John Stephenson, all of whom, having acted well their part here, have crossed the dark river.

Among those I have named there were four men, living upon the southern shore of this lake, for whom I conceived a very great admiration—an admiration that has increased rather than diminished with my advancing years—and it is more particularly of these men that I shall speak.

The earliest of these settlers was the Rev. Henry Tripp, an Englishman by birth and a minister of the Baptist church. In early life he had been a sailor and was for a time in the naval service of the United States, serving under Commodore Decatur in the war with Tripoli, and was afterwards a missionary in Jamaica. But in 1831, when all this part of the county was a wilderness, when the territories of Michigan and Wisconsin combined contained only 32,000 inhabitants or a little more than half of what Lenawee county alone now has, he

located the land upon which Dr. Lyster's cottage now stands, built him a log house, and with his estimable wife, one of the most refined and cultured women I have ever known, lived here for many years. He raised a large family, of whom his two sons, Doctors Joseph Tripp, of Adrian, and John Tripp, of Franklin, are honored and well known citizens of the county. He told me that when he came in sight of this lake and its surrounding hills he felt that he had found what was for him the promised land, the most beautiful spot he had ever seen, and made haste to secure for himself and family a home on its southern border.

As illustrative of the hardships incident to the settlement of a new country he told me this story: Needing flour and corn meal, having neither wheat nor corn, he started from home with a yoke of steers hitched to a sled, expecting to purchase wheat and corn in Clinton, but finding none for sale there went to Tecumseh, but was unable to obtain anything there, and went thence to the valley in Raisin, where he succeeded in purchasing five bushels of wheat and seven bushels of corn from Darius Comstock, which he took to what was formerly called the Red Mill in Adrian. There he found people from Coldwater, from Jonesville, and other parts of the State waiting to have their grinding done, each having to take his turn. He waited in this mill three days and nights, living upon cakes which he himself mixed and baked upon the stove in the mill, before he could get his grinding done and start for home, where he arrived after just a week's absence, his family meanwhile not knowing what had become of him, whether he had been killed by the Indians or had met with some fatal accident. Time will not allow me to say more of this good old man.

The Rev. William N. Lyster, an Irishman by birth and a clergyman of the Episcopal church, was in personal appearance and in his general make-up the very opposite of Elder Tripp. Delicately formed, brought up in luxury and wealth, he was educated for the ministry in one of the colleges of the old world and was for a time rector of Christ church in Detroit and of the church at Tecumseh. But, like Elder Tripp, he became fascinated with the beauty of Sand lake and its surroundings, purchased and at one time owned nearly all the land around the lake.

The early settlers will recollect him. His Utopian schemes for improvement, his log fence to surround his entire land—commenced but never finished—his rope fence, his French cart without springs, upon which he jolted about the country, preaching in the log farm and school houses. With culture, education and ability, fitting him for

what is termed the best society in any country, he was in his manner and in all his life as unpretentious and simple as a child. While he could have occupied a prominent pulpit and received a large salary in a city, he preferred the simple, unostentatious life that he led here to that of any other in the world. His sermons were models of persuasive eloquence and his reading of the Episcopal service as impressive as it was faultless.

James King was an Englishman, a graduate of one of the famous universities of that country. Becoming fascinated with the lake, he purchased from the government in 1835 (a part of the farm now owned by Mr. Jesse Penticost), and built a log house, upon an eminence commanding a magnificent view. He was a man of fine presence, of culture and learning, and had mingled with the best society in his native England, and in knowledge of poetry, literature and art, had no peer in all this region. But in that most useful of all arts and acquirements, especially for a man, with a wife and children dependent upon him, the art of making a living on a new farm, in a new country he was a failure. His accomplished wife, reared as she had been in luxury and wealth, knew absolutely nothing of domestic life, or of its requirements, especially as the wife of a farmer. Spending, as she did, much of her time in her boat upon the lake, sketching its lovely bank and surroundings, she doubtless drank in lessons which her more practical sisters would have been incapable of receiving. But, while feeding her soul with visions of beauty and deriving pleasure from the study of nature, the children became ragged and Mr. King was finally compelled to abandon what he had designed to make an ideal home. I have been informed that he subsequently obtained an appointment as a professor in a Canadian college and became prosperous under different circumstances and in a calling for which he was better fitted.

The last of this group of whom I shall speak was Dr. Benjamin Workman. He, too, was an industrious, a thoroughly educated man, having had the advantage in early life of the best schools of his own country and of England. Like Elder Tripp, Rev. Lyster and Mr. King, he had become infatuated with the beauty of the lake and in 1835 settled upon its shores.

Although a thorough classical and scientific scholar, and blessed with a magnificent physique, he, too, found himself at fault trying to make a living in an occupation for which he had never been trained. But such a man could not well hide himself, even in the then wilds of the lake region, and it was not long before the proprietors of the Constitutionalist (the first whig paper ever published in this county) sought

him out and employed him as editor. I was too young to know about his success as an editor and cannot state how long he remained in that position, but from the fact that I have been wholly unable to find a single copy of the paper I infer that it was short-lived. He afterwards taught school in Tecumseh and at Springville, and among the most delightful memories I have of school life is that of attending his school. But like Mr. King he found it difficult to make a living upon a farm and after a struggle of a few years removed to Canada, where he engaged in the drug business and became prosperous, and was finally appointed medical superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, at Toronto. Some eighteen years ago I spent two delightful days with him at the asylum. He was then a hale old man of eighty, with a clear and vivid recollection of his life at the lake, and of his old neighbors and friends. He soon after resigned his position in the asylum and died at Uxbridge, in Canada, at the age of 85, honored and esteemed by all who knew him. It would be with me a labor of love to speak of these men and of the early settlement and settlers here more at length, did time permit. In giving prominence to the names of these men it has been far from my purpose to ignore or disparage any of the other early settlers of this county, many of whom deserve to be held in honorable remembrance so long as courage, enterprise, strict integrity and faithful discharge of the duties of citizenship shall be regarded among the virtues. But I have selected from the names of those early settlers these, first, because it is impracticable to speak of all, but mainly because I knew these men at a time when education and culture above and higher than that afforded by our own common schools was rarely met with in the country. A graduate of a college was regarded quite differently then and now, and my boyish imagination invested them with a sort of halo which, as I have already said, advancing years has tended to increase rather than diminish.

May their names and deeds ever be cherished as having been the pioneers in discovery of one of the most attractive and beautiful lakes of this great State of Michigan.

BY A. L. MILLARD, ESQ., OF ADRIAN.

[Paper read at the County Officers' Reunion, September, 1892.]

FELLOW CITIZENS AND FELLOW MEMBERS OF THIS ASSOCIATION OF COUNTY OFFICERS AND SUPERVISORS OF THE COUNTY, PRESENT AND PAST—I am happy to meet you here on this pleasant reunion occasion,

and to address you as "fellow members," for I may be allowed to boast that at one time I was a county officer of this county. For several years, and by the favor of two successive governors of the State, and by commission from them, I held the high office of circuit court commissioner. This was many years since under the old constitution, when these officers were appointed by the governor and before the office became elective as it is now. I take satisfaction and pride as any one might, in numbering myself among such a body of men as the county officers of this county from the organization of the county to the present time. I have been among you for over fifty years, coming here as a resident in early manhood, in 1841, and having been engaged in the practice of my profession here ever since; and being thereby in constant and intimate relations with the county officers, I have had good opportunity of knowing them, their character and habits, and their ability, and I feel no hesitation in saying that no county can boast a better class of men—more intelligent, upright, and honorable, and faithful in the discharge of their official duties, during all this period, than the county of Lenawee. During all this half century, so far as I can recollect (and I believe my recollection is not at fault), there has not been a single instance of defalcation or official misconduct on the part of any one of this long list and numerous body of office holders; at least none where such a charge was established. I doubt if many counties can make so good a showing as that, confident that none can make a better, and I cannot recall more than one instance in which there has been such a charge or suspicion against any one.

I have been requested to occupy a few moments on this occasion with historic reminiscences and with pleasure I comply.

The general facts of our history as a county, and of our chief city, are well known. Its organization as a county in 1826, under an act of the legislative council of the territory of Michigan—being then detached from Monroe county, of which it had previously formed a part. The county seat then being established at Tecumseh, and so continued until 1838, when after a severe contest between the towns it was moved to Adrian (then the village of Adrian), which had the advantage of being near the center of the county, while Tecumseh was far to the northeast of that center—the location and erection of a court house and jail soon thereafter on a lot on the east side of Clinton street, the burning of the court house, evidently the work of an incendiary, and with it the records of the county clerk's office in 1852,

leaving the county without any court house for many years and until the erection of the present one in 1884, being thus without a court house for about thirty years, the courts being held in the meantime in different halls and temporary places, but being succeeded at last by the present commodious and goodly edifice, an ornament to the city and a credit to the county.

Adrian though an inland town in a new region which was in a large measure surrounded by its primeval forests even at that early day had its railroad and thereby communication with navigable waters to Lake Erie and the outside world. The Erie and Kalamazoo railroad running from Adrian to Toledo (then Port Lawrence), and now being a part of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad. This was a rare distinction, as at the time of its construction (under a charter granted by the legislative council of the territory in 1833), it was the first and only railroad either in Michigan or Ohio, or any state or territory west of New York. It was a pioneer road, run by horse power from the time it commenced running in 1836 until June 1838, after which it was run by steam. The track ran down through Railroad street, and its depot then being near the site of the present court house and continuing there until 1849 when the Michigan Southern railroad company acquired the same by a perpetual lease and connected it with its own road. The work on the Erie and Kalamazoo railroad was projected and carried through by private enterprise without aid from the government, by a few enterprising and far-seeing men at Port Lawrence and Adrian, among the latter being Darius Comstock, Addison J. Comstock, Geo. Crane (the father of our respected Adrian fellow citizen, Calvin Crane), Dr. Caleb N. Ormsby, E. C. Winter and Joseph Gibbon and it proved a success and of great value to the new settlements in the country.

I will devote the few minutes of my time more particularly to some personal reminiscences and matters that have fallen under my own observation during the time I have been here. My associations have been of course more particularly with the courts and the officers connected with the courts. It will be a pleasant reminiscence for me, and I trust not without interest to those who hear me to whom many of the names will be familiar, just to recall the names of those who, during these fifty years have held and discharged the duties of these offices.

When I came here in 1841 we had in addition to the circuit court, a county court. This was subsequently abolished. Alex. R. Tiffany was the judge of probate at that time and afterwards of the county

court, and at one time prosecutor, a worthy man and valuable public officer. Joseph H. Cleveland was sheriff, Wm. R. Powers county clerk and Daniel Hicks, Jr., register of deeds. Since 1852 (not to go back more than forty years) these offices have been filled by the following named individuals, most of the names being familiar to those of us who have lived here during that time:

County Clerk—John Miller, William Kingsley, A. L. Bliss, Leander Kimball, Geo. W. Westerman, Henry C. Conkling, Wm. L. Church, Thos. M. Hunter, David A. Bixby, Geo. W. Fleming, and Ira Waterman.

Sheriff—Joseph R. Bennett, Geo. W. Ketcham, Flavius J. Hough, Sylvester B. Smith, Wm. R. Tayer, John C. Mason, Nathaniel B. Eldridge, James R. Cairnes, Charles Bidwell, Ancel K. Whitmore, and Edward C. Baldwin.

Judge of Probate—Consider A. Stacy, F. C. Beaman, R. R. Beecher, Norman Geddes, and Richard B. Robbins.

Register of Deeds—Charles M. Croswell, Charles Chandler, Benjamin Turner, William A. Whitney, Morton Eddy, Myron E. Knight, Edwin Hough, Michael P. Long, Avery A. Dolbar, Stillman Bennett, and Alfred W. Smith.

County Treasurer—James Geddes, John I. Knapp, Wm. H. Kimball, Sylvester B. Smith, George R. Allis, George R. Cochran, Jay Hoag, Wm. C. Moran, and Wm. H. Wiggins. Another well known and honored citizen, who is still with us and with whose name and fame we are familiar, held this office for three terms in all, as well as other important offices in the early times of the county, reaching back a time commencing earlier even than forty years, or fifty years of which we have spoken; I refer to Daniel D. Sinclair, whose first term as county treasurer commenced in 1839.

Prosecuting Attorney—Smith S. Wilkinson, R. R. Beecher, A. C. Mercer, C. E. Weaver, C. R. Miller, Edmund B. Sayer, Seth Bean, Wm. A. Underwood, Q. A. Watts, L. H. Salsbury, A. Dayton, D. B. Morgan, and F. B. Wood. A considerable number of these having by reëlection served two terms, in two or three instances three terms each.

The members of the bar in practice at the time I came here in 1841, so far as I now recall them were the following:

At Adrian, A. R. Tiffany, M. N. Halsey, Wm. L. Groenly, Lorenzo Tabor, Josiah Ward, E. B. Fairfield, A. M. Baker, A. C. Harris, and A. G. Eastman. At Tecumseh, Peter R. Adams and C. A. Stacy. At Clinton, F. C. Beeman, who afterwards removed to Tecumseh and

subsequently to Adrian. Not one of them is now living, all have passed away.

Not at that time, but a few years later, one who has since risen to a high degree of eminence in the profession and as a jurist and legal author, Hon. Thomas M. Cooley, entered the law office of A. C. Harris at Adrian, as a student, and after the usual career of study was admitted to the bar and entered upon the practice of his profession there, in which he continued successfully for quite a number of years, being afterwards from about the year 1858 to 1869 the reporter of the supreme court, and then elected a judge of that court, in which high position he remained and by his industry, ability and learning achieved a high distinction and national and more than national reputation as a jurist, and as the author of several valuable treatises on the law. He was also for several years a professor in the law school at the University of Michigan and was highly esteemed and distinguished as such. After his retirement from the bench of the supreme court, he was appointed by the president of the United States a member of the inter-state commerce commission, which position he has recently resigned, it is understood, on account of ill health. In all these positions he has been eminently successful and acquired an honorable and exalted reputation. He was preëminently a self-made man, without means or influential relations, with only a common school education to assist him, dependent entirely on his own efforts, and his eminent success is due mainly no doubt to his integrity and indomitable industry in the study of his profession. As an illustration of which I remember when he was a student at law, of hearing that he was in the habit not only of studying during the day, but taking his book with him when he retired at night and studying in bed. We are gratified at the success and distinction which he has won, and take pride in pointing to him as a Lenawee county boy.

Did time permit it would be pleasant to speak of others of our own number, of the honorable and successful achievement and career of some of those whose names have been unmentioned, whom we hold in high esteem, but I must forbear.

HISTORY OF THE HASTINGS M. E. CHURCH.

BY HON. DANIEL STRIKER.

[An historical address delivered at the semi-centennial celebration of the organization of the First M. E. Society of Hastings, Mich., Nov. 6, 1891.]

INTRODUCTION.

BRETHREN AND NEIGHBORS—I come to this task with many misgivings. When this duty was assigned to me I thought it would not be a difficult task to crowd the record of fifty years into a paper of sixty minutes in length. I had not proceeded very far, however, before I found I had undertaken a pretty large contract, that it was no easier to crowd fifty years into sixty minutes than to spread sixty minutes over fifty years, that like many others I failed to comprehend the length of time of fifty years. I failed to take into my thought that fifty years meant 18,262 days, and that if only one act for each day was recorded and that act expressed by a single word and the record read at the rate of sixty words in a minute that it would require more than five hours time to deliver it. Fifty years is a lifetime for many of us.

I am responsible for what the paper may lack in general interest, but the length of time attempted to be traversed is my apology for its seeming unnecessary length. I, therefore, ask your indulgence while I attempt to present the items as I have gathered them by the way. You have my sympathy, I cannot ask for yours, but I invoke your forbearance.

"As antiquity adds interest to things so age adds interest to occasions and times, and in proportion to their age does the interest increase."

No one until they have tried it can fully appreciate the embarrassment attending the collection and compilation of facts by one who was not connected with, nor personally cognizant of the events.

In September, 1877, a movement was inaugurated looking towards the gathering together of the facts and incidents connected with the

early organization and history of our society, whereupon S. C. Prindle, R. J. Grant, and O. D. Spaulding were appointed a committee for such purpose. Brother Prindle as chairman of such committee, at once set about the task and by correspondence with Rev. Daniel Bush, who was the first preacher, sent here as a missionary by the annual conference, was able to obtain from him quite a complete history of the first year's work of the regular itinerant in this field. Further than that but little could be gleaned, as the four or five who immediately succeeded him were not living. As Brother Prindle soon after removed from among us but little was done until 1881, when the effort was renewed, and the labor seemed in a large measure to fall upon others.

Letters were sent to such early occupants of the field as were known to be living, but with meager results and we were able to obtain but little information in this manner, as time seemed to have erased the events from their memory. Besides, at the very outset we were confronted with the loss, by fire, of the record of membership, and all records, save those of the quarterly conferences prior to 1850, the class-books of this society being burned with some of R. J. Grant's private papers, in the fire that occurred in this village November 30, 1867, and the class-book of the Carlton class was also burned, with the house of the late E. R. Carpenter. Thus we were dependent upon the memory of the survivors who participated in the organizations of the several classes, or were cognizant of the facts connected therewith and much allowance must be made for their forgetfulness of events happening over forty years since, for at that time (1881) we found but few who could relate them with any degree of accuracy, among whom were Lorenzo Mudge and Isaac Messer, since then both have passed away. To these and the diary left by the late Alonzo Barnum are we indebted for many of the items relating to the early church services and work in this vicinity.

Probably no one man did more pioneer religious work in this county than Rev. William Daubney, a local preacher of the Methodist church, residing at Gull Prairie, and commonly known as "Father Daubney," whose work extended over the counties of Kalamazoo, Allegan and Barry. John F. Hale, who knew him intimately, said of him, that on Saturday afternoon he would mount his horse and with Bible and hymn book in his saddle bags travel from twenty to fifty miles, as the case might be, between then and time for services the next morning. Hold services, preaching, class or prayer meeting, or all, from one to three times on Sunday, often traveling from six to fifteen miles during the day to attend them, returning home on Monday, resuming manual

labor on the farm during the week and repeat the itinerant work on the next Saturday and Sunday in some other direction. This work he continued until his death, in 1877, but of course much less in later years, by reason of his age and physical infirmities.

It is claimed that preaching services were held at the tavern of the late William Lewis, in Yankee Springs, in 1837 and 1838, by different ministers. Mrs. H. E. Hoyt, his daughter, writes me that she well remembers the fact of preaching services being held at her father's house before any preacher was located at Hastings. Rev. Calvin Clark, of Gull Prairie, a Presbyterian preacher, was there in 1838 or 1839. Mr. Slater, a Baptist Indian missionary, located on the south line of this county, also "Father Daubney," a little later, she thinks, and a Mr. Ballard, who was quite loud and sensational, she remembers well. All preachers of the gospel were considered by her father as his guests and by him entertained and always welcomed and if their coming were known in advance word was sent out through the sparsely settled country for the neighbors to come in and attend religious services.

In the fall of 1839 "Father Daubney" held preaching services at the house of Chas. W. Bassett, who was a Methodist residing in the northwest corner of the town of Yankee Springs, which service was probably the first held in that part of the town.

Mrs. Squire M. Nichols, daughter of the late Aaron L. Ellis, writes that in 1839 or 1840 a Methodist class was formed at North Pine Lake, in Orangeville, by "Father Daubney," of six members, viz., A. L. Ellis, Phœbe Ellis, Emily Ellis, Joshua Pease, Julia Pease, and Martha Patton. A. L. Ellis was appointed leader. He had been a class leader in the east before settling in Orangeville. Emily Ellis afterwards became the wife of Rev. A. C. Shaw, the fourth preacher on this charge, and is now a widow residing at Marinette, Wisconsin.

Religious services were held in Woodland in 1839 or 1840 at the house of Alonzo Barnum, on the south town line, where in the presence of a few of his neighbors, Mr. Barnum conducted the service, which included a prayer and other brief services. In the winter of 1839 he heard of the presence of a Mrs. Potts, a Methodist, residing on section four, on the north side of the town. He went over to see her and found her to be a member of the Methodist church, and held a prayer meeting at her house, said to be the first in the town, no one else present save the husband, John A. Potts. Mrs. Potts lived to the ripe age of 72 years, and at one time resided in this city. She died at Woodland in 1879.

The first class in Woodland was organized in 1840, at the house of Alonzo Barnum by Father Daubney, of five members, names not given. Alonzo Barnum was a man of religious earnestness and zeal. During his early residence in Woodland he kept a diary and from it is taken the following extract:

"Sunday, June 14, 1841, town of Hastings, Barry county, Michigan State. Glory to God for his goodness and mercy to me and my little family! Though my pen has long been silent through the multitude of cares and perplexities, yet my Lord has been with me. In the year 1839, in the month of November, I moved to Michigan, Barry county, township of Hastings (what is now Woodland, Carlton, Castleton, and Hastings was then all Hastings). But few inhabitants, all woods, no society and no meetings of any kind held in the township of twelve miles square. In consequence of this I lost much ground. I left the bosom of a good society in which I lived for ten years. I now felt the loss of brethren. In the summer of 1840 I proposed to my neighbors to come together and I would read a sermon of Wesley's to them and we would spend an hour in worshipping the Lord who made us. The people seemed very willing and on the Sabbath we met for the first time. I prayed to my heavenly Father that he would open some way that the gospel might be preached to us likewise. The good Lord heard my prayer and sent Brother Daubney to preach to us for the first time. He came forty miles. On May 26, Brother Bennett, the missionary from Eaton county, preached to us and we formed a class of twelve members of which I was chosen leader, and Oh, may the gracious Lord bless them! I here insert their names: Alonzo Barnum, Jane Potts, Sophia Barnum, Daniel Hager, Abel Barnum, Emiline Cooper, Anna Barnum, Reuben Haight, Betsey Barnum, Sally Ann Haight, Esther Durkee, and Charlotte Haight."

If the above is not an earnest prayer of thankfulness and gratitude I do not know what would be. It almost equals those of David or Job. Of the above I know of but two now living, Emiline Cooper, in the second ward, and Charlotte Haight, who is now the wife of Amos Wakefield. This class was subsequently divided, forming the Holmes and Woodland Center classes.

The first sermon in Hastings was at the funeral of a Mr. DeGroat, one of the first settlers in what is now the town of Rutland. It was conducted by Rev. Calvin Clark of Gull Prairie. It is said that at the burial of Mr. Cooley and Mrs. Rush there was no preacher in attendance and prayer was offered by A. C. Parmelee. Aside from the above funeral service the first preaching service was by "Father Daubney," who came here in the fall of 1839 and held services in the log house of Mr. Bunker, and continued preaching here during the winter and spring following, occasionally.

In July, 1840 (Mr. Messer said the twentieth day), he came here by the way of Bull's Prairie, fording the river there and coming up on the north side of the river to this place, stopped with Levi Chase,

held services in the log tavern of Mr. Chase in the forenoon of the next day, Sunday, and organized a class of seven members at that time. The members were Lorenzo Mudge and wife, Polly Ingram, Mrs. Daniel McLellan (Mrs. Hayes' mother), a Mr. Hall, Mr. Rush and Mr. Ketchum. Brother Mudge was chosen leader. Mr. Hall and Mr. Rush soon after removing left the membership but five. None of the above are known to be now living. This was Hastings' first organized class. In the afternoon he (Father Daubney) went to Carlton, held services at the house of Isaac Messer and also organized a class of seven members as follows: E. R. Carpenter and wife, Isaac Messer and wife, Mrs. John Henyon, Louisa Rogers and George Fowler. Carpenter was appointed leader and Messer, steward. Alpheus Moore, Lovica Fuller and Caroline Wickham joined the class soon thereafter. This class has also maintained its organization ever since. It is now known as the Carlton Center class. Brother Messer, as steward circulated a subscription for sustaining preaching there and here and raised $37. Brother Daubney continued his labors during the fall and ensuing winter, here and at Carlton every four weeks.

Of this class there are three now living, Louisa Rogers, upon the same farm now as then, Mrs. E. R. Carpenter, now at Potterville with her son, and Caroline Wickham (now Mrs. Helms), residing at Roxand, Eaton county. Mr. H. A. Goodyear relates the following incident in connection with the early services here in the fall of 1840. He says he voted at Battle Creek on the first Tuesday of November, came to Hastings the next day (Wednesday) and on the Sunday following Rev. William Daubney held preaching services at the log tavern of Levi Chase. He remembers it distinctly as he went up to the Indian settlement at Thornapple lake, and on his way he met Melissa Tyler and Parmelia Alden (afterwards Mrs. Nathan Barlow and Mrs. J. L. McLellan, respectively) coming on foot to attend the services, they then residing near where the county farm is now located.

Lorenzo Mudge is authority for the statement that in the autumn of 1840 or spring of 1841, Rev. John Ercanbrack, the then presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district, came here with "Father Daubney" and held quarterly meeting services, preaching from the following text: "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy, break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord till he come and rain righteousness upon you."—*Hosea* x:12.

Father Daubney continued to hold services here occasionally until the arrival of Daniel Bush, the first preacher appointed to the Hastings

mission by the annual conference in the fall of 1841. Father Daubney attended the funeral service of the first Mrs. Dr. Upjohn. The pall bearers were six young ladies all dressed in white with black gloves and crape, the names are given me as follows: Mrs. I. Holbrook, the first Mrs. Nathan Barlow, the first Mrs. H. A. Goodyear, Mrs. Wm. S. Goodyear, Mrs. J. L. McLellan, and the first Mrs. J. B. Carpenter. You will pardon this digression; I thought it might be interesting however.

In view of the above given dates you may be very properly asking yourselves the question why not take some of these former dates as the date of the beginning of our organization? We answer, because of the possibility of mistake and the want of any duly authorized record. There can be no question as to the date of May 26 or June 14, 1841, as mentioned by Brother Barnum in his diary, but the Woodland class did not form a part of Hastings class, but of the circuit afterwards. It had a distinct and separate organization. Neither have I any doubt of July 20, 1840, as given by Isaac Messer, being the date of the organization of a class here and at Carlton, and yet some thought a class was formed here at an earlier date. Nor in attempting to write the history of our own society do we wish to trespass on the rights of others and thus rob them of their part in the good work. Neither shall we attempt to bring in the work of sister denominations, only as they may tend to explain some matter in connection with ours, for they will see to that themselves, but we shall confine our work so far as possible, to our own society.

We have only mentioned the organization of the above classes and their leaders because they were incidental to our own organization as you will soon see. Thus to avoid confusion and any dispute as to date we take the record left us by our fathers, and in their own writing as the basis of the organization of our society.

So much for an introduction, and now as we commence upon the history proper we take as our text the following:

"We live to make our own church a power in the land while we live to love every other church that exalts our Christ."—*Stimpson.*

1841—HISTORY—1891.

November 6, 1841, fifty years ago, there convened in the then little hamlet of Hastings, six earnest Christian men in the capacity of a quarterly conference of the Methodist Episcopal church for the Hastings mission, Kalamazoo district and Michigan conference. Their coming together was not heralded abroad throughout the land by

trumpet or by loud or long proclamation. But in accordance with the rules of the Methodist Episcopal church, quietly they met and faithfully discharged their duties as officials of the church of their choice, without asking whether it would be popular or politic, but with simple trust in God invoking His favor upon their undertaking. We do not know as their meeting was held in an upper chamber, more probably in a room in some private house and on the afternoon of a Saturday, as that was the usual time for such meetings. Nor do we know where the quarterly meeting services were held on the Sunday following, but probably in the new school house that had just been finished. Nor can we give you any information as to the composition of the choir or of the particular make up of the congregation. In those days such things did not enter into consideration as now. But that these men laid the foundation well and upon the "Solid Rock" is evidenced by our present surroundings. They builded better than they knew.

The following is the record of their meeting, and in as plain and distinct writing as if done but yesterday:

Minutes of the first quarterly conference for Hastings mission, held at Hastings, Nov. 6, 1841. Conference opened with prayer. Members present: James F. Davidson, presiding elder; Daniel Bush, missionary; Alonzo Barnum, Lorenzo Mudge, Elisha Carpenter, Aaron Ellis, leaders.

The record shows that the usual disciplinary questions were asked and properly answered and the following brethren were appointed stewards, viz.: Alonzo Barnum, recording steward; Lorenzo Mudge, Aaron L. Ellis, Richard Witherell, Joseph Merriman,stewards.

And the next quarterly meeting was appointed to be held at the school house in the neighborhood of Zebulon Barnum—this is where the Henry Barnum school house is now located. It may aid you in comprehending the earnestness of these men to take into your thoughts the distance each traveled to attend this, as well as subsequent meetings, and also the condition of the roads in those days:

Lorenzo Mudge resided nine miles east of here, Alonzo Barnum eleven miles northeast, E. R. Carpenter seven miles north, and Aaron L. Ellis twenty-two miles southwest.

They have all passed over the river, and no doubt are enjoying the rich fruitage of their early labors. Brother Davidson continued as the presiding elder of Kalamazoo district for the full term of four years. It is said of him, by those who knew him personally, that he was a

good man as well as a good preacher—was very particular about his personal appearance, both in and out of the pulpit.

In the division of the State into two conferences, in 1856, he fell within the bounds of the Detroit conference. He continued in the active work, preaching his semi-centennial sermon before the Detroit conference August 21, 1881, at Utica. In December, 1884, while on his charge at Fenton he was stricken with blindness and obliged to resign his charge after fifty-four years of continuous work in the itineracy, and December 14, 1885, died, on the morning of his 75th birthday, at his home in Fenton.

Rev. Daniel Bush labored here during the conference year and was regarded with much favor by those who knew him. He continued in the itinerant work for years afterwards and died at a ripe old age at Grand Rapids, in August, 1881.

Aaron L. Ellis died September 15, 1860, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. S. M. Nichols, in Orangeville.

Alonzo Barnum died October 17, 1861, at his home in Woodland.

Lorenzo Mudge died August 4, 1872, at his home in Castleton.

E. R. Carpenter died September 16, 1874, at his home in Carlton.

Joseph Merriman, who then resided in the extreme south of the town of Prairieville, is now living at Galesburgh, over 80 years of age.

Of Richard Witherell, whose residence was either Prairieville or Orangeville, I am unable to give you any definite information.

I have been more particular as to what may seem to be small matters in connection with these brethren than I shall be with the subsequent officials, as these were the first officials of the society and, as it were, the corner stones of the foundation.

The second quarterly meeting was held at the Barnum school house, as appointed, and the quarterly conference held January 15, 1842. The usual questions were asked and duly answered. The question, "Have the rules concerning the instruction of children been observed," was answered in the affirmative. No Sabbath school report. Lorenzo Mudge was appointed district steward, and the next quarterly meeting appointed at Pine Lake school house.

The third quarterly meeting was held at the Pine Lake school house and the quarterly conference held April 9, 1842.

At this meeting five of the official brethren were present. The name of Asahel Tillotson first appears here as leader. He then resided near where Milo station is now located. He died some forty years since. Aside from the ordinary business the record shows that Brother Alonzo Barnum tendered his resignation as recording steward and on motion,

John W. Bradley was appointed steward, and elected as recording steward, and further, on motion it was

Resolved, "That we join with the Allegan circuit in a camp-meeting, and at which time we propose to hold our own fourth quarterly meeting, and further, that a committee of three be appointed to associate with the Allegan committee and select a place to hold the camp-meeting, and that A. L. Ellis, Asahel Tillotson and Joseph Merriman be said committee."

The fourth and last quarterly conference for the conference year of the Hastings mission was held at the house of Brother Nichols, in Plainfield, Allegan county, near the camp ground, June 20, 1842. Present: James F. Davidson, presiding elder in the chair; Daniel Bush, missionary; Aaron L. Ellis, Joseph Merriman, John W. Bradley, stewards; Elisha R. Carpenter, Asahel Tillotson, leaders.

The record shows that the usual questions were asked and properly answered, and the following appointed as stewards:

A. L. Ellis, John W. Bradley, Alonzo Barnum, Joseph Merriman, Lorenzo Mudge and George Fowler.

The following is the financial statement:

"*Hastings Mission, September 1st, 1842.*

Paid to James F. Davidson, presiding elder, during the conference year that is past	$17 45
Paid to Brother Daniel Bush, missionary the year that is past, including table expenses for the year	133 85"

Forty dollars of the above was missionary money, received during the year as you will be subsequently advised.

Sister Dunn (formerly Doty), of Johnstown, writes that during the fall of 1841 Rev. Daniel Bush formed a class in Johnstown of three members, Orris Barnum and wife and Mrs. Rufus Cowles. Mrs. Cowles was afterwards Mrs. Bresee. She resided in this city at the time of her death, which was December 24, 1885.

Mr. Barnum is now living at Battle Creek. Wm. Morford and wife soon after united with this class and he was appointed leader. During the fall services were held at the log house of Brother Barnum once in four weeks, on Thursday evenings, and afterwards at the log school house in the same neighborhood.

There was also a class organized in Prairieville in 1842, but I cannot give the names of those composing it.

January 13, 1878, Brother Daniel Bush visited Hastings, and at the request of Brother Prindle gave us quite a history of his year's work.

I take the following liberal extract from a long letter written by him soon after:

"Early in the fall of 1841 I rode into Hastings on horseback and announced myself as a minister of the gospel, sent by the Methodist conference to labor among them as a missionary. The people received me as a messenger of God and with a cordiality and warm heartedness that at once inspired me with confidence and hope. I never met with a warmer reception than I did at Hastings, although there was not a professor of religion in the place. There were at this time, if my memory serves me, some ten or twelve buildings in Hastings, the most of them built of logs, while the people were all very poor. Forty dollars in missionary money had been appropriated for the support of my family, but the people were quite liberal and we passed through the year quite comfortably. As the people would not consent to my living outside the village the first thing in order was to procure a residence for my family. Failing to find a house we were offered a temporary home in Alexander McArthur's house, where we were given an upper chamber which was reached by a ladder, and *there* was established the first Methodist parsonage in Hastings. A movement headed by A. W. Bailey and Thomas Bunker, for the erection of more comfortable quarters for my family, resulted in the completion of a house on the first day of January, 1842. The firewood, needed for the household, I obtained by falling trees that grew in profusion about the house. * * * * I commenced my missionary labors as soon as I reached Hastings. A new school house had been built the same year I came and in that house we assembled for worship. From this point I went into all the settlements of Barry county, the western part of Eaton county and the northern part of Kalamazoo county, preaching wherever I could assemble a congregation. Previous to my coming to this work Brother Daubney, a local preacher from Gull Prairie, had visited Hastings a few times and preached to the people. I heard of a Methodist man who lived several miles northeast of Hastings by the name of Alonzo Barnum, I made him a visit and found him chopping down a tree. I introduced myself and when I told him that a new mission had been formed and that I was the preacher in charge he raised his hands and eyes to heaven, great tears rolled down his face and he exclaimed, 'Praise God, my prayers have been heard at last.' We both knelt at the roots of the tree and held a prayer meeting. A class was formed there and we made it a regular preaching place.

"I preached in Eaton county in the Hager settlement. I preached in Zebulon Barnum's school house, northeast of Hastings, and in the Carpenter settlement north of Hastings. West of Hastings I had an appointment at Mr. Ingram's, and also at John W. Bradley's. I preached at Mr. Hill's, where the village of Middleville now stands, and farther south, at Judge Barlow's. I had also an appointment at Yankee Springs, and preached during the year at Yankee Lewis' tavern. I preached at the Tillotson school house, near Gull Prairie. I preached also during the year at Pine Lake, where we had a class and there we held a quarterly meeting. East of Hastings there was a considerable settlement near the county line, and here I preached to a class at the house of Lorenzo Mudge. During the summer of 1842 I held, with Rev. Franklin Gage, in charge of Allegan circuit, a camp-meeting, near Gun Marsh, on a line near our respective charges. This was the first camp-meeting ever held in this part of the State and it was attended with gratifying results.

"The free use of intoxicating drinks in Barry county suggested work in the temperance cause. There was a lawyer in Hastings by the name of Marsh Giddings, a very good talker, who was always ready for a temperance speech. John Van Arman, a lawyer from Battle Creek, who came to Hastings to attend court assisted us in the good work. We soon organized a temperance society and nearly all the people took the pledge. At every place where I preached I delivered temperance discourses and offered the pledge. A great majority of the people joined the temperance ranks. We had a fourth of July celebration and passed through the usual formalities of such an occasion. I had the honor of being the first chaplain in Hastings. Our band consisted of a fife and drum and did excellently well."

Mr. Bush said he hauled his goods for housekeeping from Grand Rapids with an ox team.

At the annual conference in 1842, Rev. Henry Worthington was appointed to the Hastings mission to succeed Brother Bush.

The first quarterly conference was held at Hastings Nov. 19, 1842. At this meeting A. C. Ketchum was added to the board of stewards, and the Rogers school house in Carlton designated as the place for the next quarterly meeting.

At a stewards' meeting, held at Hastings, January 17, 1843, "it was unanimously voted that the next quarterly conference for Hastings mission be held at Pine Lake at the red school house near Geo. Brown's, Esq., in the township of Spaulding.

"(Signed) JOHN W. BRADLEY,
"*Recording Steward.*"

At the second quarterly meeting no quarterly conference was held because so few of the members of the official board were present.

The third quarterly conference was held at John W. Bradley's at Middleville July 13, 1843. Says the record, present: James F. Davidson, presiding elder; Henry Worthington, missionary; Aaron L. Ellis, A. C. Ketchum, Lorenzo Mudge, Jno. W. Bradley, stewards.

At this meeting "it was voted to join with the Allegan circuit in a camp-meeting to be held at the grounds where the meeting was held last year, at a time to be designated by the elder, and that the next quarterly meeting be held at Hastings, July 29."

The following action was also taken:

"*Resolved*, That we proceed to take measures to build a parsonage in the village of Hastings for the use of the preacher appointed to labor on Hastings mission. The house to be 24x20 on the ground, one and one-half stories high, to be done off in a plain style."

"That a building committee of three be appointed and that Brothers

A. C. Ketchum, Isaac Messer, and John W. Bradley be said committee."

Brother Worthington's total receipts for the year were $143.06. This included $50 missionary money from the conference. He was unable to give us much information concerning his work here. He said it had gone from his memory, except the marriage of H. A. Goodyear and Mary Barlow at the home of Judge Barlow, in Yankee Springs (now Bowen's Mills), which occurred May 23, 1843. He was a ready and pleasant talker and averaged up well. He died at Dowagiac, July 10, 1881, after living his full measure of years.

Sister Emily Shaw, the widow of the late A. C. Shaw, writes that, "When Brother Worthington came to this mission he desired to make Pine Lake his home, but there was no house for him, and my father, (A. L. Ellis), had a house large enough for the preacher's family and our own, but it was not finished, so they finished off the best they could the front room and a bedroom for the pastor. Then pastor, wife, and baby moved in and lived with us during the conference year. We thought it next to heaven to have the preacher live with us."

At the annual conference in 1843, Rev. Edward L. Kellogg was appointed to Hastings circuit. The long dresses were taken off the infant and short clothes put on, and the child commanded not only to stand alone but to walk, for no more missionary money was received from the conference, and a mission but two years. The first official meeting for the year was a stewards' meeting held at the home of John W. Bradley. The presiding elder, Brother James F. Davidson, presided at which time the following named brethren were nominated and approved, as trustees of the Methodist Episcopal church for the Hastings circuit: Asahel Tillotson, Alonzo Barnum, Lorenzo Mudge, Isaac Messer, Aaron L. Ellis, John W. Bradley.

The first quarterly conference for the year was held at Pine Lake, November 26, 1843, in connection with the quarterly meeting. The presiding elder, preacher in charge, and four of the official brethren were present. At this meeting the name of Levi Holmes, familiarly known as "Deacon Holmes," is first mentioned as exhorter, but is marked as being absent. Aside from the usual routine business, Isaac Messer was appointed steward in place of A. C. Ketchum, removed.

The second quarterly meeting and the conference therewith were held at Hastings, February 3, 1844. At this meeting most of the members of the official board were present, as follows: James F. Davidson, presiding elder; Edward L. Kellogg, preacher; Levi Holmes,

exhorter; Aaron L. Ellis, Alonzo Barnum, Lorenzo Mudge, John W. Bradley, Isaac Messer, stewards; John Height, Clark H. Palmer, Asahel Tillotson, leaders. And absent, George Fowler, Joseph Merriman, stewards; E. R. Carpenter, leader.

At this meeting the ordinary business was transacted and Lorenzo Mudge was appointed a member of the building committee, in place of A. C. Ketchum, removed. The public collection was $1.46.

The third quarterly meeting and quarterly conference were held at the Tillotson school house in Prairieville township, April 20.

The fourth and last quarterly meeting and the quarterly conference for the conference year were held at the barn of John W. Bradley, July 27. At this meeting nine of the official brethren were present besides the presiding elder and preacher, viz.: Bradley, Ellis, Mudge, Barnum, Messer, Fowler, Tillotson, Height, and Reuben Farr. This is the first mention of the name of Reuben Farr as leader. I think he was from Prairieville.

At this meeting Levi Holmes, Clark H. Palmer, and George Fowler were licensed as exhorters.

John W. Bradley was appointed district steward and Samuel Skillman was appointed circuit steward.

This is the first mention of Samuel Skillman.

Edward L. Kellogg received during the year, including table expenses, horse keeping, traveling expenses, etc., etc., $86.

James F. Davidson received $8.39.

February 8, 1844, "The Hastings Village company, by Lansing Kingsbury, trustee," conveyed by deed, lot No. 804 to the "Trustees of the First Methodist Episcopal society of Hastings circuit and their successors in office for the purpose of a parsonage for said society." This is the west lot of the Dr. Lampman place, and now owned by Dr. Fuller. The house must have been so far finished as to be occupied early in the spring of 1844, as sister Mudge says she and the present Mrs. H. A. Goodyear called upon the pastor's wife in the spring and before either of them were married, and that she and Brother Mudge were married June 17, 1844, by Brother Kellogg.

The parsonage, as built, consisted of what is now the north wing of the present pastor's home and, of course, the familiar "summer kitchen" attachment. It was built but one story, instead of one and a half stories, as first contemplated. This place for a long time was the home of the circuit preacher and headquarters for Methodism for the entire county.

Hereafter we will only give the appointment of members of the official board, as elected at the fourth quarterly conferences or the changes in the same.

At the annual conference, in the fall of 1844, Rev. Edward L. Kellogg was returned to the Hastings circuit.

The first quarterly meeting and quarterly conference in connection therewith was held at the Pine Lake school house, January 11, 1845.

The second at Hastings, April 5, and 6, and the third quarterly conference at John W. Bradley's, June 7. At this meeting the following were chosen as trustees for the Hastings circuit: Aaron L. Ellis, Isaac Messer, Alonzo Barnum, Lorenzo Mudge, Asahel Tillotson, Levi Holmes and John W. Bradley.

The fourth and last quarterly meeting for the conference year was held at Pine Lake, August 30 and 31. At this meeting was the first report on Sabbath schools as follows:

"One Sabbath school in its infancy, one superintendent and five teachers of the Methodist church." Official members appointed as follows, viz.:

John W. Bradley, Aaron L. Ellis, Lorenzo Mudge, Alonzo Barnum, George W. Fowler, Isaac Messer, Samuel Skillman, stewards; Levi Holmes, Clark H. Palmer, exhorters; John Height, Reuben Farr, James Cole, leaders.

Mr. Cole lived on the south town line of Woodland.

I will here give you the financial statement from the steward's book:

"Financial concensus of Hastings circuit, for the year commencing November, 1844:

First quarter received of John W. Bradley's class	$3 69
" " " " A. L. Ellis' "	3 29
" " " " A. Tillotson's "	1 75
" " " " J. Height's "	62
" " " " A. Barnum's "	1 10
" " " " Judge Barlow	1 50
" " public collection	3 50
	$15 45

Paid James F. Davidson, January 12, 1845, P. E.	$2 25
" wine for sacrament	19
" E. L. Kellogg	13 01
	$15 45
E. L. Kellogg paid out for expenses first quarter	$5 12

Second quarter received of S. Skillman's class		$7 80
" " " " Lorenzo Mudge's class		4 21
" " " " Levi Holmes' "		1 50
" " " " Reuben Farr's "		40
" " " " Alonzo Barnum's "		90
" " " " Aaron L. Ellis' "		1 55
" " " " Asahel Tillotson's "		81
" " " " J. W. Bradley's "		1 60
" " public collection		2 27
		$21 04
Paid P. E., James F. Davidson, April 7, 1845	$1 08	
" E. L. Kellogg	19 96	
	$21 04	
The public collection for the third quarter was		$1 84
" " " fourth " "		2 20
The presiding elder was paid at the third quarter		50
" " " " fourth "		1 00

The record says, "Paid E. L. Kellogg $70.41, including all that has been paid at the previous quarters of this year, including table expenses, and all other expenses incurred through the conference year." Pretty large salary that, $70, think of it, to support a family (no matter how small) for one year; not many luxuries I guess.

You will notice that it speaks of table expenses, etc., etc. I will quote from the Discipline of 1848 (that is the earliest I have) to show how close the board of stewards adhered to the laws of the church:

"It shall be the duty of a committee appointed by the quarterly conference, who shall be a member of our church, to make an estimate of the amount necessary to furnish fuel and table expenses for the family or families of preachers stationed with them, which estimate shall be subject to the action of the quarterly meeting conference; and the stewards shall provide, by such means as they may devise to meet such expenses, in money or otherwise; Provided the stewards shall not appropriate the moneys collected for the regular quarterly allowance of the preacher's to the payment of family expenses."

It is said of Brother Kellogg, that he was rather small of stature, quiet, but a good man and preacher and very faithful in his work, not given to joking or frivolity, at one time, however, the victim of quite a happy joke. Those who knew Elijah Alden knew him to be a great joker. During the summer of 1845 Brother Mudge, when coming to Hastings to attend meeting one Sunday morning, included in his wagon load Sister Mudge's father, mother, and two or three other members of the family, whose names were Hyde. The next day, Mr. Alden meeting Brother Kellogg, with his usual long face and honest

appearing manner began to retail a long complaint against Brother Mudge and his conduct as unbecoming a Christian, and that it was his (Brother Kellogg's) duty to call him to account for it, and when asked by Brother Kellogg what was the trouble, "Why," says Alden, "he came to town on Sunday bringing a load of Hydes and he ought to be churched."

I am not able to give you any information as to Brother Kellogg's subsequent work, nor the place or time of his death.

At the session of the annual conference in the fall of 1845, Rev. William Sprague was appointed presiding elder for Kalamazoo district and Rev. A. C. Shaw, preacher for the Hastings circuit.

The first quarterly conference was held at Hastings, December 20, '45. At this meeting the name of Brother Winans first appears as leader. He lived in the Rasey settlement in Castleton.

Also at this meeting the following brethren were appointed as a committee on missions, viz.: Alonzo Barnum, Lorenzo Mudge, Isaac Messer, Levi Holmes, A. L. Ellis, Asahel Tillotson, Orris Barnum and J. W. Bradley. Thus within two years after being the recipient of missionary help the circuit became a missionary helper.

The second quarterly record is omitted.

The third quarterly conference was held at Carlton, June 6, 1846. Rev. George King present, in the place of P. E. Sprague. At this meeting the following report on Sabbath schools appears:

"*Hastings Circuit, June 6, 1846.*

"We are happy to say that we have succeeded in raising $50 on this charge, with which we have purchased a circuit Sabbath school library. We have also organized eleven schools, which we think will effect the desired object.

"A. C. SHAW, preacher in charge."

The fourth and last quarterly meeting for the conference year, as well as the quarterly conference, was held in the grove near Brother Tillotson's, in Prairieville, September 12, 1846.

The record says, "see names of official list on file." I do not find it, however. At this meeting John W. Bradley was appointed district steward and the license of Levi Holmes, as exhorter, renewed. A full settlement for the year was had with Brother Shaw, he having received his full claim of $165, and the presiding elder, Wm. Sprague, received his full claim of $32, making total received for the year $197.

Personally I cannot say anything about Brother Shaw. I should think he was a good worker, as his claim was met in full. Sister Shaw of Marinette, Wis., writes: "The first round we made I sat in

the cutter and drove over logs and stumps, while my husband kept hold of one side and Brother Alexander Campbell the other side of the cutter to keep it from turning over. By the help of the Lord we got through the woods to the appointments and found the friends in their little log houses, with just a little clearing, but so glad to see the preacher. In the evening we all gathered at the log school house to hear the word of life, and such an *attentive congregation.* It paid us good for riding over logs and stumps. This was above Hastings."

At the division of the State into annual conferences Brother Shaw fell within the territory of the Detroit conference. He died at Ypsilanti, January 21, 1876.

At the annual conference in the fall of 1846, Rev. T. B. Granger was appointed to the Hastings circuit.

I do not find that anything save ordinary routine business for the year was done.

The record for a while is quite incomplete, and therefore can give but few details. Will speak further of Brother Granger in 1862 and 1863.

At the annual conference of 1847 Rev. George King was appointed to Hastings circuit.

The first quarterly meeting and quarterly conference were held at Pine Lake, December 25, 1847. Only routine business was transacted.

The second quarterly conference was held at Irving, March 25, 1848, at which Brother Wm. Daubney was present, in the place of the presiding elder, and the third quarterly meeting was appointed to be held at Brother Mudge's.

The third quarterly conference was omitted and the fourth and last quarterly conference for the conference year was held at Pine Lake on the last Saturday in August, 1848.

At this meeting Brother King reported having received one hundred dollars quarterage and Brother Sprague, presiding elder, six dollars. The license of Brother Levi Holmes, as exhorter was renewed and that of Brother Beach discontinued. During the pastorate of Brother King, in 1847, the Irving Methodist class was organized and formed a part of the Hastings circuit. The members were Peter Cobb (leader), Hannah Cobb, J. W. Bradley, Sarah Bradley, Polly Bradley, Julia Ingram, Sylvanus Travis, Eleanor Rich and Rosamond Ingram. Brother Cobb was leader continuously until his death, which occurred March 9, 1884, in the 69th year of his age.

The former Mrs. King, now wife of Rev. W. W. Johnson, resides at East Grand Rapids, and under date of May 27, 1891, writes me: "In

September, 1847, I with my husband, Rev. George King, moved to the then Hastings circuit. We lived in the parsonage, a little one story house, one room, bedroom and pantry, shanty barn and the lot fenced with rails. Service was held in a little white school house once in two weeks, morning and evening, out several miles. Can't recall the names of members, but few. Brother and Sister Messer, there was a Mrs. Green, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Bidwell, that helped us much. The preacher was all the leader we had. Brother Bradley was steward, he lived west of Hastings, preaching at his school house. Prairieville, Brother Tillotson steward and leader in everything. There were other preaching places during the week, can't remember names. I never went out, as those were days of horseback and saddle bags. In the month of June there were twenty-five Indians, men, women and children, called at the parsonage for dinner. I was alone; the Indian interpreter's name was Joseph Tonchey. They were on their way to camp-meeting, I can't now say how far east of Hastings. We had plenty of potatoes and with a pitcher of buttermilk from Mrs. Green's, and the help of Mary Cook dinner was soon ready. Thanks to the dear Lord, that was my first real missionary work. I suppose my sisters in Hastings do it in a little different style now.

"Brother King died while in the work, October 27, 1850. In 1848 Brother S. C. Prindle and wife became residents of Rutland and united with Hastings class, and in 1849 Finch Mead and wife also."

At the annual conference in 1848 Rev. Milo Corey and V. G. Boynton were appointed to Hastings circuit.

The first quarterly meeting and quarterly conference were held at Brother Mudge's December 23, 1848. At this meeting the claims of the preachers were fixed as follows:

Brother Corey, claim and expenses		$209 00
" Boynton " "		105 00
Presiding elder, claim for the circuit		35 00
Total to be raised		$349 00
During first quarter Brother Corey received	$24 81	
" " " " Boynton "	5 82	
Presiding Elder Sprague	7 21	

The second quarterly meeting conference was held at Prairieville March 10, 1849. At this meeting the name of Melvin Nichols appears as exhorter and that of Isaac Osborne as leader.

For the second quarter Corey received $29.53, and Brother Boynton $10.98.

And the third quarterly meeting was appointed to be held at Irving. At this time there were nine classes in the circuit. I do not know whether Brothers Boynton and Corey received the full amount of their claim or not. Of them we will speak later.

Rev. Wm. Sprague filled the office of presiding elder upon the Kalamazoo district the full term of four years. In 1848 he located and was elected to congress, served one term of two years and then retired to his farm in Oshtemo, Kalamazoo county, where he resided until his death.

At the annual conference in 1849 Rev. F. B. Bangs was appointed presiding elder for Kalamazoo district and Ransom Goodell to Hastings circuit. The first quarterly meeting and quarterly conference were held at Hastings, November 24. The claim of the preacher was fixed at $371 and apportioned among the eleven classes then composing the circuit as follows:

Hastings' class	$85 00	Joseph Merriman's class	$35 00
L. Mudge's class	30 00	Chas. Galloway's "	15 00
E. R. Carpenter's class	25 00	Joseph Cupp's "	25 00
Wm. L. Morford's "	20 00	Levi Holmes' "	36 00
A. L. Ellis' "	35 00	Peter Cobb's "	35 00
Isaac Osborne's "	45 00		

He only received $219.92 of it for his first year's work. I cannot give any personal information of Brother Goodell, save that he was a good and safe man. His death occurred August 8, 1855, while in the ministry.

Here follows a record of members as the names appear on the class books in 1850. I will give the names for this once only:

HASTINGS CLASS.

*Robert J. Grant, L'd'r and St'd,	Eve McLelland,
Lucelia A. Grant,	Henry Jenkins,
David G. Robinson,	Lydia M. Jenkins,
Sarah B. Robinson,	Rebecca Packard,
George Hollister,	George W. Fowler,
Mary Hollister,	Abigail Goodell,
Diar Morley,	John T. Barnes.—14.

*R. J. Grant has been leader, steward and trustee ever since and is now the oldest in continuous membership of any member of the church.

IRVING CLASS.

Peter Cobb, leader,
Hannah Cobb,
John W. Bradley, R. S.,
Sarah Bradley,
Julia A. Ingram,
Rosamond Ingram,
Lydia Ingram,
Sylvanus Travis,
Ebenezer Prindle,
Rhoda Prindle,
Sherman Prindle,
Nancy Hogle,
John Norton, on trial,
Finch Mead,
David Jordan,
David Jordan, Jr.,
Zilphia Travis.—17.

WOODLAND CLASS.

Levi Holmes, L'd'r and Ex.,
Lois S. Holmes,
Abel Barnum,
Ann Barnum,
Hannah Covey,
Esther Durkee,
Betsey Barnum,
Elihu Covey, on trial,
Elizabeth Young,
Euhama Covey.—10.

WOODLAND CENTER CLASS.

Charles Galloway, leader,
Joanna Galloway,
Patty Rogers,
John Dillenbeck,
Laura Dillenbeck,
Sabra Orr,
Michael Rowlater,
Richard Hyatt,
John Hyte,
John McArthur.—10.

PINE LAKE CLASS.

Aaron L. Ellis, L'd'r and St'd,
Phebe Ellis,
Chloa Warner,
Thomas Linderman,
Elizabeth Linderman,
Margaret Linderman,
Adaline Linderman,
Isaac Starr,
Charlotte New,
George New,
Mary New,
Mark Nichols,
Luke Nichols,
John Nichols,
Charity Nichols,
Lucinda Nichols,
Mary E. Stow,
Melvin Nichols, Ex.,
Lorenzo Nichols,
Olive Nichols,—20.

PRAIRIEVILLE CLASS.

Isaac Osborn,
Milla Osborn,
Sister E. B. Van Vleet,
John Freeman, leader,

Peter A. Keeler,
Salina Keeler,
Sister Cass,
Brother Cass,
Brother E. B. Van Vleet,
Lucetta Freeman,
Benjamin Farr, on trial,
Jane N. Lewis, "
Delia K. Lewis, "
Joseph H. Farr, " —14.

SOUTH PRAIRIEVILLE CLASS.

Joseph Merriman, leader,
Asahel Tillotson, steward,
Sophia Tillotson,
Seth Demick,
Raziah Demick,
Silva Brown,
H. B. McBee,
Caroline McBee,
Hezekiah Wood,
Elizabeth Wood,
Heman Brownell, on trial,
Sister Brownell, on trial.—12.

CARLTON CLASS.

Elisha Carpenter, leader,
Eliza Henyan,
Wm. A. Moore,
Eliza Moore,
Eliza J. Fuller (now Mrs. Cobb),
William Vester,
Deborah Vester,
Abraham Bush,
Brother Beach,
Sister Beach.—10.

CASTLETON CLASS.

Lorenzo Mudge, L'd'r and St'd,
Ruth K. Mudge,
Kenyan Mead,
Lidia Ann Mead,
Elizabeth Hyde,
Isaac Hyde,
Roswell Wilcox,
Naomi Wilcox,
Clark H. Palmer,
Prosper Moore,
Oliver Martin,
Magdaline Martin.—12.

HAGER CLASS.

Joseph Cupp, leader,
Alonzo Barnum, steward,
Sophia Barnum,
Daniel Hager,
James M. Cole,
Abigail Cole,
Emiline Cooper,
Allen Dewey,
Amy Ann Dewey,
Amanda Wheeler.—10.

JOHNSTOWN CLASS.

Wm. L. Morford, leader,
Olive Morford (now Swin),
Electa Barnum,
Lucy Morford,
Mary Ann Morford,
Elkanah Morford,

Elizabeth Shaft,
Daniel Doty,
Mary E. Doty (now Mrs. Dunn),
James Bresee,
Lydia Bresee,
Henry Morehouse,
Mary Jane Morehouse,
Reuben Culver,
Betsey Culver,
William Morford,
Wm. H. Nichols,
Lucius H. Nichols,
Stephen Kingsley,
Augustus Barnum,
Ashley Morford,
Alvira Collum,
Louisa Cowles,
Reuben Farr.—24.

Eleven classes with a total membership of 153.

In the following year many members were added, among them Sister Bailey, Dr. F. C. Cornell and wife, Marble Bates and wife, Eleazer Brown and others to the Hastings class.

Eli Mallett and wife, L. J. Wheeler, Asa Wheeler, Esther Barnum, Peter Cramer, B. L. Goss, and many others to the Woodland class whose names are familiar. Lovina Rogers, Messer and wife, to Carlton class, etc., etc.

At the session of the annual conference in 1850 Grand Rapids district was organized and Hastings circuit included within its territory. Rev. David Burns was appointed presiding elder. Thomas Clark and Milo Corey were appointed as preachers for Hastings circuit.

The first quarterly meeting and quarterly conference were held at Hastings, November 2. The claims of both preachers were fixed at $330, and that of the presiding elder fixed at $22 for the circuit.

Nine of the official brethren were present at roll call at the quarterly conference.

The second quarterly meeting and quarterly conference were held February 1, 1851, in the Hager neighborhood in Woodland. At this quarterly conference eight of the official brethren were present.

Brother J. W. Bradley then tendered his resignation as recording steward and Brother R. J. Grant was elected in his place.

Brother Bradley resided in the northeast corner of the town of Yankee Springs, was very painstaking in his work. He at one time was clerk of this county, and he continued to reside on his farm until 1868, when he removed to Horton, Brown county, Kansas, where he died December 3, 1875, in the 69th year of his age. His daughter, Sister I. L. Diamond, of Rutland, is the only survivor of the family here.

The third quarterly meeting was held at Johnstown, April 19, 1851. No business for the quarter was reported.

The fourth and last quarterly meeting, as well as the quarterly conference, was held at Hastings, July 12, 1851. At this meeting there were present:

David Burns, presiding elder; Thomas Clark and Milo Corey, preachers; Isaac Messer, A. L. Ellis, Levi Holmes, R. J. Grant, Alonzo Barnum, Peter Cobb and Joseph Hulce.

I think Hulce was from Hope class, which was organized that year.

The Sabbath school report showed:

Number of schools	7
" " teachers	42
" " scholars	205
" " volumes in library	355

Brother David G. Robinson was appointed circuit librarian, and a committee appointed to apportion the preacher's claim for the next conference year, and to meet at Hastings the third Saturday after the annual conference.

R. J. Grant was elected district steward and the next quarterly meeting was appointed at Pine Lake.

The labors here of Brothers Clark and Corey ended with this year. I am unable to give you any information as to the future work of Brother Corey. Brother Clark continued in the work and is now a superannuate and resides at Grand Rapids.

At the annual conference, held in 1851, Revs. Geo. Bignell and A. R. Bartlett were appointed as preachers for Hastings circuit.

The committee upon pastors' claims reported thereon, fixing it at $509, and apportioned the same among twelve classes as follows, viz.: I give names and amount:

Hastings	$95 00	Carlton	$35 00
Irving	45 00	Woodland Center	25 00
Woodland	35 00	A. Barnum's	42 00
Pine Lake	35 00	Johnstown	40 00
South Prairieville	35 00	Hope	30 00
Prairieville	41 00	Castleton	42 00

There is no report as to how much of the above was collected, or how much the preachers received for the year.

The second quarterly meeting and quarterly conference were held at Hastings, February 22 and 23.

At this meeting nine of the official members were present. The new names of A. B. Hart and B. L. Goss appear among the official members. A. B. Hart resided in the Smith settlement, in northeast Castleton. Goss was from south Woodland.

The report on Sabbath schools shows six schools, but they had suspended work during the winter. Action was taken to raise funds to further the work. It was voted to build an addition to the parsonage, the cost not to exceed $300. Brother Bignell was appointed to circulate a subscription to raise the funds. Brothers Marble, Bates, Rev. Geo. Bignell and Lorenzo Mudge were appointed as the building committee, and Brother Grant was also appointed a committee to ascertain the cost of a suitable lot upon which to build a church.

The third quarterly meeting and quarterly conference were held at Irving, May 15, 1852. At this meeting six of the official members were present; also at this meeting the death of Sister Burns, wife of the presiding elder, was announced and appropriate resolutions were adopted and spread upon the record.

The fourth and last quarterly conference for the conference year was held at Hastings, August 13, 1852.

The ordinary routine business was transacted. The Sabbath school report shows one more school, making seven, and that $23.54 had been raised for Sabbath school library purposes, and that John J. Freeman, M. B. Nichols, Levi Holmes, Alonzo Barnum and Benjamin L. Goss were licensed as exhorters.

This year closed the labors of Brother A. R. Bartlett here. He is still in the active work and now presiding elder of Lake Superior district of the Detroit conference.

At the annual conference in 1852 the circuit was changed to that of Hastings and Prairieville circuit, and Rev. George Bignell and T. H. Bignell were appointed as the preachers. I infer that George Bignell was the preacher in charge and that T. H. Bignell worked under him in the southwest part of the county, as I find that at the first quarterly meeting and quarterly conference, held at Brother Alonzo Barnum's, on the 27th and 28th of November, 1852, A. L. Ellis, Daniel Doty, J. Freeman and T. B. Robinson were appointed stewards for Prairieville circuit.

I think there is an error in the initials of Brother Robinson. It was probably T. V. Robinson, residing in Hope township, instead of T. B. Robinson, a mistake easily made.

The claim of George Bignell was fixed at $342 and apportioned among eight classes as follows:

Hastings class	$120 00	Chas. Galloway's class	$25 00
Irving "	45 00	Alonzo Barnum's "	42 00
Levi Holmes' class	28 00	Lorenzo Mudge's "	32 00
Isaac Messer's "	25 00	A. B. Hart's "	25 00

Brother J. G. Freeman was allowed to copy from the records so much as related to the Prairieville circuit, beginning with this conference year.

The next quarterly meeting was appointed to be held at Prairieville February 26 and 27, 1853. Before that time, however, the school house at Prairieville burned and the quarterly meeting was held at Hastings.

December 2, 1852, Brothers R. J. Grant, D. G. Robinson and Lorenzo Mudge, in behalf of the society, purchased from the village school district lot No. 589 for $150, with the old school house thereon, each paying the sum of $50. Brothers Grant and Robinson seated and arranged the inside of the building so it answered the purpose for holding religious services for quite a while. The society afterwards paid back what they advanced for fixing it inside, but the purchase money was never refunded to any of the three brethren.

For some time prior to this services had been held in the court house. This lot is located in the rear of the Robertson house (some liberal men in those days). The receipts for the preacher for the first quarter were $47.10.

The second quarterly conference was held at Hastings, February 25, 1853. Besides the official brethren from Hastings circuit the following were present from Prairieville circuit, viz.: T. H. Bignell, preacher, J. G. Freeman, Daniel Doty and Wm. L. Morford. At this meeting I first find the name of P. K. Barnum as one of the official members. He resided on the town line near Coat's Grove. I find as follows: In consequence of Brother A. Barnum withdrawing from our church Brother D. G. Robinson was appointed steward in his place. Brother Barnum withdrew because of his opposition to secret societies. He united with the United Brethren church and remained with that church until his death. No one doubted his sincerity that knew him. It was:

"*Resolved*, That we, the members of this quarterly conference, make every possible effort to raise money to pay for the church in the village of Hastings before the next annual conference, and that R. J. Grant be appointed to circulate a subscription for the above object."

Receipts for the second quarter were $55.42, and the third quarterly meeting was appointed at Gun Marsh for the 7th and 8th of May next.

The third quarterly conference was held at Brother M. B. Nichols', May 4, 1853. At this meeting the name of E. B. Van Vleet first appears as one of the stewards of Prairieville circuit. Prairieville

reported three Sabbath schools; officers and teachers, eighteen. A class called Gun Marsh class here appears on Prairieville circuit.

The fourth and last quarterly meeting for the conference year was held at Hastings, August 13 and 14, 1853, and at the quarterly conference held in connection therewith, the following stewards were present: R. J. Grant, Peter Cramer, B. L. Goss, A. B. Hart and S. W. Chase. The latter was from North Irving.

Brother Grant was called upon to report what he had done towards raising funds to pay for the church. He was unable to report any progress, but said he would give the $75 that he had invested in the house.

The following were licensed as exhorters: Thos. Bignell, B. L. Goss, Levi Holmes, J. G. Freeman and M. B. Nichols.

The following stewards were appointed: R. J. Grant, D. G. Robinson, Peter Cobb, E. R. Carpenter, P. K. Barnum, Lorenzo Mudge, Isaac Messer, Levi Holmes, A. B. Hart.

I cannot give you any information as to the further work of T. H. Bignell. I am advised that he now resides at Grand Haven.

The earliest recollection I have of George Bignell is of seeing him at the Indian camp-meeting at Thornapple lake in the summer of 1852, a tall and fine looking man, and he impressed me at once as a grand man. He remained here two years, did a good work and died December 31, 1858, while in the active ministry. The church had a most sweeping revival during his pastorate here. His widow now resides at Smyrna, Mich.

In 1852 a class was formed in North Rutland of thirteen members, and attached to the Irving circuit. The members were Wm. Rork, Polly Rork, S. C. Prindle and wife, Loren Rich, Finch Mead and wife, Daniel Wilcox and wife, George W. Crosby and wife, C. R. Crosby and his brother George. Finch Mead was appointed leader.

At the annual conference, in 1853, Rev. W. H. Perrine was appointed to Hastings circuit—Prairieville was dropped.

At a steward's meeting held at Hastings, October 12th, the claim of Brother Perrine was fixed at $300, to include all expenses, and apportioned among nine classes, viz.:

Hastings	$105 00	Brother Cole	$15 00
Irving	40 00	A. B. Hart	25 00
North Irving	15 00	L. Mudge	30 00
Carlton	20 00	D. Rook	15 00
P. K. Barnum	35 00		

Brother Perrine was not a married man and boarded with Brother Grant, and I suppose it did not make much difference about the payment of board bill.

On the 26th day of October, at a board meeting the following were elected trustees to fill vacancies: Robert J. Grant, Marble Bates, Clark H. Palmer and Philander K. Barnum.

Brother Perrine was a man of strong convictions, he accepted of no compromise with wrong. While here he had a discussion at the court house with a man by the name of Wilcox, a Universalist from Middleville, which many of you will remember. Also another discussion at the old school house with George W. Mills, upon the divinity of Christ. It was my privilege to know him when a young man and while he was a student at the M. C. college, then located at Spring Arbor. I well remember his oration at the commencement exercises in 1850. His subject was, "Passing the Rubicon," and was an arraignment of Daniel Webster for the sentiments expressed in his 7th of March speech. He was a strong advocate of the division of the general conference into two houses.

He died at Albion January 22, 1881, much regretted. This also closed the four years of Brother David Burns' work as presiding elder upon the Grand Rapids district. He died July 28, 1877, after serving a long while in the work of an itinerant:

At the annual conference of 1854, Revs. N. L. Brockway and N. L. Otis were appointed as the preachers to the Hastings circuit and Rev. George Bradley was appointed presiding elder of the Grand Rapids district.

At the first quarterly conference which was held at Hastings, December 9, the ordinary business was transacted and the following appointed a committee on missions: C. H. Palmer, Alfred Stearns, G. G. Inman, David Jordan, P. K. Barnum, S. C. Prindle and B. L. Goss. Stearns resided in Rutland.

The second quarterly meeting and quarterly conference were held at the Holmes school house, February 27, 1855. At this meeting the license of N. L. Otis was renewed after examination by the elder. I remember the pastorate of Brothers Brockway and Otis well. I remember attending their donation at A. W. Bailey's, when he resided where I. S. Boice does now. Subsequently Brother Otis became tired of itinerant work and united with the Congregational church, since then I have not known much of him and do not know his present whereabouts. His wife is a sister of Mrs. N. T. Parker. Brother Brockway continued in the work until his health failed, and is now a

superannuate. His residence is Holland, Michigan. Rev. George Bradley, the presiding elder, was afterwards appointed Indian agent. He died suddenly in New York city, April 15, 1871, while there purchasing supplies for the Indians.

In 1855 and 1856 there was an Indian mission district organized, in which this county was included. Rev. Wm. H. Brockway, recently deceased, was the presiding elder in charge. One of the preachers or missionaries was Rev. David Thomas, who had charge of Ottawa mission, or colony, which included the Indian work in Barry county. His family resided here during a part of the time. Brother Thomas continued in the active work until his death, January 11, 1870.

At the annual conference in 1855, the Hastings circuit was included in the Marshall district. Rev. Joseph Jennings was appointed presiding elder and Rev. Salmon Steele was appointed to Hastings circuit.

The first quarterly conference was held at Hastings, Nov. 3, 1855. The name of A. W. Bailey here appears as secretary of the quarterly conference.

The claim of the pastor was fixed at $478. Nine classes then composed the circuit and the above apportioned as follows:

Hastings	$243 00	L. Mudge's	$45 00
Messer's	25 00	A. B. Hart's	25 00
Irving	45 00	Baltimore	15 00
P. K. Barnum's	40 00	Wm. Coles'	25 00
North Irving	15 00		

The second quarterly meeting was held at the white school house in Irving, July 2 and 3, 1856. The fourth and last quarterly meeting for the conference year was held July 5 and 6, 1856.

Brother Steele was a good preacher and was a very active, temperance worker, as also was Sister Steele. They organized the first Good Templars society or lodge in this county and were very zealous in all their work.

Brother Steele is living at Northport, Michigan. He is a superannuate, although does considerable active work yet. He preached his semi-centennial sermon before the annual conference at Greenville, in 1889, and was present at the last conference at Grand Rapids, a smart old man.

At the annual conference in 1856, Rev. E. H. Day and John Tallman were appointed to Hastings circuit. The first quarterly meeting and quarterly conference were held at the Henry Barnum school house, November 22.

Here the name of Brother O. D. Spaulding appears in the missionary committee then appointed, viz.: Wm. W. Rork, Ira Pierce, of Castleton, Jno. Norton, of Irving, O. D. Spaulding, of Hastings, P. K. Barnum and E. R. Carpenter of Carlton and Eli Mallett of Woodland.

The claims of the preachers were fixed as follows, viz.:

P. E. J. Jennings,	$45 00	for the circuit.
E. H. Day,	426 00	
John Tallman,	200 00	
	$671 00	

And apportioned among twelve classes then comprising the circuit, viz.:

Hastings	$216 00	A. B. Hart's	$45 00
Irving	60 00	J. M. Coles'	50 00
M. Bates'	50 00	Woodland Center	30 00
Holmes and Barnum's	60 00	Baltimore	25 00
E. R. Carpenter's	50 00	North Irving	20 00
L. Mudge's	55 00	A. C. Lemm's	10 00

The public collection was reported at $11.25.

The second quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, February 7, 1857. Enoch Holdstock was present in place of the presiding elder and the following official brethren, viz.: A. Stearns of Rutland and Wm. Mullen of Castleton, local preachers.

Lorenzo Mudge, exhorter.

R. J. Grant, O. D. Spaulding and Marble Bates, leaders.

P. K. Barnum and Isaac Messer, stewards.

There was paid on salary for the first year, $112.76.

The public collection was $5.95.

The third quarterly meeting was held at Irving, May 2, 1857.

At this meeting a committee was appointed to take into consideration the propriety of again dividing the circuit and also of holding a camp-meeting.

The receipts for the third quarter were $115.

The public collection was $7.07.

The fourth and last quarterly meeting was held at Hastings July 11 and 12. At the quarterly conference held on the 11th the following appointments for the different classes were made:

John Tallman, Wm. Mullen, C. P. Fifield and A. Stearns, local preachers.

Lorenzo Mudge, Levi Holmes, O. D. Spaulding and Horace Bement, licensed as exhorters.

R. J. Grant, O. D. Spaulding, L. Mudge, A. B. Hart, Eli Mallet, Levi Holmes, Brother Kenyon, Brother Jordan, A. Senter, S. W. Chase, Peter Cobb and W. W. Rork, leaders.

R. J. Grant, P. K. Barnum, L. Mudge, Peter Cobb, Levi Holmes, Isaac Messer, A. B. Hart, Eli Mallet and Marble Bates, stewards.

Lorenzo Mudge was appointed district steward.

The next quarterly meeting was appointed to be held at the Holmes school house, and a two days' meeting was appointed to be held at Carlton Center the first Saturday and Sunday of September.

Brother E. H. Day was an efficient worker in all directions. He did a great work here and you probably remember the good work he did as superintendent of the poor when pastor at Cadillac. He is still in the active ministry, smart, his hair as white as snow, his sharp eagle eye as keen as ever. He delivered an address last August before the Kalamazoo County Pioneer society, upon the "Early Religious Work in Southern Michigan." He is now stationed at Lawton.

Brother John Tallman soon after leaving here located. He died at Cannonsburg in 1877.

August 15, 1856, the school house property was sold to Stebbins & Russell for $400, and services again held in the court house. Efforts were made looking towards the building of a house of worship, and considerable material gotten together at one time within the next year or so but not enough to warrant the commencement of active building operations.

At the annual conference in 1857 Rev. J. Odell was appointed to Hastings circuit.

A new circuit was now formed by taking off from Hastings circuit all the territory but Irving and Rutland classes, leaving but three preaching places, Hastings, Irving and Doud school house. The new circuit was called Woodland circuit and Rev. A. T. Ayers was appointed as preacher in charge.

The claim of the pastor was fixed at $526; $300 apportioned to Hastings, $126 to Irving, and $100 to Rutland.

Brother Odell went from there to Battle Creek and soon thereafter located.

About this time a class was organized at the county farm school house. Among the members were Brother and Sister Mixer, Sisters Caswell, Merritt, Hardy, and many others. Brother Crook and others joined afterward.

At the annual conference in 1858 Rev. Horace Hall was appointed to Hastings circuit. There was no change in its territory. You remember him as a good preacher and a grand man. He continued in the active work until his health failed, at one time was presiding elder of Albion district. He died near Niles, March 14, 1884, beloved by all who knew him. Rev. Joseph Jennings served his full term of four years as presiding elder of Marshall district. He died May 23, 1867.

May 24, 1858, an exchange was made with M. S. Stebbins, who then owned the lot where Dr. Fuller's house now is, and the one where the church is located. The trustees of the society selling to Mr. Stebbins lot No. 804, reserving the parsonage thereon and agreeing to move the same, and taking in exchange lot No. 816, giving Mr. Stebbins the barn for the difference in the value of the lots, thus making Mr. Stebbins' place in a square form and the location of the church lot on the corner.

According to the terms of the sale the parsonage was moved from lot No. 804, consisting of the north wing of the present parsonage and the familiar "summer kitchen," to lot 816, and the upright soon after built thereto, under the direction of Brother James Dickinson, known as "Uncle Jimmy."

After the upright was added prayer meetings were frequently held therein, and finally a revival commenced there, but was soon so largely attended as to compel the holding of the meetings at the court house.

The contract for this exchange of lots pending the execution of the deeds was drafted by Wm. Burgher, and signed by Wm. Burgher, R. J. Grant, A. B. Cook, Wm. Jones, S. C. Prindle, and John W. Stebbins, as trustees.

At the annual conference in 1859 Rev. Enoch Holdstock was appointed presiding elder of Marshall district, and Rev. Jermy Boynton was appointed to Hastings circuit. Soon after his arrival he said, "We must build a church." Few, if any, had faith that it could be done, but early in the winter of 1859 steps were taken towards the building of a church. The movement was headed by the pastor. The first thing was a call for volunteers to chop, score and hew, to be led by the stalwart pastor. During the evening the men were usually seen and it was ascertained who could go the next day, and on the following morning as soon as it was light or even before, with ax on the shoulder, dinner pail in the hand, with chalk line and charred sticks for the chalk, the company were marching for the forest to cut logs and get out timber for the "new church to be built."

At that time we were surrounded with woods and to get rid of sur-

plus timber was what most owners desired, so it was no trouble to get donated all the oak timber needed. The question was to get it to the mill to be sawed and money to pay the saw bill. The timber was largely donated by Mr. Hubbell, Osborn, Vrooman, Bailey, Cook and others. Donation of ox team work by Mixer, Cook, Vrooman and Rose. The volunteer choppers without number, Hewes, Jones, Allen, Gurnish, Hewes and others whose names have gone from memory. Hiram Bronson was the boss and laid out the work, while Tilner, Dickinson, Hewes and others aided in the work of framing. The stone were all donated for the wall and the hauling largely so. Work on the wall was commenced early in the spring of 1860, and was built by John A. Fuller and John D. Throop. The painting was largely done by the pastor and Jno. Michael.

Wednesday, May 30, 1860, at 2 o'clock p. m., the corner stone of the church building was laid with appropriate ceremonies, in accordance with the rules of the Methodist Episcopal church, under the direction of Rev. Enoch Holdstock, the presiding elder, assisted by Rev. Joseph Jennings of Battle Creek and the pastor, Brother Boynton. By reason of the incessant rain that afternoon the ceremonies were brief at the church foundation, and through the courtesy of the trustees of the Presbyterian society the addresses of the occasion were delivered in the Presbyterian church. The ladies of the society had made great preparations for a dinner for the occasion in the court yard but in consequence of the rain were obliged to adjourn to the court room, where ample justice was done to the good things they had so bountifully provided, and for which they realized the handsome sum of $75, which for those times was considered very large.

The erection of the building was rapidly pushed forward, so that in the latter part of July the frame was up, covered and nearly enclosed, so that a temporary floor was laid and seats made from rough boards laid on blocks and quarterly meeting services held without either doors or windows in the building, and with such energy and zeal was the work pushed that early in September following, the building was ready for occupancy and was dedicated with appropriate and very impressive ceremonies, September 23, 1860. Rev. T. H. Sinex, then president of Albion college, preaching the sermon and in the dedication was assisted by P. E. Holdstock, and others, who were on their way to attend the session of the annual conference at Ionia.

Of course, as is usually the case on such occasions, there was some money to be raised to finish paying for the church, which was all

pledged on paper. The first man to subscribe was Waterman Parker, $10. We also find the names of I. A. Holbrook, Gilbert Striker, D. G. Robinson, N. Bailey, Joseph Babcock, from Maple Grove, and many others from out of town, but such a shrinkage in payment of subscriptions I never want again to experience, and not until 1872, when Brother Buell was pastor was the balance paid.

In the meantime Brother Grant, in the goodness of his heart, had given to the society lot No. 817 in the rear of the church and offered to sell it lot No. 818 (where G. G. Spaulding resides) for $100, but the society could not raise the money, at least, so it thought, thinking, perhaps he would finally give it that lot also. The society is the sole owner of the two lots and buildings thereon, without any encumbrance whatever.

During Brother Boynton's pastorate the church enjoyed a gracious revival and many accessions. He was a man of good executive ability, as well as a good preacher. When he extended the index finger of the right hand you might be sure Jermy Boynton was behind it as the propelling power. He remained in the active ministry until his death, which was very sudden, at Stanton, September, 1883. Sister Boynton still resides there. Rev. Enoch Holdstock, the presiding elder, is still in the active ministry, and has been for 53 years continuously and is now a member of North Indiana conference. He was a delegate to the last general conference, where we had a pleasant visit with him. The board of trustees at this time were, R. J. Grant, O. D. Spaulding, John Goss, A. B. Cook, Porter Burton, Wm. Jones and S. C. Prindle.

At the annual conference of 1860 Hastings circuit was again transferred to Grand Rapids district. M. B. Camburn was appointed presiding elder, and Rev. Francis Glass was appointed to Hastings circuit. The Rutland class was discontinued and merged with Hastings and Irving classes, some of the members uniting with Irving and the balance here.

The salary of the pastor was fixed at		$450 00
The claim of the presiding elder for the circuit		40 00
		$490 00
There was apportioned to Hastings	$340 00	
There was apportioned to Irving	150 00	

The first quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, November 3 and 4. At the quarterly conference O. D. Spaulding was elected recording steward in place of R. J. Grant.

The stewards were Grant, Spaulding, Marble Bates, H. W. Hewes, J. M. Hewes, A. J. Benham, A. B. Cook, Peter Cobb and John Norton. Miss Fancher was added to the committee on missions.

The second quarterly meeting was held at Irving, February 2 and 3, 1861.

The third quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, May 3 and 4.

The fourth and last quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, July 13 and 14, and the quarterly conference held on the 13th. At this meeting four Sunday schools were reported, twenty-five officers and teachers, one hundred and fifty scholars, and one hundred and seventy volumes in the library, and H. W. Hewes and C. R. Crosby were licensed as local preachers, and John R. Cooley as exhorter.

M. B. Camburn remained on Grand Rapids district but one year. He was afterwards presiding elder of Grand Traverse district, and he continued in the active work until his death, October 17, 1871.

Brother Glass is a native of the "Emerald Isle," with many of the good qualities of those people. He is a superannuate and resides at Grand Rapids, enjoying his home with his good wife. He was a good preacher. You all remember his proposition to "sell the bench." He had a glorious revival at Irving, at the Cobb school house.

At the annual conference of 1861, Rev. James M. Dayton was appointed to Hastings circuit, and Rev. Harrison Morgan was appointed presiding elder of Grand Rapids district.

The first quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, November 2, 1861.

The salary of the pastor was fixed at $400 and the claim of the presiding elder at $20.

James M. Hewes was elected district steward.

The second quarterly meeting was held at Irving, February 1 and 2, 1862.

The third quarterly meeting was held at Hastings. Rev. Jermy Boynton was present in the place of the presiding elder.

The last quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, July 5 and 6, 1862. At the quarterly conference, held the 5th, Brother O. D. Spaulding was licensed as a local preacher.

J. M. Walker, Martin V. Rork and George Benham were added to the board of stewards.

Six Sunday schools were reported, viz.: Hastings, Irving, Rutland, Hope, Baltimore and State Road. Brother Dayton is still in the active work and stationed at Cannonsburg.

In 1862 was the first birth as well as the first death in the parson-

age. A daughter born to Brother and Sister Dayton, who lived but a few months.

At the annual conference held in 1862 Rev. T. B. Granger was appointed to the Hastings circuit for the second time.

The first quarterly conference was held at Hastings, October 25, 1862. The pastor's salary was fixed at $550. A. J. Benham and Isaac Hendershott were added to the board of stewards. Brothers Grant and Prindle and Sisters Striker and Dickinson were appointed a Sunday school committee.

The second quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, January 24, 1863. The third was held at Irving and the fourth and last for the conference year was held at Hastings, June 27 and 28, 1863.

At this meeting the name of Peter L. Rork appears as one of the stewards and Peter Cobb as district steward, and Martin V. Rork was licensed as exhorter. It was reported that there were thirty copies of the N. W. C. Advocate taken, three copies of the Ladies' Repository, one copy of the Christian Advocate and Journal, fifteen copies of the Sunday School Advocate and Journal, one copy of the Sunday School Journal, and fifty copies of the Missionary Advocate.

Under date of September 20, 1863, is a receipt in full from Brother Granger for salary of $550.

The second death of a member of the pastor's family, while occupying the parsonage was Frankie Granger, a sweet little boy, in the winter of 1863.

At the annual conference in 1863 Hastings circuit was transferred to Albion district. Rev. M. A. Daugherty was appointed presiding elder and Rev. T. B. Granger was returned as preacher.

The first quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, October 29, 1863.

The salary of the pastor was fixed at $600.

L. Kenyon and Porter Burton were added to the Sunday school committee and Sisters Dickinson, Hewes and Striker to the missionary committee for Hastings, and Sisters Hendershott and Cobb for Irving.

The second quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, January 23, 1864. Routine business only was transacted.

The third quarterly meeting was held at Irving, May 7, 1864.

The fourth and last quarterly meeting and quarterly conference for the year were held at Hastings, July 30, 1864.

Rev. N. L. Brockway was present in the place of the presiding elder. The report of the Sunday schools showed a good advance: Number of schools, 5, volumes in the library, 300, scholars, 375, officers and teachers, 30, total expense for the year, $65. R. J. Grant was

elected district steward. At this meeting the license of Brother S. P. Hewitt, as local preacher was renewed.

Brother Granger was a good business man and looked after church interests well. He subsequently located and retired to his farm in Allegan county. I have not the date of his death, nor of the death of his excellent wife, who was Mrs. Henderson afterwards.

Brother M. A. Daugherty, some years afterwards transferred to Texas conference. He is at Waco, agent for our college and work there.

At the annual conference in 1864, Hastings circuit was transferred again to the Kalamazoo district. Rev. Resin Sapp was presiding elder and Rev. V. G. Boynton was again appointed to Hastings circuit.

The first quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, Nov. 12.

The salary of the pastor was fixed at $700 and apportioned as follows: Hastings $500 and Irving $200. At this meeting the name of Julia Wightman appears as one of the Sunday school committee.

The second quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, February 11, 1865. Here first appears on the record the election of Brother Grant as Sunday school superintendent, although we know he then had filled the office for a long time.

The third quarterly meeting was held at Irving April 16, 1865, but the quarterly conference was held at Hastings. The ordinary business only was transacted.

The fourth and last quarterly meeting and quarterly conference for the conference year were held at Hastings, July 8, 1865. Aside from routine business but little was done. The following brethren were appointed stewards for the ensuing year: Marble Bates, R. J. Grant, Wm. Jones, Peter Cobb, Wm. A. Moore, S. C. Prindle, Peter Cramer, Martin E. Rice, O. D. Spaulding.

At the annual conference in 1865 Hastings circuit was transferred to Ionia district. Rev. F. B. Bangs was presiding elder and V. G. Boynton was returned to Hastings circuit as preacher.

The first quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, November 25, 1865.

The pastor's salary was fixed at $700 and the presiding elder's claim from the circuit at $65.

The second quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, and the third quarterly meeting was held at Irving.

About this time a class was organized at the center of Rutland and attached to this circuit. Among its members were I. L. Diamond and wife and J. L. Nye.

The fourth and last quarterly meeting for the conference year was

held at Hastings, July 14, 1866. I here give a complete list of the officials for the circuit as follows:

Preacher in charge—V. G. Boynton.

Trustees—R. J. Grant, O. D. Spaulding, William Jones, Porter Burton, S. C. Prindle, George W. Williams and S. P. Hewitt.

Stewards—R. J. Grant, O. D. Spaulding, S. C. Prindle, Peter Cobb, Marble Bates, Wm. Jones, Martin E. Rice, Wm. A. Moore and Peter Cramer.

Leaders—Peter Cobb and O. D. Spaulding.

Exhorters—Martin V. Rork and John R. Cooley.

Local preachers—O. D. Spaulding, S. P. Hewitt and George W. Hubbard.

Sunday school superintendent—R. J. Grant.

Aside from the above among the committees appear the new names of B. L. Boice, Sarah Diamond, I. L. Diamond, J. L. Nye, Josiah Turner and others.

V. G. Boynton was not as energetic as his brother Jermy but many thought him the better preacher. He died at Mattawan, October 12, 1883. His widow still resides there.

At the annual conference in 1866 Rev. A. P. Moors was appointed to Hastings circuit.

The first quarterly meeting was held at Hastings in November. The salary of the pastor was fixed at $800.

The claim of the presiding elder apportioned to this circuit was $80.

The second quarterly meeting was held at Hastings, January 25, 1867.

Ordinary business only was transacted.

Received during the quarter for the pastor from	Hastings	$134 50
" " " "	Irving	48 99
" " " "	Rutland	22 00
For the quarter total		$205 49

The third quarterly meeting was held at Irving and the fourth at Hastings. Ordinary business only was transacted. With this year ended the Hastings circuit.

At the annual conference of 1867 Rev. A. P. Moors was returned to us. Irving and Rutland had been added to another circuit and Hastings advanced to a station. It will not be necessary hereafter to mention where the quarterly meetings, quarterly conferences, or any of the official meetings were held, as, of course, all were held here.

At the first official meeting of the year the salary of the pastor was fixed at $800. The presiding elder's salary apportioned for Hastings was $90.

At the second and third quarterly conferences nothing but routine business was transacted.

The fourth quarterly meeting as well as the last quarterly conference for the conference year were held August 1, 1868.

Rev. J. M. Fuller, a member of the Genesee conference, represented the presiding elder. Brother Fuller at that time was temporarily supplying Lowell circuit. He afterwards joined the Detroit conference and did a good work, filling some of the best appointments in the conference. He was a strong man and an able preacher and continued in the work until old age compelled him to retire. He died near Saranac, April 12, 1891, in the 84th year of his age. Dr. Potts said of him: "His death ends one more of the honored lives of Methodism and takes home the oldest member of the Detroit conference."

At this meeting the name of C. S. Whitcomb first appears as one of the trustees, and the name of Daniel Striker first appears as a steward. S. C. Prindle was elected recording steward in place of O. D. Spaulding. The name of A. R. Boggs here appears for the first time as a local preacher. He was recommended for admission to the traveling connection and O. D. Spaulding for deacons' orders.

Brother Boggs was the principal of our union school at this time, he joined the Michigan conference and in 1877 became its secretary. He was afterwards transferred to the Dakota conference, where he still remains. He is now stationed at Mitchell, S. D.

In 1868 the first marriage of a member of a pastor's family occurred at the parsonage. Mahala Moors, sister of Brother Moors, and teacher in the union school, was united in marriage to a Mr. Jones of Greenville, where she at once removed as her future home. She is not living now.

In October, 1868, was the third and last death in the parsonage, Edith, daughter of Brother and Sister Moors.

At the annual conference in 1868 Brother Moors was returned to us for the third year.

The first official meeting was held November 27.

The salary of the pastor was fixed at $800. The amount apportioned to this charge for the presiding elder was $100.

The name of D. L. Hoes here appears as one of the committee on church extension.

The second quarterly meeting was held July 13, 1869.

Brother Harrison Morgan occupied the pulpit in place of the presiding elder.

The third quarterly conference was held May 8. At this quarterly conference Brothers Grant and Prindle were appointed a committee on "Lay Delegation."

The fourth and last quarterly conference for the conference year was held July 31. At this meeting Martin V. Rork was recommended for admission to the annual conference and was invited to preach before our people before leaving. Brother Moors having been here the full term of three years we had to part with him much to our regret. He did a splendid work while here, the church prospered under his ministry, as he was a splendid pastor and preacher and was beloved by all. He resides at Miller and is active in all good work—a grand Christian man.

Brother Bangs was presiding elder of Ionia district the full term of four years. He continued in the itinerant work until 1889, when he was obliged to cease on account of old age. He died at Eaton Rapids May 20, 1891, aged 72 years, having been in the ministry 50 years. He preached his semi-centennial sermon before the conference in 1890.

At the annual conference in 1869, Hastings station, after having been tossed about like a foot ball, was again included in Grand Rapids district. Rev. A. J. Eldred was presiding elder and Rev. J. H. Ross was appointed to Hastings, as preacher.

The second quarterly meeting and quarterly conference were held January 15, 1870, and the third March 26. The ordinary routine business only was done.

The fourth and last quarterly conference for the conference year was held August 15, 1870.

At this meeting the name of Traverse Phillips first appears as a trustee. Chas. Murray was recommended for license to preach. Daniel Striker was elected district steward.

At the annual conference for 1870 Brother J. H. Ross was returned to us as pastor.

The first official meeting was held October 29, 1870, and the second January 14, 1871. Ordinary business only was transacted.

The third quarterly meeting was held April 10. Here the name of Rev. E. F. Brown first appears.

"The certificate of Rev. E. F. Brown, minister from Canada, was read and on motion he was received and acknowledged as such and admitted a member of the quarterly conference."

The fourth and last quarterly meeting for the conference year was held June 17, 1871.

At this meeting the trustees were authorized to paper the church. It was not done, however. Sisters Striker, Williams and Reed were appointed a committee on parsonage furniture, and O. D. Spaulding and Roxie Butter a committee on music.

The names of James L. Crawley and Edward P. Brown here first appear as stewards.

Brother Chauncey R. Crosby was licensed as a local preacher.

Brother O. D. Spaulding was again recommended for deacon's orders. Daniel Striker was elected a delegate to the lay electoral conference, at St. Joseph, and R. J. Grant was elected alternate. At this time the first action was taken towards the purchase of a bell. The money was raised by the efforts of Sisters Ross and Striker. The bell was purchased by Brother Prindle.

At the annual conference in 1871 Brother J. H. Ross was returned to us for the third year.

The first quarterly meeting was held September 30, and at the first quarterly conference the salary of the pastor was advanced to $900, the donation to apply on the same. Chas. B. Benham was appointed steward, in the place of Wm. Jones, who had removed his business to Nashville. The name of Brother L. N. Mixer here appears as an official member.

The second quarterly meeting was held January 6, 1872, and the third, March 16. Nothing save routine business was done at either.

The fourth and last quarterly meeting for the conference year was held August 3, 1872. Here the names of C. B. Benham, Manning, Doud and David L. Hoes appear among the trustees and stewards.

Brother Ross served this church the full term of three years. He is a very level headed man and a fair preacher. While he was here we were frequently reminded of the man that Paul knew, whether in the body, etc., etc.

He is still in the active work and a member of the Genesee conference. His excellent wife is a sister of Senator Dolph of Oregon.

Brother Eldred has continued in the work ever since and is now chaplain at the State House of Correction at Ionia. He says that it is the best parish he ever had. He alludes to this charge as the "sugar plum" and advises every preacher to go to Hastings. He preached the semi-centennial sermon before the annual conference in 1888.

At the annual conference in 1872 Rev. Resin Sapp was appointed

presiding elder of Grand Rapids district and Rev. J. I. Buell pastor at Hastings. Our first official meeting was held in connection with the quarterly meeting, October 19. The salary of Brother Buell was fixed at $900, besides moving expenses amounting to $25. Daniel Striker was elected treasurer. The presiding elder was present at this meeting. It was the first and only time that he came here as presiding elder, for he died at Grand Rapids, May 5, 1873. He was a very eccentric man but a powerful preacher.

The second quarterly meeting was held January 11, 1873, Rev. L. H. Pearce of Grand Rapids conducting the services.

The third quarterly meeting was held April 5, 1873. Nothing but ordinary business was transacted at either.

The fourth and last quarterly conference for the conference year was held June 30.

At this meeting the names of D. P. Nelson and Emma Hoes appear on committees, and Brother Chas. Murray was recommended for deacon's orders. Brother Buell (now Dr. Buell) had a very prosperous year here. At its close it was the first time since the church was built that we were entirely out of debt. The pastor was paid in full and the society that year raised $1,532 for all purposes, but we enjoyed it, as all could say, "We are out of debt." We will speak of him hereafter.

November 18, 1868, the ladies of the church formed an association called "The Ladies' Missionary association of the M. E. church of Hastings" and adopted a constitution. The object as set forth was to look after the poor people during the winter, and such other work as was incidental thereto. It was officered as follows: Mrs. Daniel Striker, president; Mrs. A. W. Bailey, vice president; Mrs. T. Phillips, secretary; Mrs. C. S. Whitcomb, treasurer.

This association continued its organization and did a good work but was merged in a large measure for awhile in the auxiliary of the W. F. M. S. in January, 1873.

January 5, 1873, Miss Sally Rulisan was here and organized the Hastings auxiliary of the W. F. M. S. with the following as its officers: Mrs. J. I. Buell, president; Mrs. A. W. Bailey, vice president; Miss Julia Wightman, treasurer; Miss Melinda Mead, assistant treasurer; Mrs. Daniel Striker, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Traverse Phillips, recording secretary.

This society has always enjoyed a vigorous growth, has maintained its organization, having interesting meetings every month and quarterly tea meetings, and public meetings occasionally with profit. The ladies'

association continued with the above until March 3, 1886, when the regular missionary society was organized as an auxiliary to the State society and took up that part of the work.

At the annual conference in 1873, Rev. D. F. Barnes was appointed presiding elder of Grand Rapids district, and as Brother Buell was appointed presiding elder of Ionia district at the same time, Rev. T. H. Jacokes came to Hastings station as pastor.

At the first quarterly meeting, which was held October 18, the salary of the pastor was fixed at $900. The apportionment of the presiding elder for this charge was $108.

Our second quarterly meeting was held January 3, 1874. At this meeting first appears the name of M. T. Wheeler as a trustee.

Our third quarterly meeting was held March 21, and was conducted by Rev. Francis Glass, in the place of the presiding elder, and our fourth and last quarterly meeting for the conference year was held June 20.

At this meeting Richard Freer was elected one of the trustees and Brother Samuel Dickie was recommended for license to preach. The pastor was paid in full and all other expenses for the year were fully met.

Brother Jacokes is still in the active ministry and is stationed at Middleville. He has been a member of the conference for over forty years continuously, and is regarded as a good thinker and preacher, somewhat of a metaphysical turn, and perfectly at home with the theme of bringing the apparent contention between the "centrifugal and centripetal" forces in the material world to harmonize with God's plan for the salvation of mankind. A grand old patriarch he is!

The members of the official board at this time were:

Sunday school superintendent—R. J. Grant.

Trustees—R. J. Grant, O. D. Spaulding, Daniel Striker, Porter Burton, Peter Cramer, Traverse Phillips, Richard Freer, Milo T. Wheeler and S. C. Prindle.

Stewards—R. J. Grant, O. D. Spaulding, Daniel Striker, Marble Bates, Manning Doud, C. B. Benham, David L. Hoes, Peter Cramer and S. C. Prindle.

At the annual conference in 1874 Rev. George W. Sherman was appointed to Hastings as pastor. Our first official meeting was held September 28. Ordinary business was transacted. The salary the same as heretofore.

Our second quarterly meeting was held January 2, 1875, the third

March 3, and the fourth and last quarterly meeting for the conference year was held June 12.

During this year we had a most gracious revival and many accessions to our membership. It became very evident that the church sittings were inadequate to accommodate the increasing congregations. Early in the spring of 1875 the necessary measures were taken for the enlargement of the church building. Plans were procured and a subscription of $2,550 pledged (the best I ever saw, as it shrank only $17.50 in the collection), when active operations were commenced.

The last public services before commencing work were held June 12 and 13. It was a quarterly meeting occasion under the charge of Rev. A. P. Moors, who was here on a visit at the time. The transept part was added to the building and the entire inside was rebuilt, with new seating, windows and doors. The parsonage was also raised two feet and an addition added thereto, costing, for the improvements on the church, $3,550, and for the parsonage $650; in all, $4,200.

It was all finished and ready for occupancy in December following. The church was re-opened for public services on the morning of December 19. Rev. George B. Jocelyn, D. D., then president of Albion college, preached the sermon. Rev. D. F. Barnes, the presiding elder, had charge of the finances. We had $1,700 to raise, which was all pledged, and a little more, in forty-five minutes. It was collected and all the obligations against the society paid within one year. In the evening the regular quarterly meeting services were held, conducted by Presiding Elder Barnes, and a collection was taken to pay him for his valuable services upon the occasion. The sum of $42 was realized. Ever since then we have been able to pay as we go, no debt harrassing us, nor has one year's expenses been allowed to overlap upon the next.

Daniel Striker, S. C. Prindle and Traverse Phillips were the committee upon building and improvements and had charge of the entire work, together with the pastor.

At the annual conference held in 1875 Brother Sherman was returned to us.

Our first official meeting was held December 21, the second March 11, 1876, the third June 12, and the fourth and last for the conference year was held September 8, 1876. This was a good year. I find no change in the records of trustees or stewards. The committee on music I find to have been James L. Crawley, W. S. Nelson and Mary B. Dickie. The pastor was paid in full, as they had been for some time past.

At our quarterly meeting, held August 27, 1876, Rev. James Hulin, of Middleville, conducted the services, and while preaching he was stricken with paralysis and was unable to finish his sermon. It was some days before he was able to be removed to his home. While he was better for a short time, yet he never recovered. He lingered until May 9, 1877, when he died.

At the annual conference in 1876, Brother Sherman was returned to us for the third year. Our first official meeting was held October 28. The second January 13, 1877. Ordinary business only was transacted.

The third quarterly conference was held May 1.

The fourth and last official meeting for the conference year was held June 30, 1877. After organization it adjourned to September 3.

At the adjourned meeting Brother Ebenezer Pennock was elected one of the stewards. Brothers M. L. Cook, C. A. Barnes and Arthur Freeman are here mentioned as members of committees, and the license of Brother O. D. Spaulding to preach was again renewed. This closed the pastorate of Brother Sherman here. He was very much embarrassed by poor health, and while not so much of a preacher as some who have preceded or followed him, notwithstanding he did a grand all round work. His strength was in his quiet but steady attention to the duties of a faithful pastor, aided by his angelic wife he was a success in winning souls to Christ. He is author of the remark, "That there is about so much to do before you do anything." He is still in the active work and is now presiding elder of Grand Traverse district.

This also closed Brother (now Dr.) Barnes' four years' work on Grand Rapids district. He is a fine specimen of a thorough gentlemen, courteous and popular, a splendid administrator, and by nature a diplomat, and had he made politics a business, he, ere this, would have been a minister to some foreign court. He is pastor of the first church at Kalamazoo.

At the annual conference in 1877, Rev. Levi Master was appointed to Hastings station and Rev. W. J. Aldrich was appointed presiding elder of Grand Rapids district.

Our first official meeting was held September 29. At this meeting the first action was taken for the gathering of the items for our early church history, when Brothers Prindle, Grant and Spaulding were appointed as the commitee, as before stated. At this time the salary was adjusted differently. Heretofore it had been $900 and the dona-

tion to apply. Now it was made $800, besides all donations, use of parsonage and grounds.

In 1877 the society purchased lot No. 30, subdivision F. in Riverside cemetery, for the use of our pastors and families for burial purposes, if by them desired. So far it has not been occupied.

At this time Brother Grant, who had been Sunday school superintendent for 23 years continously, felt it to be his duty to retire, which he did by resignation, much regretted by all.

During this year a readjustment and change in Sunday school and church socials occurred.

September 26 the members of the Sunday school board as well as the teachers met at the church, pursuant to the call of the pastor for the purpose of organizing the school, in conformity with the Discipline, which was done, and the constitution as laid down in the Discipline was adopted. This organization has been maintained ever since. The annual meeting for the election of officers is held on the first Wednesday in October of each year.

Under the new constitution the first officers elected were as follows: Chauncey A. Barnes, superintendent; Arthur B. Freeman, assistant superintendent; Daniel Striker, secretary and treasurer; L. D. Williams, librarian; P. W. Niskern chorister.

The thanks of the school were unanimously voted Brother Grant for his long and faithful services as superintendent.

October 26, 1877, at a meeting of the W. F. M. society the matter of having a district organization to have in charge the church socials was discussed, and after a full and free exchange of opinions thereon it was

"*Resolved*, That we organize a church society, consisting of both ladies and gentlemen, having for its object the development and cultivation of the social interests of the members, as well as the raising of funds to defray the various expenses connected with the church, and to be officered as follows, viz.: President, vice-president, secretary and treasurer and an executive committee of five members, besides the president, who shall be ex officio member of said executive committee."

The first officers under this organization were: President, E. Joe Clark; vice president, S. C. Prindle; secretary and treasurer, Daniel Striker; executive committee, P. W. Niskern, Mary Whitcomb, M. E. Taylor, A. B. Freeman and Estella Wheeler.

Prior to this time the socials had been directed mainly by the W. F. M. society or by self constituted committees.

This organization has been well maintained ever since. The election of officers occurs soon after the annual conference in each year.

The net receipts of this society for the last year were $245.72, the largest in its history.

The last official meeting for this conference year was held August 26, 1878.

At this meeting the names of Brother Niskern and Sister G. G. Spaulding appear as members of committees, and that of Dr. Lampman as steward.

August 12, 1878, at a regular meeting of the Sunday school board the Sunday school was organized into a missionary society, as recommended in the Discipline, with Minna E. Taylor as president and Estella Wheeler as secretary and treasurer.

At the annual conference in 1878 Brother Master was returned to us. Our first quarterly meeting was held September 30. The salary for the pastor was the same as the preceeding year. There was apportioned to this charge for the presiding elder $104.

The second quarterly conference was held December 16. At this meeting S. C. Prindle was elected trustee in place of Brother M. T. Wheeler, deceased, and Brother Eben Pennock in place of Brother Crawley, removed from the city.

Appropriate resolutions were adopted and spread on the minutes regarding Brother Wheeler.

At the annual election of Sunday school officers, October 2, 1878, M. L. Cook was elected assistant superintendent and S. C. Prindle, librarian.

March 24, 1879, a change was made in the time of holding Sunday school sessions and class meetings. Heretofore the Sunday school sessions had been held at nine o'clock in the morning and the class meetings after the morning service. By this change the Sunday school sessions are held after the morning services and the class meetings after the evening services, except the first Sunday of each month when the class meeting is held immediately after the morning service and the Sunday school following.

April 23 Sister Clement Smith was elected superintendent in place of Brother Barnes, removed from the city. At this time the school consisted of eleven classes.

June 3 Lizzie Master was elected organist and Brother Whitcomb second assistant superintendent.

September 3 was the Sunday school excursion to Jackson, that realized the sum of $150.41 for the library.

The last quarterly conference for the conference year was held September 1, 1879.

At this meeting Jno. F. Hale was elected district steward. Daniel Striker was elected delegate to the lay electoral conference at Ionia and Sister Pennock was elected a member of the committee on Sunday schools. Ed. P. Brown and Estella Wheeler were elected members of the committee on music. During this year the barn was built on the church grounds, costing $160, and it was paid for.

At the annual conference in 1879 Brother Master was returned to us for the third year. The first quarterly conference was held September 29. The salary was the same as heretofore.

The second quarterly meeting was held February 16, 1880. At this meeting the name of Wm. H. Schantz appears as a steward, and at the fourth and last quarterly conference, as a member of the committee on music. This year our missionary collections advanced to $75.

During this year Sister Smith, the superintendent, inaugurated the birthday offering as the Sunday school missionary fund and the name of Frankie Master is recorded as making the first offering.

This closed Brother Master's and his good wife's work with us. There are few better thinkers and pastors than he in Michigan conference. He grows steadily all the time. He is warm hearted, level headed and sweet spirited, and with his pleasant, "How do, do" and thoroughly Christian, gentlemanly manner he soon has a strong hold on your affections. He is a conscientious and earnest laborer and truly one of the chief captains of the tribe of "Levi." He is the presiding elder of Kalamazoo district at present.

At the annual conference in 1880 Rev. A. A. Knappen was appointed to this station. He and his family did not come among us as strangers. Brother Aldrich was continued as presiding elder of Grand Rapids district.

Our first quarterly meeting was held October 16, and the pastor's salary was fixed at $800, with donations, use of parsonage and grounds, moving expenses and as much more as could be raised.

The second quarterly meeting was held January 10, 1881 and the third, April 4. Ordinary business only was transacted.

Our fourth and last quarterly conference for the year was held July 11 and an adjourned meeting September 5.

It was during this year that the woodhouse and kitchen were added to the buildings and the church painted. The names of W. P. Sidnam and A. D. Rork here appear among the official members.

I give below a statement of receipts from all sources during the conference year:

Pastor's moving expenses	$22 50
Pastor's salary	825 79
Public collection, quarterly meeting for presiding elder	92 46
Pastor's cash donations	135 05
Benevolent collections	198 88
Special calls for Salt Lake and metropolitan churches	26 58
Building, painting and repairs	350 00
Socials	110 63
Sunday collections	136 27
Sunday school	150 00
Women's F. M. society	78 00
	$2,126 16

At the annual conference in 1881, Brother Knappan was returned to us and Brother H. M. Joy was appointed presiding elder of Grand Rapids district in place of Brother W. J. Aldrich, who had served the full term of four years upon the district.

We did not come to know much of Presiding Elder Aldrich. He said it was of no use for him to spend his time coming here except to learn of our wishes, as we were not only able to care for ourselves but could aid other charges to manage their affairs. But that he was an excellent administrator his work showed. He died at Muskegon, September 23, 1890, after a five years of very successful pastorate, and while preparing to move to Lansing to assume the duties of presiding elder of Lansing district.

The first quarterly conference was held October 17. The pastor's salary was fixed the same as the preceding year.

The second quarterly meeting was held January 21 and the quarterly conference January 24, 1882. The third was held April 17. The fourth and last for the conference year September 2.

At this meeting the name of Asbury Black appears as trustee and D. C. Eycleshymer as steward. Brother Schantz was elected recording steward.

It was during this year that the pews were supplied with cushions at a cost of $230, and the seats supplied with hymn books and psalms at a cost of $97. It was also this year that the diphtheria so severely interfered with our Sunday school work, as well as our church attendance.

At the annual conference in 1882, Brother Knappen was again returned to us as pastor. October 4, 1882, Brother Wm. P. Sidnam was elected Sunday school superintendent, in place of Sister Smith, who declined a re-election, and R. K. Grant was elected librarian.

Our first official meeting was held October 16. Ordinary business only came before the board during the year.

In the latter part of October, 1882, the second and last marriage of a member of a pastor's family took place at the parsonage, Miss Ida Knappen to Mark Russell. They now reside at Sioux Falls and are a happy family. No doubt they are both glad that they waited until mature age aided their judgment before uniting their fortunes. The marriages solemnized at the parsonage of those not of the pastors' families have been legion.

The fourth and last quarterly conference for the conference year was held July 7, and an adjourned session was held September 5. C. M. Mack's name here appears as steward and A. H. Bates as trustee. This year the collection for conference claimants advanced to $100, and we remember how pleased Brother Knappen was.

This closed Brother Knappen's three years' work with us. Many of us knew him long before, but we learned to love him better now. He is a true man, always on time and he faithfully looked after all the church's interests. He wanted everything done squarely and every member of the church to be a clean Christian. We used to think he could make his points about as sharp as possible to be made, and we really enjoyed his kindly thrusts because they were always applicable and it did him so much good to make them. When he left us we knew just where every member was and what he or she could be depended on to do. They were all regulars and when the bugle sounded all would fall into line.

He is now located at Albion. And we remember what an efficient worker Sister Knappen was in the missionary and temperance causes.

It was during his pastorate that Brother Lesher was leader of the choir and Addie Reed leader of singing in the Sunday school. And what grand help they both were in their respective stations, and both were kindly remembered when they left here.

At the annual conference in 1883, Rev. Wesley A. Hunsberger was appointed to Hastings station.

At the annual election of officers for the Sunday school, October 9, 1883, Brother Schantz was elected superintendent in place of Brother Sidnam.

The first quarterly conference was held October 15. At this, as well as the second and third, ordinary business only was transacted.

At the fourth quarterly conference the name of B. R. Rose first appears as a steward. This was a very prosperous year for us. A

large number were added to the church, our benevolent collections were the largest this year of any year in the history of the church, being $420, as well as the donation, that reached the sum of $174.

During the extra meetings that were held that year Brother Joy and others rendered very efficient aid.

At the annual conference in 1884, Brother Hunsberger was returned to us.

At this conference the Hastings circuit was organized and Brother A. K. Stewart was appointed preacher in charge.

At the annual election of officers for the Sunday school, C. W. Jones was elected secretary and treasurer, in place of Daniel Striker.

The first official meeting was held October 11, 1884, and the last September 21, 1885. Nothing but ordinary business was transacted. Everything went smoothly along. The church aided Albion College to the amount of $140.

This ended Dr. Joy's four years' work on Grand Rapids district. He was very popular as a presiding elder, at least he was regarded with much favor here and held in high esteem. At the annual conference in 1886, he was transferred to northwest Indiana conference. You probably remember his sad death at Greencastle, Indiana, September 30, 1886. I very well remember our conversation on the train from Grand Rapids to Kalamazoo, as he was then on his way to his new field. He said he never had such feelings in all his life. He thought this matter of transfer but a mere matter of formal change until the time came for final separation, but when it came home to him that he was severing ties that had been of 20, 25 and 30 years' standing and going among strangers it meant an entirely different thing. It was his constant theme and when I bid him good-bye at Kalamazoo he could not restrain the tears. It was sad, indeed, and still more so, when I heard the news of his sudden death.

At the annual conference in 1885, Rev. J. I. Buell was appointed presiding elder of Grand Rapids district, and Brother W. A. Hunsberger was returned to us for the third year. At the annual election of officers for the Sunday school, Sister Frank M. Smith was again elected superintendent. The first official meeting was held October 19. Nothing but ordinary business was transacted at this, or at the second and third.

March 6, 1886, the W. H. M. society, as auxiliary to the State Home Missionary society, was organized and the following officers elected: Allie Rock, president; Mary Whitcomb, first vice president; Mrs. J.

A. Fuller, second vice president; Allie Mudge, recording secretary; Etta Main corresponding secretary; Mrs. Wm. Jones, treasurer.

This society has maintained a healthy and stable organization ever since, holds its meetings monthly, and has been a great help to many a preacher's family in the northern part of the State, as well as the poor of our own city.

At our last quarterly conference for the conference year the name of Dr. Lowry appears as a steward. This closed Brother Hunsberger's three year's work among us. You all know Brother Hunsberger as a pastor, full of energy, lively and enthusiastic. It is claimed for him by some that his physical organism is very elastic and that he learned to talk when very young and has improved steadily by constant practice. He was popular here. He is still in the active work and stationed at Muskegon, where he is also very popular, a man that draws friends about him wherever he goes.

At the annual conference in 1886, Rev. George D. Lee was appointed to Hastings.

The first official meeting was held October 12, the second, January 3, 1887, the third, April 4, and the fourth and last, June 27.

Nothing unusual was before the board at any of its meetings. M. L. Cook was elected a member of the board of trustees. Daniel Striker was elected delegate to the lay electoral conference and Brother Sidnam was elected alternate.

Brother Sidnam was elected superintendent of the Sunday school for this year, at the Sunday school board meeting, held October 6, 1886.

At the annual conference in 1887, Brother Lee was returned to us, as pastor for the second year. Our first official meeting was held October 3. The ordinary business only came before the board. M. L. Cook was elected treasurer.

October 10, Mrs. B. R. Rose was elected Sunday school superintendent, in place of Brother Sidnam declined. In April, 1888, the church was papered and a new carpet put down under the direction of Daniel Striker, Wm. P. Sidnam, Sisters Smith, Schantz and Phillips, as the committee, at a cost of $518.10, and a new organ was purchased by the board of trustees, costing $175.

At our fourth and last quarterly conference for the conference year Brother Charles A. Cutler, after a very thorough examination by Dr. Buell, the presiding elder, was recommended for license to preach. He is in the active ministry doing well, and is now stationed at Berlin and Lamont.

This closed the work of Brother Lee here, a change was thought advisable by him on account of his health. It is much to be regretted that his health will not permit of his undertaking steady and continuous labor. He is a preacher much above the average, even, makes no failures, very agreeable socially, and a fine specimen of a dignified Christian gentleman. He is a superannuate and resides at Charlotte. Brother and Sister Lee were sorely afflicted by the loss of their youngest son, Fred, about a month since.

At the annual conference in 1888, Rev. Wm. M. Puffer, the present incumbent was appointed to Hastings. There was no change in any of the boards for this conference year.

At the annual conference in 1889, Brother Puffer was returned to us as pastor.

In the composition of the official board there was no change nor are there any items of interest to mention for this year. At the annual election of Sunday school officers, M. L. Cook was elected superintendent and W. R. Cook was elected secretary and treasurer.

I might here truthfully add that C. S. Whitcomb has been assistant superintendent for the past ten years and upwards, but has absolutely declined the position of superintendent.

Ever since Brother Sherman's first year's pastorate here there had been a young people's Quasi organization in connection with the church work, which usually held its meetings Friday evenings under leaders appointed by the pastor, but not of a marked or distinct character until it became merged with, and known as the Young People's Alliance, and afterwards at a business meeting, held November 12, 1889, it was again changed, to the Epworth League, and the following elected as its officers: Miss Rose Bostwick, president; M. L. Cook, first vice president; Miss Belle Handy, second vice president; Miss Eva L. Coney, third vice president; Wm. Wright, fourth vice president; Fannie Mixer, treasurer; W. R. Cook, secretary.

Its charter is No. 2,894 in the national register, and dated May 31, 1890. This league is doing a grand work for the young people and is one of the most prosperous if not the most vigorous in the conference. Upon the removal from the city of the president, Miss Bostwick, Miss Eva. L. Coney was elected in her place and subsequently she was succeeded by the present very efficient and faithful president, Miss Belle Handy, and the record shows that Miss Julia Rock has acted as secretary pro tem, at most of the meetings, and she has faithfully kept the record as such.

Its meetings are now held Tuesday evenings.

At the annual conference in 1890 Brother Puffer was returned to us for the third year. His salary was advanced $50 for this year. No change in any of the boards until the last quarterly conference for the year, nor in the officers of the Sunday school.

He was having good success in his revival meetings when he was taken sick. Notwithstanding his illness the year has been one of prosperity and every way encouraging and many accessions to the membership, as well as improvements upon the buildings.

At an adjourned session of the third quarterly conference, held April 6, 1891, Brother Ralph Wooten was examined and was recommended as a local preacher, and his license as such was issued and renewed at the fourth quarterly conference, held June 15, 1891. He is attending school at Albion. At the election held by the members of this church, October 30, 1890, in accordance with the order of the general conference of 1888, relative to the admission of women as delegates to the lay electoral and general conferences there were fifty-seven votes cast, fifty for and seven against.

I will here give a condensed report of moneys raised by this church during the conference year last past:

Presiding elder's salary	$100 00	
Pastor's salary	976 00	
Janitor	85 75	
Organist	51 00	
Oil	10 41	
Music	10 60	
Wood	50 50	
Incidentals	30 34	
Painting buildings	240 00	
Repairs on parsonage	30 50	
Making ordinary expenses		$1,585 10

ANNUAL BENEVOLENCES.

Missions from church	$153 00	
Church extension	22 00	
Tract society	5 00	
Sunday school union	5 00	
Freedmen's Aid society	18 00	
American Bible society	9 00	
Bishops	21 00	
Conference claimants	60 00	
Education	11 00	
		304 00

W. F. Missionary society	$85 30	
W. H. Missionary society	87 11	
Local work	67 71	
Value of goods sent into north part of the State	64 50	
		$304 62

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Missions	$28 00	
Education	33 00	
Morning collections	99 08	
		160 08
Mission band		12 00
Total		$2,365 80

And the total amount of money raised by this church for the past ten years is $20,310.05, an annual average of $2,031.00. Our membership now is 243.

This year closed Brother Buell's labors on Grand Rapids district, of which he had been presiding elder for the preceding six years. You know him as a safe and reliable man and not given to hobbies. He wants everything done in order. The fence would have to be low and a good path across a field if he did not prefer to go around by the old way. He works by rule and does good work wherever sent, as also does his excellent wife.

He is in the active ministry and presiding elder of Ionia district. As this is the close I will here give you the officers of the different boards and societies connected with the church:

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

R. J. Grant, president	Daniel Striker, secretary
O. D. Spaulding	C. S. Whitcomb
M. L. Cook, treasurer	Clement Smith
B. R. Rose	

BOARD OF STEWARDS.

Pastor, president, ex officio	Daniel Striker, secretary
M. L. Cook, treasurer	Traverse Phillips, R. S.

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Belle Handy, president	Effie Simpson, treasurer
W. D. Sterling, first v. pres.	Julia Rock, secretary
Addie Jordan, second v. pres.	Mary McElwain, chorister
Mrs. Clement Smith, third v. pres.	Olive Heath, organist
Mrs. W. R. Cook, fourth v. pres.	

SOCIAL SOCIETY.

Mrs. B. R. Rose, vice president and acting president
Mrs. R. K. Grant, treasurer — Mrs. O. D. Spaulding, secretary

WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY.

Mrs. Smith, president
Mrs. Mixer, first vice president
Mrs. Puffer, second vice president
Mrs. Striker, mite box committee
Mrs. M. W. Hicks, recording sec'y
Mrs. W. H. Schantz, cor. sec'y
Mrs. T. S. Brice, treasurer
Mrs. Striker and Mrs. Puffer program committee.

WOMEN'S HOME MISSION SOCIETY.

Mrs. Phillips, president
Mrs. Warner, first vice president
Mrs. Whitcomb, second vice pres.
Mrs. Frank Snyder, third vice pres.
Mrs. R. K. Grant, recording sec'y
Mrs. Smith, corresponding sec'y
Mrs. M. L. Cook, treasurer

MISSION BAND.

Mrs. Dr. Fowler, president
Trudie Smith, vice president
Rebekah Striker, treasurer
Hattie Beadle, recording secretary
Glenna Schantz, corresponding sec'y

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Prof. W. D. Sterling, supt.,
Mrs. B. R. Rose, first asst. supt.
C. S. Whitcomb, second asst. supt.
W. R. Cook, secretary and treasurer,
Glenna Schantz, organist,
Wm. H. Schantz, chorister,
Traverse Phillips and J. L. Crawley, librarians.

You have probably noticed the omission of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal societies at Middleville, Assyria and Maple Grove. They have been omitted for the reason that neither formed a part of the "Hastings circuit." Although Middleville was an occasional preaching place in the days of "Hastings mission."

It is claimed that in a very early day there was a class formed in Maple Grove, but I have not been able to trace it to a certainty. When the society was organized at Middleville it was made a part of "Caledonia circuit," about 1854. Assyria's society was first organized in 1848, and is a part of the "Penfield circuit." Maple Grove society when first organized was attached to Kalamo, but afterwards to Nashville and it is now a part of that circuit. All these places now have

flourishing societies and good houses of worship. Middleville being the head of a circuit.

At the annual conference of 1891, Rev. Wilbur I. Cogshall was appointed presiding elder of Grand Rapids district and Brother Puffer was again returned to us as pastor, being his fourth year. Brother Cogshall is a comparative stranger to most of us but we will take him in expecting to know more of him before his term as presiding elder expires.

Our first official meeting was held September 21. The salary of the pastor was advanced $50, thus bringing this church into the $1,000 class, besides parsonage and moving expenses.

At the annual conference for 1892, Rev. ————, 1892 did I say? Yes, but of *whom* shall it be written, and *by whom* will it be written are not for us to say. We have no control of future events, not even of ourselves. Of today, and today only, have we the promise.

That some faithful pastor will be appointed to Hastings by the Michigan annual conference for 1892 is quite certain, and that the history of 1892 and future years will some day be written we are equally confident, but for the present we must leave these questions unanswered.

Brother Puffer we have with us as pastor. We know him well and love him dearly. If he behaves himself well this year, so we can allow him to be returned to us again, continue himself under our care, follow well our instructions, improve his opportunities and hold fast to the doctrines of the "Fathers" I think we can safely trust him to go out from us at the end of the fifth year, but not before.

In presenting the foregoing epitome of the history of our church for the past fifty years, I am as conscious as any one can be of its imperfections. That many things are omitted that might have been included and many things said that better have been omitted, but such as it is, it is before you for a fraternal criticism and considerate judgment. I think the lines written by Mrs. Sutfin for an occasion similar to this, at Liberty, in this State, August 8, 1886, very appropriate here.

OUR HOMES FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Written for the Tribune.

A log cabin in the forest,
Wild ferns around the door,
Our fireplace stone and mortar,
And rude, unpolished floor.

The bare and uncouth rafters,
Were rough and dark o'er head,
But the firelight of an evening
Its beguiling radiance shed.

The ax all day resounded,
For the arm was strong and free,
And none was heard to utter,
"Oh, woodman, spare that tree."

No grand and lofty steeples
Were pointing skyward then;
But plain and simple structures
Where staunch and honest men

Might worship in the forest,
Where simple, loving words
Were uttered on each Sabbath;
And they praised God with the birds.

Oh! for one glorious morning
Of that "fifty years ago!"
Oh! for one blessed vision
Of that forest, all aglow

With flowers of every species,
Of every shade and hue—
Bright pinks and in our parlance
The "Old maids' bonnets blue!"

Oh! for one childish ramble
O'er slope and tangled glen,
The hills all flowery-mantled
The same as they were then!

But where the wild flowers blossomed
The evergreens now grow,
To shade the graves of loved ones,
O, fifty years ago.

Mrs. M. A. Sutfin.

Liberty, Mich., Aug. 8, 1886.

What a change in fifty years! From the ox team and lumber wagon to the railway train and parlor coach, from the mail on foot or horseback, to the telegraph and telephone, from the old stage coach to the lightning vestibule express. From the log school house, with its hard benches for seats and tallow dips, to the inviting carpeted church with its cushioned pews and electric lights. None can fully appreciate this change save those who have experienced it, and *all* this, within the memory of many of us here assembled.

Fifty years—yes, fifty years. Tonight as the clock shall strike the midnight hour, and the faithful watchman in his nightly round shall call out, twelve o'clock and all is well, the door will close upon the first fifty years of our organized church work, and with tomorrow's dawn we will stand upon the threshold of the open door to the many years that are to follow, and gaze upon the future with all of its grand

possibilities. And what an inspiration to contemplate the great future as it rises before our view. To one standing at the beginning of a journey of one-half, or even one-fourth of a century, its consummation seems a long way off, but when the end is reached how short the road, and the time in making the journey seems but a span. Yet, short as it may seem, the opportunities for usefulness have been many, and the question that comes crowding upon the conscience, or should at least, is, how have they been improved? And tonight, as we stand beside the fiftieth mile-stone of our journey and look back over the past fifty years what serious question should we be asking ourselves? Is it not this? Are we the worthy successors of those brethren who so faithfully labored to lay the foundation of our church in the then wilderness of this county, and worked so diligently to keep it constantly in the advance, under such adverse circumstances? Have *we* continued the work as well as they began it?

We must not forget the fact that the entire population of this county was then but 1,078, men, women and children, about the same as the fourth ward of our little city, that the voters in the county were but 233, being less than the number of votes cast in the fourth ward. And then the population of the four towns of Hastings, Carlton, Castleton and Woodland was but 269, about two-thirds the seating capacity of this audience room, and within this territory of twelve miles square there were four regular preaching places—Hastings, Mudge's, Barnum's and Carlton. Then think of the roads in those days, merely paths, or trails through the woods and around the hills and swamps, and then the mode of travel, almost entirely on foot, horseback or with ox team. No telegraph and not a railroad within 100 miles of us, and yet from all parts of the county would these faithful Christian people come to attend the quarterly meetings. Oh! how much we are indebted to these earnest workers will never be known here, they are entitled to, and *should receive* our lasting gratitude. There is another question that might be very properly asked here: What has Methodism done for this community? The question could be more easily answered by asking *what has it not done?* It has made its influence for good felt on every hill top, in every valley, in every school house, and, in short, everywhere, for it is emphatically the church of the common people (in which we rejoice) and as an evidence of this fact we point you to the 27 Methodist Episcopal church organizations and of one-third of the church edifices in this country as belonging to the Methodist Episcopal denomination alone.

And this is not all. It is first in all real reform movements and

charitable work. I ask you to stop and think if this is not so. Look at the amount raised for benevolent purposes, and the reports of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary societies as shown by the statistics given you for the past year on a preceding page. It is aggressive in everything for good.

Then we point with pride to the fact that not one of these thirty different pastors and seventeen presiding elders that have so faithfully labored here have left this field before the full expiration of their term, and then in no instance under a cloud,—no suspicion or taint attaching to any one of them, each and all have a warm place in our hearts and a strong hold upon our affections—ever welcome to our homes and the pulpit, with no church wrangles or quarrels to divide or distract us. Is this not a record of which to be proud? Until some other denomination can point to one that is better, then and not till then, will we surrender the claim to be at the head.

The time was when it was an honor to be known as a Roman citizen, and it is now to be an American. While the greatest distinction that can be accorded to anyone is to be a true follower of Christ. It is no reflection upon any other denomination to say that it is no less so, to be a true Methodist. We have many things of which to be proud. It is an honor to be numbered as one of this great body of Christian pioneer workers who helped to make the religious sentiment of this county what it is. Although not what we might desire it to be, yet we feel it is better because of our Methodism being planted here, for it was the first to clear the way and "break up the fallow ground," therefore we have reason to be proud of our record. But, my dear brethren, we cannot live upon the record of the past. It is the *present* with which we have to do. *We are here* for a purpose and there is something for us to do. We are judged rather by what we do than by what we say. It is the individual acts of members in the performance of their obligations to God and humanity, in the discharge of the duties of everyday life that make up the aggregate of organized church work.

The most solemn obligations are not usually those made in public and heralded from street corners and house tops, but those that rest upon the honor and conscience, and often "unwritten and unsung," and are most beautifully exemplified by the faithful discharge of every known duty, of the trust received and by the principle of truth being indelibly stamped upon the inner conscience.

It is for *us* to take *up this work* and with better facilities improve all opportunities for its advancement.

The history of the past may be of value to us if we use it as a guide to avoid the errors and emulate the virtues of our worthy predecessors. For it is the influence of the good and true that makes us a happy people.

If, in bringing before you in review the past fifty years of our church work you shall find anything in it to help you to apprehend the sublime principles that underlie the great plan of salvation, urge you to increased activity, incite you to a higher life and grander accomplishments, and thus enable you to bring into practice the better part of your soul's aspirations we shall feel that our coming together has not been in vain.

1843—1893.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PORTLAND, MICHIGAN.

PRELIMINARY NOTE BY REV. C. W. BIRD, THE PRESENT PASTOR.

On Saturday, February 4, 1893, the Portland Congregational church celebrated the completion of fifty years of her history.

It had been determined weeks before that the day should not pass by without some notice, and the following is an outline of what finally transpired:

In the morning after the usual devotional exercises under the conduct of the pastor, prayer being offered by Rev. L. P. Spelman, the congregation listened to a very interesting sketch of the first deacon of the church, Baruch G. Cooley. This was prepared and delivered by A. F. Morehouse, Esq., a resident of Portland, who was personally acquainted with the deacon in earlier years.

Letters of congratulation and reminiscence from former pastors still living were read, including one from Rev. L. M. S. Smith, the organizer and first pastor of the church; from Rev. David Wirt, Rev. A. Marsh, Rev. J. L. Maile, from the wife of Rev. R. G. Baird (deceased), and from the daughter of Rev. S. Sessions (deceased.) A letter from Rev. D. P. Breed was received too late to be read at the meeting.

Rev. Chas. Spooner, a pioneer missionary in this part of the State and first pastor of the Congregational church at Greenville, also sent a letter which was read with the

others. Rev. S. G. Anderson, pastor of the Baptist church, Portland, also extended congratulations and good wishes.

At noon over fifty of the members and guests of the church came together at the parsonage and partook of a bountiful dinner prepared by the ladies of the industrial society.

In the afternoon after the hymns, anthem, responsive readings, with prayer by Rev. D. E. Millard, an esteemed brother residing in the village, came the historical sermon by Mr. Spelman (who had the longest pastorate the church has enjoyed), which is here printed in full, together with some statements of facts added subsequent to delivery.

This note would not be complete without mention of the communion service on the following morning which was a season of precious interest to all who were present. Rev. Mr. Spelman spoke on that occasion very earnestly and appropriately, and again in the evening, giving a very able and practical sermon. The entire occasion was one of great interest and profit, encouraging the church to look forward with increased unity and hopefulness to the work which God has for her to do in the future.

SKETCH OF BARUCH G. COOLEY.

BY A. F. MOREHOUSE.

The traveler, standing at the headwaters of navigation on the Hudson river and going south, naturally looks around him, not only at his surroundings, but at that part of his journey, which as yet he only anticipates. On his left hand is a large and prosperous city with its 130,000 inhabitants. Its water power turning its ponderous wheels and swiftly flying spindles give employment to thousands of the sons of toil; its orderly streets fringed with shade trees, its attractive residences, its schools, its colleges and its numerous churches, while in the background at a distance of thirty miles are the Green mountains of Vermont, forming a picture of human prosperity and grandeur of creation on which the memory loves to dwell. On his right hand and slightly behind him, is the confluence of the Mohawk river with the Hudson. Green Island with its romantic history, covered to the water's edge with their massive factories, foundries and machine shops, from the tall chimneys of which constantly ascends murky clouds of smoke, giving evidence of the tireless energy and industry of man. As his vision rises above the horizon he beholds at a distance of forty miles the blue peaks of the Catskill mountains. As he passes on his journey, the capital city of the Empire state is at his feet; with its wonderful capitol—20 years in building and yet unfinished—with its polished shafts and elaborate entablatures, yes and its foundations sinking in quicksand give evidences of rapacity of political speculation or the frailty of human judgment. With feelings of relief, as he passes towns and cities, the vision is

raised to those mountains now but twelve miles distant, emotions of pleasure not before experienced. Clouds at times between the base and the peaks of those mountains, are chased away by the summer sun, gradually dissolving the snows of winter, sources of hidden springs which bursting forth from the mountain side, in purling cascades, or silvery streams refreshing nature and beautifying this portion of God's footstool. It is nothing to the purpose that it is known that deep chasms exist in the mountain side, the scared proofs of the ruin wrought by the elements—that huge bowlders lie scattered here and there, as if by the hands of Titans, naught is there to mar the dignity and grandeur of scenery, and ever and anon the traveler turns his eyes to again behold their beauty, until the view is shut out by the Palisades. No one who has ever beheld them can forget for the vision has ever existed since the day when God pronounced the work of creation "good," when the morning stars sang sweetly together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. So in the journey of life as we survey the family of man, we see here and there men who from their shoulders upward are mentally and spiritually higher than their fellows. Men who by the power of a strong will and clear insight of human nature have become acknowledged leaders in the military or political world making their personal impressions on the people within their influence. Men who by their spiritual attainments, knew themselves, being led by the Holy Spirit willingly into the inner sanctuary of communion with God, and becoming endowed with power of faith, standing out before the world like the mountains in my illustrations, a living epitome of the grace of God, and impressing the world around them with a sense of the truth and its value, far outlasting the generation in which they lived. The city of Newark, N. J., of today, as compared with the neighboring cities of Brooklyn and Jersey City is remarkable for its quiet Sabbath, showing the unmistakable impress of those Puritan settlers from Connecticut, who more than two centuries ago, enacted permanent civil laws and still more lasting impressions. Nor has this community been without men whose influence will be exercised over this people long after their personal appearance will be unknown. Such were the Newmans, father and sons of the Universalist church. Such was Rev. Larman Chatfield, Aunt Jane Fox of the M. E. church. Such was Dean M. Tyler, Sr. of the Baptist church and such was Baruch G. Cooley of this Congregational church. Of the last we would more particularly speak. Baruch G. Cooley was born April 2, 1801 at Greenville, Mass. His parents moved to the state of New York in 1803, where his father died in 1811, and his mother in 1816. On the 15th day of March, 1821,

he was married to Cynthia Rowe in Oneida Co., N Y., and who died there on the thirtieth day of March, 1833, leaving two sons and one daughter, afterwards the wife of Charles Sessions of North Plains, Mich. On the 10th day of November, 1833, he was married to his second wife Miss Sarah Pierce in Oneida county, N. Y., but in 1837 removed to Shiawassee county, Michigan, where however he remained but one winter, and the following season removed to the farm of the late Henry Bartow in Lyons township on the town line near the residence of the Hon. William Toan, subsequently buying the southeast quarter of section twenty-two in Portland, giving name to what is known as "Cooley brook." Here the family remained until about 1855. From Portland he removed to Hubbardston about fifteen years, thence going to Carson City where he died November 13, 1874. He was born of Puritan ancestry and at the age of 22 years made a public profession of his faith in Christ and united with the church of his fathers at Oneida county, New York. As became his outspoken Christian character, wherever he lived, his profession was no secret. He took a prominent part in the organization of the Congregational churches at Portland, Maple Corners, Hubbardston and Carson City, and was a deacon in each one. Personally acquainted, and sometimes associated with him, I had opportunity to know his peculiar characteristics. I say peculiar, for he was in many ways different from most others. A prominent point was his unvarying adherence to principles, and his intolerance of error. There was nothing in his makeup of that amiability which would lead one knowing him to question his position on any question of moral principle. On the slavery question he was an abolitionist; on temperance, a total abstainer; on amusements he totally ignored and was opposed to all social dancing, card playing and kindred amusements. I well remember when a prominent man among us, urged that when the deacon's children were grown and were without a practical knowledge of dancing, they would feel humiliated when in young company they heard the figures used in dancing named, and they ignorant of the meaning. "Yes," said the deacon to me "he thought my children would feel ashamed not to know how to cut a pidgeon wing. I had rather that my children would have common sense and *use it*, than to know all the pidgeon wings ever invented," and the deacon gave a chuckle of derision and intense disgust. He was a man of prayer. Once in the old red school house, a minister attempted to preach from the text "And when they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." The preacher spoke extempore for a few minutes and then broke down, as he afterward said for the second time when preaching from that text,

but turning to the subject of this sketch said "Deacon Cooley, would you not feel it a privilege to lead us in prayer?" The request was complied with, and indeed there is known no instance of his declining such a request. Though a man of somewhat rugged countenance, as well as rugged principles, he was of kindly heart and disposition, and was a good conversationalist and interesting to talk with. He was somewhat reticent as to his plans and motives for action. He framed and raised that portion of this edifice which was built near Grand river. I was present and assisted at the raising of the lower section of the steeple. Dr. M. B. Beers, who was one of the trustees, stood near me on a temporary staging on a level with the plates and I inquired of him the height of the steeple posts. He gave the figures and added "the deacon has made a great mistake, they are too high, entirely too high, I tried to have him cut them down, but the deacon is willful." The doctor did not then know what to the deacon was an accomplished fact, that when the main rafters of the edifice were raised, the altitude of the steeple would not be disproportioned. During his residence here there were no wealthy men. There were one or two who it was supposed might be worth $5,000 and even of that there were some doubts. Deacon Cooley was not rich. He dressed plainly but neatly though often attending services on the Sabbath with moccasins on his feet. He was gifted with the power of song, and with his intimate friend Deacon Dean M. Tyler of the Baptist church led the singing in the old red school house fifty years ago. He was also interested in the Sunday school and I think the first superintendent. After an illness of about two years, the great loving Master, looking on his weary, wayworn servant said, "it is enough, enter into rest." He was in the 74th year of his age. His memorial would not be full did it fail to speak of his wife. Mrs. Sarah Cooley who was also a constituent member of this church and will be remembered by some present, was a faithful wife and mother, coöperating with her husband in all his exertions in building up the cause of our common Lord, and especially as a teacher in the Sunday school. Her memory is much cherished by those of her pupils who are yet living. As a neighbor she was a patient assistant at the bedside of the sick and suffering. Her pilgrimage ended June 9, 1881, in the 82d year of her age. They were a couple worthy of each other. In works, in faith and in patience, they bore consistent testimony to the reality of their profession, and they have entered into rest, a rest which God has provided for his children, from which they will no more go out forever.

HISTORICAL SERMON.

BY REV. L. P. SPELMAN.

TEXT.—"A Jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you,"—Lev. xxv:11.

The passage of scripture from which these words are taken is readily associated with other passages found in both the Old and the New Testaments. The more interesting of these associated passages are found in Isaiah and Luke. The one in Luke is a quotation from the one in Isaiah and has a rich setting in circumstances, that I can hardly spare time to exhibit.

Jesus having entered the synagogue of "Nazareth, where he had been brought up," had handed to him the book of the prophet Isaiah. And he opened the book, and found the place where it was written:

> The spirit of the Lord is upon me,
> Because he annointed me to preach good tidings to the poor;
> He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives,
> And recovering of sight to the blind;
> To set at liberty them that are bruised,
> To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.
>
> And he closed the book and gave it back to the attendant, and sat down, and the eyes of all in the synagogue were fastened upon him.
>
> And he began to say unto them, To-day hath the scripture been fulfilled in your ears.
>
> And all bare witness, and wondered at the words of grace which proceeded out of his mouth.

This proclamation by Jesus of the acceptable year of the Lord has a more intelligent and personal interest to us than the more sounding proclamation of the Jewish year of jubilee.

To bring in that fiftieth year the Jews were to send abroad the loud trumpet throughout all the land and "proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." That year every man was to return unto his possession and unto his family, so far as these had been lost. A breaking of bonds was to be executed; the manumission of servants and the restitution of estates were to take place; and the sweets of liberty were to be tasted by every person belonging to the chosen people. It was to be made a most notable year. It was to become a crowning of sabbatic seasons.

Among this people each seventh day was a Sabbath sacred to God; each seventh year was a sabbatic year; each seventh of these sabbatic years was to have a more special observance and sacredness, and the

year following this forty-ninth year was to come in with loud acclaim and its passage was meant to be something different and more important than that of any other year whatever. The ideal of such a movement by the chosen people, keeping sacred to God their Sabbath days and sabbatic years in preparation for the year of jubilee, is something of great interest. Kept aright, as would please God, kept in the interest of highest character building under the direction of God, each individual of the nation, and the nation as a whole, would grow and develop and round out into health and vigor and power of person and state beyond what has ever been known. But this most admirable issue never came. The Jews fell far below the ideal held before them by their leaders, and farther yet from the Christian ideal. It is because of this shortcoming, perhaps, that we find in scripture history hardly more than the law or direction for keeping this fiftieth year. It is feared that the facts about such keeping of the year of jubilee were hardly worth preserving, and hence no records are left concerning them. Yet records of beautiful lives are found in that history, and multiplied things of great service to all after ages are therein found. There is no history that rewards the student more richly today than this, and there are millions of persons today giving large attention to it.

But a more acceptable year of the Lord is proclaimed by Christ. This is a year of no certain number of days; it is a year that began with Christ and is still continuing as the Christian era. Its release of captives, recovering of sight to the blind, and liberty to the broken hearted, are something of higher import than is signified by the literal terms used. Its glad tidings to the poor, of salvation from the guilt and power of sin, and development of life and character of the very highest type. From this in individuals comes manifold blessings to their friends and neighbors first, then to the communities about them, and at length to society and state. This is the benign movement and it comes by necessity of the life within it.

More of this movement was known in the old Jewish dispensation than is found upon record, undoubtedly; but it seemed coming to an end under insuperable embarrassments, when Christ Jesus came and gave it an impetus that it has never lost. We may not trace its course and enlargement through the Christian centuries; yet it had increase, irregular but steady increase, until, during the last fifty years, it has shown a strength and breadth and divine sweep that has stirred very many hearts to high enthusiasm in Christian life and labor.

The facts concerning Christian progress are such as to give large ground for asserting that there are better, stronger, more fruitful Christians today than the world has ever seen before; and such Christians are more numerous than ever before known; and the Christian work being done today is larger, more interesting, and fuller of promise than that of any former period. It is certain that no one can keep fully abreast with Christian progress; and this progress is so alive and world-wide that it compels the attention of all observing minds. It is making its impression in all quarters; and the encouraging facts concerning it are such that Christian leaders are finding in them clear and sure promise of a more speedy consummation of the world's conversion to God than had been hoped for.

Our lot has fallen upon times most interesting and important. The fruitage of all the past seems coming in fast. But there is another side to things and it is very large and very sad.

While we have fresh cheer and substantial encouragement in many things, there is a tide of wicked life surging everywhere and causing wholesale desolation. It is not worse than it has been; it is less serious, we believe, and some important advantages have been gained against it. Yet it continues a much larger movement than the Christian one, and so terrible in its ravages. Then, it is still mixed up so seriously with the Christian movement!

No Christian is perfect and so many are so wickedly imperfect! It has always been so; and the imperfect ones have increased in numbers near about as fast, we fear, as the more perfect ones.

The mixture is disheartening at times. It were so good to have every Christian a perfect person from the first; but this would necessitate their being machines, we fear; and we become satisfied with God's way of developing Christian life and character. It is the old way and both Christians and non-Christians are getting used to it. No character is made in a moment. Every character of any worth comes from constant struggle and effort for something worth while. Men not christians have ideals and they put forth effort and use helps in seeking to realize them.

What more do Christians do? They accept Christian ideals and use Christian helps in working towards these ideals. This brings them into the Christian life and along Christian lines of progress. In this movement they are illustrating the superiority of Christianity in life and character, in society and civilization. In this movement they are gaining upon themselves and upon the world in an open and world-wide battle, and their progress is as I have before expressed. It is

encouraging and will bear examination. It does not come up to the Christian ideal, some of its chapters have been very discreditable, and much of it today is hardly worth recording. Still, there is satisfaction in much of it and we have been looking over the first fifty years of an average church for something worthy of record.

The first Congregational church of Portland has been in and a part of the Christian movement I have characterized. It has been one of many thousand churches in a field of full average importance.

This is not the beginning of its fiftieth year. That year has closed and we stand at the opening of its fifty-first year. It is a season, however, eminently suitable for an occasion like this; and I shall be grateful if I may help make it serviceable to our common cause by meeting the demand of the hour. What I have said does not suggest that this church has had an ideal life so far. We are fully conscious of the other fact. Still, it has had a life greatly worth while, we believe; and many things in its history are worthy of record and will be interesting and profitable to recall.

In the brief history I undertake, I desire to be more full and particular about the early years and more general and less personal concerning later movements.

The entire history of the church lies in vital connection with the history of the village and community about it, and also with Christian movements outside of itself. Hence I must touch upon pioneer movements in both State and church in Michigan.

In 1805, eighty-eight years ago, the territory of Michigan was constituted and the government of Michigan began, under Gen. Wm. Hull, as governor, and with the seat of government at Detroit.

Before this much had transpired touching this territory, that has found permanent record; but we need not go back of this beginning of territorial government in 1805. At that time the territory was a densely wooded wilderness, inhabited by Indians and wild animals, there being hardly more than 4,000 white settlers within its limits.

There was not a hamlet or farm in the territory five miles away from the boundary, we are told; and no white settlements were outside of Detroit and what is now Monroe and the colonies on Detroit river and at Mackinaw. The Indians retained the title to all but a trifling part of the land of the territory; and these Indians were still receiving annuities from the British government.

In 1816 the first land surveys were begun, and in 1818 the lands were brought into market. With this the prosperity of Michigan began; and the next year, by act of congress, the territory was authorized to

send a delegate to that body. In 1819, 1821 and 1836 the Indians made important territorial cessions, and, at this latter date, nearly all of the lower peninsula and a large portion of the upper one were freed from Indian title. By this time more than twenty counties had been organized, and the population of the territory had increased to 100,000 at least.

A movement for statehood began in January, 1835, which issued in the admission of Michigan into the Union January 27, 1837, with Stevens T. Mason as Governor. From this time on, the settlement of Michigan progressed rapidly, and in 1840 the population reached over 212,000.

The very early settlers were largely French; but from 1800, and before that even, the increase was mostly from English speaking people.

They came from the Atlantic and older states and from Canada, with a seasoning of late arrivals from the old countries; and the mixture was a Yankee product well suited to the soil.

Settlements were first made at eligible points along the lake coasts and the interior rivers; and from these they spread out and occupied land as fast and as far as need and ability urged them. In this movement the four lower tiers of counties in southern Michigan received much the larger number of settlers; and these twenty-eight counties held for many years, and in several directions still hold, a precedence over all other parts of the State.

They are older, more densly populated, more thoroughly improved, and have in them more of the usual fruits of age. They comprise a district by itself, slower perhaps than districts north of it and not so surprising in quick developments; and yet holding its own and drawing enrichment from the regions beyond.

We have said this much in characterizing it, because in this district Ionia county is embraced in which our special interest is located. This county was organized in 1837, the same year in which Michigan became a State, when its inhabitants numbered only 822.

Ionia, Lyons, and Portland were points already made on Grand river, and settlements were making in every direction from these. Six years from the time of organization of the county, its population had increased to about 4,000; and the usual institutions of our Christian civilization were developing.

This brings us to the year 1843, in which this church was organized; but I must go back a little and give a few facts concerning the settlement of Portland.

The first purchase of land in this town was made by Elisha Newman in 1833, but the first actual settler was Philo Bogue, who came hither and bought in the fall of the same year. In this same year also came, a little later, John Miln, Thos. Shephard, a Mr. Friend, and Jacob Boyer. So five families settled the first year and three other men bought and settled later. The next year—1834—came Ezra Ide Perrin, and Chancellor Berringer. In 1835, came William H. Arms, John Knox, Thomas White, Isaiah Young and George Dutton. To these were added in 1836, Daniel Brown, John Irish Miller, Lambert B. Barnum, Asher Kilburn, Willard and Charles Brooks, the Newman family, Peter M. Kent, William Densmore, a Mr. Hixson, Wm. Hunt, Lyman Bennett, Samuel D. Smith, and Abijah F. Schoff.

These twenty-eight families have been called the pioneer families of Portland in a special sense. They were all actual settlers before the State of Michigan was admitted to the Union, and before Ionia county was organized. It is possible that a few other families came in and settled before these events, as they occurred in January and March of the next year, 1837. The year after this, in March, 1838, the township of Portland was organized and all settlers coming before this event, or during this year, have fair claims to being pioneers. Indeed, today others still may receive this honor, and we would be glad to have the name of every settler in this township during the first ten years of its settlement.

Within these years some sixty families and three hundred persons must have had citizenship here, and most of them must have made this village their center. The village had no organization as yet, still it was platted, we presume, and certainly had a hotel, school house, and a few dwelling houses on each side of Grand river.

It was a point made by travelers going from the eastern to the western and northwestern portions of the State; and I have made the acquaintance of pioneers further north, who have entertained me with their night in Portland and passage through it in an early day. But I have no special means for reconstructing the pioneer life of the place. My residence here, beginning in March, 1867, and continuing eight years, brought me in contact with a number of pioneers, and I might have gathered many more facts than I did; but the facts I have at hand relate more to religious movements and enable me to present something of a skeleton history of the beginnings of organized Christianity here, and of the first fifty years of the church with which we are met.

Among the early settlers were persons of various religious persuasions

and especially were the Universalist, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Congregational denominations represented. I have not learned when and where the first religious meetings were held, nor of what kind they were.

They undoubtedly were held very soon after the settlement began; and whoever preached the first sermon in the place very likely called together Christians of all denominations in a union service. Meetings for preaching and prayer meetings were held more or less frequently the first five years of the settlement without any religious organization. Then came, sometime in 1838, the first Methodist Episcopal class. One member of this class must have been Mother Perrin, of sainted memory, who was a Baptist, and entered this organization, provisionally, until a church of her order could offer her a home.

Such a church was organized two years later, June 6, 1840; but she found her first home so acceptable and satisfactory that she never had occasion for a change. These two earliest Christian movements may have had only occasional preaching services in their earlier years, or regular appointments weeks apart; and they with Christians of other names, early secured by rotation preaching services for the place nearly every Sabbath day.

Ministers of other denominations made early visits to the place, became acquainted with persons of their own persuasion, and in time moved in the organization of churches. This was true of the Universalists. In an early day they were stronger than their organized movements suggest.

Among the very earliest settlers they were stronger than adherents to any other faith; and they held their strength proportionately for many years. Still they did not organize a society until June 6, 1852, and their church organization was not accomplished until some time in 1865. More than ten years before this the Presbyterians and Congregationalists united in a church organization. They were represented in several of the earliest families of the place, yet their numbers were few. They had earlier preaching, we presume, than that of Rev. L. M. S. Smith, who led in their final organization; yet they sustained no regular meetings of their own before the coming of Mr. Smith, so far as is known.

At that time Presbyterians and Congregationalists had been moving together in missionary work for many years, under what was known as the plan of union. They united in the use of the American home missionary society as their common agent; and, in accordance with the plan of union, a minister of either denomination was to do preparatory

work towards a church organization in any missionary field, with the distinct understanding that the parties entering into the organization should, by a majority vote, decide at its organization with which denomination it would unite, which polity it would use in governing its life.

Under this plan, work had been going on in Michigan some ten years, and probably seventy-five churches had been organized, two-thirds of which were Presbyterian. Congregationalism, however, had made substantial beginning. Three local associations—Marshall, Jackson and Eastern—had been formed and the State association was organized at Jackson, July 6, 1842. At this time there were thirty Congregational churches organized that still exist, the nearest of which were Grand Rapids, Grandville, and Vermontville.

Two years earlier than this, July, 1842, a church of twelve members was organized a few miles north of Portland, "at the school house on the south town line of Maple, on Saturday, the eighth day of February, A. D. 1840, and a sermon was preached by Rev. Gershom Mattoon of Shiawassee." This church named itself the First Congregational church of Maple," and its records which came into my hands during my pastorate here, reach to July, 1843. In these records the names of the twelve original members are found, and of seven additional members—nineteen in all; also the names of three children baptized the Sabbath following the day of organization; and two resolutions marking the radical position of the church on slavery and temperance.

The officers of this church were, Baruch G. Cooley and Henry Bartow, deacons; Henry Bartow, clerk. Rev. Mr. Mattoon seems to have preached to his band of Christians only a few times; "Rev. G. H. Littlejohn of Whitesboro association, New York," served them from July, 1841 to May, 1842, about ten months; and a later record reads:

"July, 1843, Rev. L. M. S. Smith of Detroit Presbytery, under the auspices of the American home missionary society, commences his labors in Ionia county. The church has preaching every alternate Sabbath."

This work of Rev. Mr. Smith was continued a number of years and brought forth early fruit. Within three months a church was organized at Ionia, October 8, 1842, which held the Congregational form about fourteen years; four months later the church at Portland was organized; and the next year a Presbyterian church was organized at Lyons, Sept. 7, 1844, which became extinct some fourteen years later.

In this movement we have traced, originated four churches in Ionia county, three Congregational and one Presbyterian; and we know of

no earlier work done in the county by Christians of these denominations than what has been already indicated.

Mr. Smith began his work at Portland during the spring or summer of 1842, with his home, I presume, at Ionia. This work issued in the organization of this church, February 4, 1843, with nine members. The meeting for this purpose was held in the old log school house on the west side of Grand river.

The names of these original members were: Mrs. Elizabeth Bates, Mrs. Henrietta Pilkinton, Mrs. Rebecca Kilbourne, Mrs. Sarah Cooley, Mr. David S. Soles, Mrs. Nancy Ann Sullivan, Mr. Stephen Pilkinton, Mr. Baruch G. Cooley, Mrs. Sally Knox.

Before the close of the year the membership increased to thirteen* by the addition of Mr. Lewis T. Clark, Mrs. Polly Clark, Mrs. Lucina Brooks, and Mr. Edwin Pendleton. At the organization a vote was taken with reference to which polity the church would adopt, which issued in seven votes for the Congregational and two for the Presbyterian.

No special friction followed this vote, and preferences each way were held and expressed as occasion came for them in after years without serious feeling. If in time more positive and urgent preferences were held and expressed, this was no more than has been done in many hundred like cases throughout the New England zone.

A careful study of this plan of union movement will show a change of preference frequently occurring on both sides; and will show a number of other things, on both sides, that call for charity and the healing forces of religion more than anything else. From this beginning the church has now completed fifty years of life; and from my standpoint, the history of these years is naturally broken into three chapters of uneven length, that may be briefly reviewed and characterized.

1. The first is the pioneer chapter in which the church works up into self support and completes nearly twenty-four years. The Rev. Mr. Smith continued his services here five years, but not putting in his whole time on this parish. His field continued to be Ionia county, most likely, and he soon had four churches under his care.

These churches were so located that he might easily preach one Sabbath at Ionia in the morning and at Lyons, some six miles distant, in the afternoon or evening, and the next Sabbath at Portland one part of the day and the other part at Maple in the "Bartow settle-

*Of these thirteen members Mr. Stephen Pilkinton, Mr. David T. Soles, and Mrs. Polly Clark are still living and reside in Portland. The first has been a member of the M. E. Church at Portland a great many years; the other two still belong to the old church.

ment," some five miles away. This would give Brother Smith a convenient circuit and field for that early day, only when Grand river overflowed its banks from Lyons to Ionia; and in these seasons he must have had rare experiences. In something of this way he wrought on in this field with good results for five years.

Preaching services were continued in the log school house until it was burned.

They were then held in the mill-building of Abram S. Wadsworth* on the west side of Grand river, for a brief period; were accommodated something like a year in the home of Lewis T. Clark; and were removed to the new school house on the east side of the river as soon as this building could be secured for them.

In carrying on work in this field, Brother Smith must have had something to do with the old Ionia Presbytery, which seems to have been organized at Lyons in 1844, and which held meetings with the Congregational church of Grandville in 1845, and with the Presbyterian church of Otisco in 1846. This last church with its pastor, Rev. Geo. C. Overhiser, united with the Grand River association the next year, and farther traces of this Presbytery are lost; but its successor, the Grand Rapids Presbytery has more than filled its place.

The brother who fed and led this church during the first five years of its history is still living at Grand Haven, where he has the respect and confidence of all who know him. He will be eighty-five years old next Wednesday. His successor was Rev. Hart E. Warring, who was also a Presbyterian. Of this brother and his pastorate here, I know hardly more than that he served the church about two years. He undoubtedly did work at other places during these years and I find that he had before served the Bridge Street Dutch Reformed church of Grand Rapids and the Congregational church of Grandville. He is still living on a farm near Grand Rapids.

After his pastorate the church was without preaching services for a year or more, only as they may have had sermons read by a layman and preaching by visiting ministers. Sometime in 1851 Rev. Henry Root began his pastorate over the church, which continued some six years. During the first part of his pastorate the church building was erected. For some reason there was a break in his services continuing a number of months, which gave room for Rev. Harvey Gratton to

*Mr. Abram Scranton Wadsworth was the father of the first wife of Superintendent Leroy Warren, who was born at Portland, May 17, 1846, and died at Lansing, November 22, 1885, in her fortieth year. Soon after her death the churches of our order in the State took up an extra home missionary offering as a memorial of her life, sacrificed for the Master; and the Fanny Wadsworth Missionary Society of the Portland church has her maiden name.

serve the church for six months, from sometime in October, 1854; after this Brother Root returned and continued his services until sometime in 1857.

I find Brother Gratton mentioned as pastor of the Maple or Lyons Congregational church during the year 1854–5, which was the year of his services here, and he wrote me in 1869, fourteen years later that he left this field for Matherton, between Pewamo and Hubbardston, where he organized a church which he served a few years, until failing health required his retirement from ministerial labors. He was then residing at Delta.

There is special interest connected with Brother Root's connection with the church, because of the erection of the church building in 1852-53.

I am not able to give exact dates concerning this movement. Mr. A. F. Morehouse, who has especial interest in local events, thought years ago it was built in 1852; while Rev. James Ballard, who figured most prominently in the pioneer history of Congregationalism in the Grand River valley, says in his sketch of this church organization, read before the Grand River association over twenty-five years ago and still preserved:

"In 1853, during Brother Root's ministry, their beautiful house of worship was built and dedicated to the worship of Almighty God."

I judge there may be truth in each of these testimonies; and, until instructed differently by exact dates, will adhere to the time already given, 1852-3, as sufficiently correct. Today this first building would not be called a "beautiful house," and its location became an embarrassment of great weight upon the church as the village grew away from it. But at that early period it seemed the thing to do, to build the house on the east side of Grand River and up the river on the right hand side of the first street running parallel with the river at a point on this street beyond which all was woods unpierced by any road, save that the important landmark of what was then the residence of Dr. M. B. Beers, one of the kindliest Christian men this community has ever known, save that this landmark with its few acres of clearing attached, kept off the shade of the forest near at hand.

It was then hoped that this street would be soon extended and become perhaps the thoroughfare of the village; but the other thing occurred.*

* It seems settled that the church building was erected in 1853. The location of this building was chosen when it was thought impracticable to get people to climb the hill to attend church. The hill was then quite high and abrupt and seemed a formidable obstacle in the way of ever having many homes upon it. The lower plain up the river was the eligible location for the village proper, it was thought. Time has seen great changes, and the present location of the church building upon the hill could hardly be improved upon.

Nearly all enlargement and enrichment went elsewhere. This, for a few years, largest and finest structure in the village began to seem tucked away one side; and it grew more so until the change came after many, many years.

But I must go back to the time of building and recall a few facts. At this time I find that the church had thirty-one members, its Sabbath school contained twenty-five scholars, and its average Sabbath congregation was estimated at seventy-five.

The special occasion for building seems to have been the necessity of a second place for holding meetings. The village had been filling for about twenty years; three church organizations had been moving from ten to fifteen years and a fourth church movement was beginning; the new school house could accommodate only one congregation at a time and the enlarging Christian interests of the community called for another place for holding religious services.

Another thing, undoubtedly, worked with this. The pastor of the church attended a national gathering of Congregationalists at Albany, N. Y., held in October, 1852, at which the denomination received a grand impulse forward. It was the third of its kind. Such a meeting had not been held for over two hundred years, so unmindful of itself had this oldest of American Christian denominations been. The meeting before it, closed its sessions at Cambridge, Mass., in August, 1848. Brother Root was one of four hundred and sixty-three elders and messengers of the churches who constituted this Albany convention. These brethren from the east and the then west and all states between were eight days in fellowship and discussion of Congregational interests; and the earliest marked results of their action was the gathering of $61,891.83, mostly by a simultaneous contribution in all the churches of our order throughout the land, on the third Sabbath of December, which for that year was the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims.

This money was raised for aiding feeble Congregational churches in building houses of worship. Enthusiasm in this scheme began at Albany; Brother Root brought home from it encouragement for the building enterprise in his own church; and the new building came early thereafter as a matter of course.

I am able to state that the dimensions of this building were 55x35, its seating capacity three hundred and fifty, and its cost $1,475.00, of which money $275.00 came from what is known as the Albany fund.*

* It should be put upon record that Rev. H. N. Brinsmade, D. D., then pastor of the Third Presbyterian church of Newark, N. J., loaned the church $600, towards completing the church edifice and took a mortgage upon the church to that amount. Since the union of the two church organizations and the change of the location of the building, the mortgage has been given up. This money was secured by Rev. Henry Root, who was introduced to Dr. Brinsmade by some member of the Morehouse family then residing in Newark.

This was, for three years, the only church edifice in the place, and its friends enjoyed the advantage as long as it lasted. It remained upon the spot where it was built just about twenty-five years, and very many precious seasons were enjoyed in it. Even in its later years of loneliness many hearts held to it with affection, and some may have regretted its change of location and enlargement.

Of the Rev. Henry Root who had so much to do in this first building enterprise, I have learned some facts of interest. His ancestors for six generations lived in New England; his father, after practicing medicine forty-five years in New York state, came to Michigan in 1834, and settled in Manchester, Washtenaw county, and there died three years later, in his seventy-fourth year.

Brother Root was born July 11, 1813, at Canaan, N. Y., graduated at Auburn Theological Seminary in 1834, was ordained by the Presbytery of Washtenaw, Michigan, and, after preaching a year to a Presbyterian church in Ohio, returned to Michigan, and here labored twenty-five years in the ministry. He was pastor at Grandville two years before coming to Portland and a member of the Grand River association. While here he preached also to the Maple or Lyons church, and after this church disbanded and the most of its members united with the church here, he preached in the southwestern part of Sebewa and there organized a Congregational church in which were gathered the Welds and Goddards.

On leaving Portland he was not longer reported among Congregationalists, and died at Jackson, Michigan, leaving a wife and one daughter. His successor on this field was Rev. Lewis Mills. His pastorate of one year began in October, 1857. He served the Ionia and Easton churches before coming here, was always connected with the Presbytery, and, the Ionia church becoming Presbyterian about this time, he no longer served Congregational churches. He was a man of undoubted Christian worth, was a decided Presbyterian, with a son, Rev. Henry Mills of Canton, Ill., as decided a Congregationalist. He, perhaps, never resided at Portland, and died at his home in Ionia April 19, 1872, over twenty years ago, in his sixty-ninth year.

For months after the close of his year the church was without a pastor, until Rev. Samuel Sessions succeeded him, June 1, 1859. His pastorate of four years seems to have been uneventful. A revival of some interest is, however, reported during his first year of labor, and a steady movement was sustained. Brother Sessions was born at Lunenburg, Vt., March 23, 1805; was educated in Vermont and New York, receiving his theological training, however, in Philadelphia under Dr. Junkins.

His first ministerial labors were in New York, Canada and northern Ohio, among the Presbyterians.

He came to Michigan in 1845, where he first appears among Congregationalists at a meeting of the general association at Ann Arbor in 1848, but has no record of membership among them until 1855, seven years later. From this time he continues with them until his death, and had pastorates at Cannon, Portland, St. Johns and Carson City. He also preached for short periods in many other places, and for many years had a home in St. Johns, where he died October 8, 1888, in his eighty-fourth year.

He was a church member sixty years, an ordained minister fifty-six years, celebrated his golden wedding in 1883, and, burying his wife, whose maiden name was Caroline Bird in 1885, he died three years later, leaving a son and three daughters at the head of families.

Three months and a half from the close of this pastorate Rev. David Wirt began his pastorate of something over two years, from September 15, 1863 to December 1, 1865. This brother is of German ancestry, was born at Canton, Ohio, October 2, 1821, was brought up in the German Reformed church, educated at Oberlin, was licensed by the Columbiana classis and ordained February 25, 1848, by the Maumee classis of his native church.

He preached three years in this denomination, and was excommunicated "because," he writes me "I would not sign the formula, promising to preach and defend the Heidleburg catechism as the word of God. In 1851 my ecclesiastical head was put on my shoulders again without changing my theology by the Lorain Congregational association."

Coming among us in this way he began his preaching anew at Hartford, Ohio, and continued it in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, until he came to Michigan in 1858. He was pastor at Allegan and Lamont before coming to this place and from Portland he had short pastorates at New Baltimore and South Haven before leaving the State.

After this he preached for a time near Chicago, was general missionary along the line of the Northern Pacific R. R. in North Dakota for a season, then did work in Oregon and Washington, and now in his seventy-second year, he writes me from Los Guilicos, Sonoma county, California, where he has charge of a small church and preaches twice a day.

This brother is small of stature but quick and energetic; has been an enthusiastic worker in his many pastorates. He says, "I have loved the missionary work; but must soon lay it down." The wife of his youth still continues with him; and of their three sons and five

daughters still living, the fourth daughter is a missionary in Siam under the Presbyterian board and their youngest son is Rev. Loyal Lincoln Wirt, born in Michigan in "troublous times," and is now superintendent of Sabbath school work in Northern California and Nevada.

I used to hear something about a revival interest during Brother Wirt's pastorate here, but have no special items concerning his life and his work here, save his ownership of the entire square of ground lying south of the Universalist church property and including the location of this church and its adjoining parsonage.

This pastorate was followed closely by that of Rev. A. Marsh which lasted one year from January 12, 1867. This year closes the first period of the history of this church. This brother came from the Presbyterian church of Grand Rapids and our acquaintance with him became very personal during the next period of this history. Just here I may only say of him that he came of New England ancestry, had thorough training in college and seminary, and was then as he continues to be, a man of sterling Christian worth. It seems well to review briefly the period gone over before going farther.

At the close of the first year the membership of the church was thirteen, it grew irregularly to thirty-one, when the church building arose, it continued gaining slowly through the years until it reached sixty-two at the beginning of Brother Marsh's pastorate; and the Sabbath school had increased proportionately.

For most of this period the pastor had wrought at points outside of the village as well as in it; but, as the church and village grew, interest centered more in the village and the outside points were less regarded. Maple was at first the important point outside. In a few years its interest seemed drawn to the village and a second point was developed in the Goddard neighborhood in Sebewa. This in time declined in interest and a third point opened in the Halliday neighborhood, three miles east of the last, in Sebewa. Points in other directions were also occasionally visited in Eagle and Danby, I think; but the church had become self-supporting here at last, and possibly this point had been reached as early as in Brother Session's pastorate.

During this progress it has been noticed that all of the pastors, except Brothers Gratton and Wirt, were or had been connected with the Presbyterians; and that neighboring churches had like relations with Presbyterian parties. The churches all wavered this way and then that; Otisco was first Presbyterian and then Congregational, and Ionia moved in the opposite way.

This movement was all abroad and among most of the movers in it I cannot believe it was so sectarian as many have thought. Some ministers, as they had a right to have, had strong preferences and others had not.

In Brother Ballard's sketch of these early years at Portland he seems to see Presbyterianizing movements all along, but there was no great violence in them, surely, during the period he chronicled. There were facts and men and movements, all of which had influence; and these continued working until the result was a division of the church. Where the fault was, excellent Christians could not agree upon then, and there is no longer any call for agreement.

The parties involved were none of them perfect and if any of them behaved all through the movement in a perfectly Christian way they did better than any of us are doing now. So let us be assured that the pastors and the members of this church all through these twenty-four years were as honest and upright and Christian as we are today. They did sincere and consciencious work. The gospel was preached and practiced by them to the conversion of souls and the development of Christian lives.

2. In the spirit of charity let me speak very briefly about the years of divided movement. These were years in which both parties worked along Christian lines with some genuine respect for each other.

The Presbyterian party organized in January, 1867, and entered upon its serious work, and the other party organized and began anew at once. I was, through Providence, brought to take hold with Congregationalists the following March, and stayed with them eight full years. Brother Marsh was a few months longer with his people. They worshiped in a hall until their chapel over the river was completed and we spent something in making our house of worship more comfortable and attractive.

There was friction more or less all through these years, yet there was visiting back and forth in our homes and churches and we gave each other Christian fellowship in all usual ways. After entering their chapel their pastor was installed in a very proper and impressive manner and their life and doctrine, according to the Book, were as commendable as ours, no doubt. During this period occurred the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the immortal landing upon Plymouth Rock, however, and we Congregationalists used the occasion in emphasizing our lineal relation to the Pilgrim Fathers.

We honored the occasion by paying all our debts, completing our horse sheds, freshening our church edifice, reading up our denomina-

tional history from the apostles down through the Scrooby-Leyden-Plymouth church to our own time and indoctrinating ourselves in Congregationalism.

This was a satisfaction to ourselves and did not hurt our neighbors. We held our own quite well through these years, as did our Presbyterian friends; and very likely they felt as we felt, that our united increase in numbers and influence was much less than it would have been could we have gone on as one body.

About the middle of the eighth year the move for reunion began and it was manifestly favored by Providence. As the move progressed two councils were held, the first early in December, 1874, and the other in March, 1875, in which the same four brethren—two Congregationalists and two Presbyterians—met the churches and worked with them towards reunion.

These councils did not quite reach their aim. Yet there was good progress made and the formal "result" of the last council gave advice that was followed until reunion was effected. After the field was vacated by the removal of both pastors, the churches, while continuing their organizations united in sustaining a Congregational pastor in the Congregational pulpit for one year and at the close of this year the reunion took place.

The four pastors uniting in these councils were the Rev. Job Pearson of the Presbyterian church of Ionia, Rev. George Ransom of the Presbyterian church of Muir, Rev. J. V. Hickmott of the Congregational church of Grand Haven, and Rev. J. L. Patton of the Congregational church of Greenville.

These brethren were each and all men of sterling character and they applied the healing forces of our religion with good purpose and effect. Perhaps I may add a few facts that come in naturally to show still farther how intimately associated in life and movement Presbyterians and Congregationalists had been for many years all over the land.

It came out in the progress of these councils that the two Presbyterian members of the councils were still members of the Congregational churches in the east in which they had been brought up. At least they had never taken letters from those churches and had never united with any others. Then, the pastor of the Presbyterian church of this place was licensed by a Congregational body, though ordained by Presbytery and thereafter holding Presbyterian relations; while I was brought up in a small Congregational church in southern Indiana, supposing it was Presbyterian, and never coming to the light concerning the matter until, during my student life of nine years in Presbyterian schools,

where my teachers were mostly graduates of Congregational churches and seminaries, I at last became acquainted with the facts in the case.

My home church was made up of New Englanders from northern Ohio, who attempted to form a colony among the Hoosiers in the pocket of Indiana. There were two small Congregational churches six miles apart that were almost one. Ours was at the county seat and the other one at "the other settlement" as we familiarly called it. The pastor of the churches was always connected with the Presbytery and the word Congregational was foreign to us. I never became acquainted with it in Indiana. I was licensed by the Presbytery of Cincinnati, and after my graduation at Lane Seminary I visited a Presbyterian church in central Indiana as a candidate on my way to Sterling, Ill., where my parents and several of their children had settled anew.

Their colony in southern Indiana was a failure and they were not satisfied with southern society for the children coming on. In their new homes they found churches of their choice and I was introduced to the old thing under its appropriate name. I declined the call of the Presbyterian church in the Hoosier state and for eight months visited old friends in Illinois and Iowa and worshiped with them in their Congregational churches, until accepting a call to Michigan. With my acquaintance with both denominations I am glad to remain in the one in which I was born. I enjoy her history, sympathize with her principles, am possessed, I trust, of her spirit, and believe she has a future that will not shame her past. With these words I must add, that in the pulpits I have filled since leaving this one I have spoken words carefully written in commendation of the Presbyterian church, in which I have confessed that were I to leave my denomination I would assuredly seek admission into the Presbyterian body.

3. But I must hasten into and through the last chapter of this history.

The pastor received by the two churches in common was Rev. Robert G. Baird. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1832, and was brought to Canada when ten years old and there educated. He graduated from the Theological Institute at Toronto in 1857; and at once became pastor of the Congregational church at Sarnia, opposite Port Huron.

I first met him at Port Huron in the spring of 1860 and followed his course to its close, twenty-five years later.

In 1862 he came to Michigan and was for thirteen years pastor at Armada. Here he did good work and made himself felt in all neighboring communities. From this pastorate he came to Portland and served this people satisfactorily for four months, going from here in

November, 1875, to fill the secretaryship of the State Board of Agriculture at the Agricultural College at Lansing.

In the tenth year of his service here he died after a long and painful illness, August 4, 1885. He was a genial, liberal, hearty Christian man and he did good work in every sphere he entered. His successor at Portland was Rev. Adin H. Fletcher, in whose pastorate of two years the reunion of the churches became a fact and the old church building was removed from its seclusion to this place of eminence, and greatly enlarged.

Brother Fletcher had hoped, after the accomplishment of these objects, to lead the church through a needed spiritual revival and see it brought forward into a greatly enlarged life and fruitfulness; but this was not permitted him.

At the close of his second year, January 15, 1878, he closed his services here, yet remained in the place some time. He began his last pastorate in Armada, over the church Brother Baird had served so long, some time in 1879, but the promise of this pastorate was cut short by his death February 8, 1880, in his sixty-ninth year. This brother was born in Littleton, Mass., April 9, 1816, and grew up to manhood in the Old Bay State. He served several years in a Boston store. In his twentieth year he became a Christian, and soon thereafter a church member. He early thought of the ministry and went west, hoping for opportunity to fit himself for this office.

Just at this time Dr. David Nelson, author of the "Cause and Cure of Infidelity," and of the familiar hymn "My Days are Gliding Swiftly By," had been driven out of Missouri on account of his anti-slavery views, and had opened a school near Quincy, Ill., for the education of missionaries.

Young Fletcher entered this school in the fall of 1837, and remained connected with it eight years. While here he was licensed to preach by a Congregational body, and was married. He was soon accepted as a missionary by our American board, was ordained at Roxbury, Mass., and soon sailed for India, with his wife. They were some four years only connected with the Jaffa mission, on account of the failure of his health. They returned home in 1850, and he began pastoral work in northern Illinois. From there he came to Michigan. Here he was pastor of four of our churches before coming to Portland, and he had a pastorate of a few years in his native state.

I became acquainted with him at Pontiac, where he had two pastorates of four years each, and where my wife was a member of his church.

He was a man of devoted piety and great usefulness. His companion soon followed him to the better land, and their living children, four out of eight, cling closely together in that far western city, Tacoma, Washington.

This brings our history down to the beginning of 1878. The successors of these pastors, about whom I have spoken too freely, I fear, are men still at work, except young Bothwell, whose untimely death in a city pastorate we all sincerely mourned, and I may not venture to give them separate notice.

The first of them were four settled pastors, who in their order were Rev. J. L. Maile with a pastorate of nearly three years; Rev. G. W. Bothwell with a pastorate of something over three years; Rev. D. P. Breed with a pastorate of less than two years; and Rev. R. M. Keyes, whose pastorate lacked something of three years.

The months almost to a year that intervened between this last pastorate and that of the present were filled with temporary supplies; and the pulpit uttered no uncertain sound from Rev. D. N. Millard of a sister denomination, Prof. Joseph Estabrook of Olivet college, and Rev. Henry Utterwick now in a Connecticut pulpit, who served you during this interval.

I know something of all these men of whom I have spoken, and I am assured of their Christian worth. Indeed, I am greatly honored today in ranking with my predecessors and my successors in the gospel ministry in this church. I am honored again in the privilege granted me of reviewing, as I have, the first fifty years of the church.

My review has not reached some things of practical interest that I would liked to have touched upon; and I have ranged abroad more freely, perhaps, than was needful; still I have opened before my hearers vital relations between this church and larger movements in both state and church, that have affected it materially; and I have followed a line of life and activity in the church, during these fifty years, that has something of a record left.

The results of these years cannot be accurately estimated and are not all that we could wish; still in every pastorate something worth while has been done, I trust, through the preached word and the lives of Christians, some souls won to Christ and built up in him.

The procession of members, beginning with the first thirteen, has kept moving and enlarging all through these years; their Sabbaths in the sanctuary have been sacred seasons and their meetings at the Lord's table have been often sweet and solemn with Christian interest; parents have led their children and won their neighbors to go with them

to the place of prayer and thither often, very often have circles of friends gathered about their dead and thought of life and death and eternity. Something of good is done beyond what we first appreciate by this steady movement through the years. There is something to show of results in this enlarged church building so satisfactorily grounded here; in the comfortable and commodious parsonage adjoining this, and the horse sheds conveniently near; and in the membership of seven score of Christians with attachments all through society that serve the cause. There is something farther to show today in the interest that reaches us from former pastors and members widely scattered over the land; and, were we Christainly discreet and persistent in effort, I am sure each one of us might find much in our memories of incident precious with Christian spirit and force of Christian life, that belongs to these past years. A testimony meeting of surpassing interest and value might be held on this jubilee occasion, were all the old living members gathered here, with tongues unloosed to tell what they have seen and felt of Christian life and work in connection with this church. These years have seen laid up a fund of prayer; and work has been done during this period by many hearts and hands, in words spoken, deeds enacted, lives lived, homes sustained, and Christian movements carried on, that will tell through this generation upon the next and all following ones

Looking beneath the skeleton of facts that marks the body of years in which Brother Marsh and I led the two divisions of this united church, I recall many things of Christian interest that are too personal to the living to repeat here.

But among the lives completed during those years, I think I may speak of two worthy of being recalled. One was a grandfather who at last dared to seek membership in the church. His wife and children were all members and he had always loved the sanctuary. He was at length encouraged to trust that he was a Christian. His confession was hardly more than this, as he offered himself for church membership, "If I am a Christian today, I have always been one from a little child, for I have never known the time when I did not love my Saviour." We believed in him. He never made a prayer before others and his infrequent talks in our prayer meetings were in briefest and simplest words. "You know I can't talk," he would say, "but I like to be with you and have all the interest I have had." He was a member among us less than five years, but he had loved the church and worked for it full twenty-five years. We buried him in the dead

of winter twenty-one years ago, in his 77th year, and he lives today in his Christian influence. His name was Lorin Barr.

The other was an older pioneer. She was on the ground eight years before the church was organized and was one of its original members. No one was more a part of the church than she. Her grip upon the church was worth while. Yet she was not sectarian. She was kind and Christian; a woman of faith and prayer and of works. She was self-reliant, of steady mind and movement. No one discounted her religion. She was a tower of strength to us. But she was aged. She grew feeble. She passed from our sight very quietly. Her features after death were sweet and they cheered us. She was thirty years a pillar in the church and of such as she the Saviour confessed, "I am glorified in them." These words were my text at the funeral of Mrs. Sally Knox. They seemed to fit her case then, and I have fed upon them ever since. Other lives of Christian worth were being lived by the side of these in the years of long ago, and I trust the old church has never been lacking such lives.

But I must cut short my words. I used to emphasize the need of healing power in our religion. Christ was a healer, and such lives as these I have commended have healing virtue in them.

My opening and closing sermons on this field touched upon this matter and sometimes I spoke of unused resources in our religion. I tell you, friend, there is sweetness and light and healing force in Christian lives, and such lives are as easily developed here as anywhere, for all I know. Such lives make history as much as any, too, and the history they make is of a piece with themselves. Lives woven together in succession through fifty years made the history we are looking over today, and a new chapter in that history we are beginning. This is the first day in the new period. We are spending the time in unusual Christian fellowship.

Recounting the past and facing the future, our hearts are one in desire, that the new period may be an improvement upon the old one. May the interest and satisfaction and Christian anxieties that stir our hearts today continue and bear early fruit in better things.

LEVI HAMILTON GOODRICH.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY ENOS GOODRICH.

Levi Hamilton Goodrich, the patriarch of the Goodrich family, which settled in Genesee county in May, 1836, was born at Hadley, in Hampshire county, Massachusetts, on the 24th day of August, 1774. He was the fifth in lineal descent from William Goodrich, who, with his brother John, emigrated from a place then called Hegessett, but more recently Hessett, in Suffolk county, England. These brothers settled at Weathersfield, in Connecticut, in the year 1648. Efforts have been made to trace the genealogy of these two brothers back to the inhabitants and gallant defenders of Goodrich castle whose ruin is still extant on the banks of the River Wye in the county of Herefordshire; but through the obscure labyrinths of English history for the centuries succeeding the Norman conquest, it has been found impossible.

Tracing down from William of Withersfield, we find first David, second Josiah, third Aaron, and fourth Aaron, and fifth Levi Hamilton, the subject of the present sketch. His father died in April, 1776, leaving three sons, of which he was the youngest. His widowed mother feeling inadequate for the management of a farm, with a family of helpless children, sold the farm and the boys were separated, and never again brought together. At the age of four years we find little Levi in a very respectable family by the name of Bannister, about thirty miles east from the place of his birth, in the town of Brookfield, at the foot of "Coy's Hill," it being on the direct road from Boston to Albany. Here we find him delighted and enamored with the natural scenery, for less than a hundred rods in front of the Bannister home lay a beautiful crystal lake or pond three miles long and averaging

half a mile wide, out of which flowed the infant Chicopee river. The near shore was a pure sand beach, with shallow water stretching far out into the lake where he was enamored with the sight of the silver scaled fishes, and vied with long legged blue and white cranes, to see which could wade in the deepest water. The further banks were bold and rugged and much of the shore was overhung with dense green forest. In such scenes expanded his first boyish intellect. And now he must be put to school, where the good Mr. Bannister kept him winter and summer.

It would be of little use, even if we possessed the data, to trace his progress through a primitive New England school during those first years after the colonies had won their independence. President making was not then reduced to a science, and it was not then incumbent upon a teacher to tell the boys they were all born to be presidents. Education then flowed in less aspiring and more practical channels. But we have abundant reason to believe the young Levi improved his opportunities from the course of his after life. The most that is known of him for many years after (aside from tradition), is gathered from a little book, kept in his early hand writing, wherein the letters are as correctly formed and as smoothly drawn as if they had been engraved on copper plate. From this we learn that in May, 1793, when Washington first entered the presidential chair he commenced his career of school teaching at Amherst, in Hampshire county, nearly on the very soil where he was born. A full list of all his scholars' names, and their days of attendance is given in beautiful text, and letters formed with mathematical precision. His number of students in this first school was thirty-five.

New England could not hold him much longer, for in 1799 and 1800 we find him teaching at a place called Elk Creek, now Cherry Valley, New York, with a school numbering fifty-two.

Onward and westward was his course and we next find him at the town of Sempronius, county of Cayuga, and state of New York, the particular locality being called Owasco Flats. Here in a series of schools in 1801, 1802, and 1803, his scholars (all carefully named) numbered one hundred and twenty-nine. But in 1802 he took time to go to Unadilla, where, February 27, he was married to Eunice Skinner. Where the contracting parties met, or under what circumstances the wedding tour was performed, history fails to inform us.

Next in 1805 we find him teaching in the "Dutch Settlement," in Sempronius with a school of sixty-five scholars.

But somewhere about here, with date and place not named, but

scholars all carefully mentioned, we find him teaching a school of forty-two scholars. And now in January, 1813, we find him teaching at Owasco Flats with a school of sixty-five scholars. Affluence is springing up, for he is "in the brick school house."

May 17, 1813, "Resumed school in the brick school house," with a school of forty-five scholars.

December 13, "Resumed school," at the same stand, with a beautifully registered list of one hundred and four scholars.

This school closed March 5, 1814, and this practically ended his labors as a teacher, though he did teach a term or two in the wilds of Clarence, in Erie county, New York, where (as the writer can attest), the scholars sat on slabs for benches supported on legs made of round saplings.

How the interstices between school terms were occupied history fails to inform us. During the few years after their marriage both our parents were sometimes teaching at the same time, but the records of our mother's teaching seem to have all been lost. It is understood that the clearing and cultivation of land occupied some part of the time while in the county of Cayuga, but how much is not definitely known. Prominent in church circles, and as an excellent singer and leader in choirs he was conspicuous during all his residence in Cayuga county.

But the great battle of his life commenced when, in February, 1815, he left his former home in Cayuga county and removed to what was then known as "the Niagara frontier."

Having purchased a settlers "chance" with a few acres chopped in solid woods, on the "Holland purchase," twelve miles south of the present site of Lockport and eighteen miles northeast from the smouldering ashes of all that had ever been of Buffalo, he had left his family at Sempronius while he spent several months in preparing the new home. Here he was surrounded by hostile British and hostile Indians, and the sound of contending armies and sanguinary battles were repeatedly and distinctly heard across the Canadian border. Black Rock and Fort Erie, Chippewa, Queenstown Heights and Lundy's Lane were all in distinct hearing while he was toiling in the deep woods on his wilderness home. Many settlers had left their homes at the mercy of the relentless foe and fled to the older and safer settlements at the east.

It was a cold prospect when on that bleak February morning the family (parents and five children) with their earthly possessions were piled into an old-fashioned, long-jointed sleigh box and headed for the

"Niagara frontier." The air was full of "wars and rumors of wars." It is true that articles of peace had been signed at Ghent in December, but what could the wolves and wild cats of the Tonawanda woods know about that? We had no fast mails, no steamboats, no railroads or ocean cables. New Orleans, the grandest victory of the war, had been won since peace was concluded. The hostile cannon was still leveled, bayonets still bristled all along our borders, tomahawks flashed and war whoops resounded. Sad were the reflections of this family as they looked forward into the dark recesses of the new and untrodden land, but "onward, still onward" was the watchword until the herald of peace reached us on the second day of our journey. With what joy this intelligence was hailed we leave the reader to imagine. It was General Cass who declared upon the floor of the United States senate that "It required more courage to face the hardships of settling a new country than to face an enemy on the field of battle."

If such be the case in time of peace, how much more so amidst the hours of war.

Here was a family who at one and the same time had been confronted by both. But now the light of peace gleamed in through the snow clad forest and with light hearts the pilgrims pressed onward to their destination. A house of crude and unchinked logs, with its roof of "shakes," with its huge wing jam fireplace, and but half windowed and floored, received the family—the writer but eighteen months old and the maternal parent soon again to become a mother.

And now, ye pioneers, gird on your armor for the conflict; the battle for life is before you and around you; the very air is full of strife. Nor yet did these confiding souls know of the destiny that awaited them. They had read the sacred promise of a "seed time and harvest," but nowhere in the sacred volume had they read of the "frosty seasons" of 1815 and 1816, or of "the year without a summer." I was too young to realize the terrible ordeal through which the pioneers of the Niagara frontier were passing. A writer in a recent number of the Albany Telegram, gives a grapic but thrilling account of that memorable period, in which he states: "In the New England states the June snow fell but five inches deep, and in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey it was nowhere deeper than three inches. In Vermont it was ten inches on the level. I mean the great snow of June 17. Snow fell several times during that month, and ice froze every day in the month. In fact there was snow and ice in every month in 1816. That snow storm of June 17 was one of the severest ones I ever saw, even in the depth of winter, in that locality of severe snows."

Again, "The wind during June, July and August, 1816 was continuously from the north, and it blew fiercely and cold. Farmers wore heavy overcoats and mittens while about their work every day, during these months."

The writer proceeds to tell us that communities were alarmed and thought the world was coming to an end—one farmer being so disheartened that he killed all his cattle and then killed himself, after vain attempts to persuade his wife to do the same thing.

Such was "the year without a summer." Nor was it one year alone, for 1815 and 1817 were but little better than 1816, and were long remembered as "the frosty seasons." Such was the period when my father was building a home for his young family in the wilderness of western New York. Well do I remember the field of six acres near the log cabin, which my father used to tell me he cultivated to corn, and carried the entire product half a mile to mill, at once on his shoulder. But "necessity is the mother of invention." Here, scattered through the dense forest was a sparse population, in imminent danger of perishing for want of food. Something *must* be done, and what should it be? What *could* it be? My father's genius was equal to the emergency. His iron will was never known to falter. Potash then brought a great price—two hundred dollars a ton, and sometimes more—for science then had not discovered the various substitutes known to the world at the present day. He determined to erect an ashery, and compel the forest to yield up its treasures. But how should a poor man build an ashery? No kettles to be bought short of Albany. Three kettles would cost seventy dollars apiece at the foundry, and must then be hauled by wagon over rough new country roads, three hundred and fifty miles. This, with other necessary expenses of building, was no trifling undertaking to a man who had no money. But the ashery *must be built.* The whole community was situated like the boy who *must* kill the woodchuck, for his folks had no meat.

Well, the kettles were bought and the ashery was built. How it was all managed I could not tell to save my life; but there are few things that a pioneer can't do, when stern necessity stares him in the face. And now the great problem of existence was solved—for that neighborhood, at least. This calls my memory back to the fountain springs of life. Away back through the dim mists of seventy-seven years there rises a vision of the rough log house with its capacious wing jam fireplace requiring a quarter of a cord of four foot wood to build a Christmas fire. My father had been gone, whither and for what purpose I knew not, but I knew that he returned; a neighbor's team brought him, and

with him a wagon load of flour, pork and groceries and provisions generally. Then from all the country around the neighbors came flocking in, even as "around the carcass the eagles are gathered together," with bags, with baskets, with milk pans, with pillow cases, they came in to draw their rations, to which they were entitled, for ashes furnished or to be furnished, and all went away happy. This leads me to reflect how little is required to supply the real wants of man, and how much we enslave ourselves to supply our imaginary wants, and to meet the so-called "demands of modern society." Such an experience would be a most excellent school for the votaries of modern "society."

Well, years rolled on, thousands of acres of tall timber went down before the woodman's ax; the ashery steamed through every crevice of its "shake roof" and chinkless sides. Day by day, week by week, month by month and year by year the massive piles of "leached ashes" grew until they looked like mountains to my young eyes. A pearling oven was added and tons upon tons of pearl ash were sent out through the channels of commerce to elevate the bread of the hungry world, for such a thing as baking powder had not then been thought of. Thus was the wolf of starvation driven from the door of the pioneer settlers of "the Holland purchase." The pioneers of Michigan suffered many and grievous privations, which few men can better attest than myself, but the settlement of Michigan was a mere holiday performance compared to the settlement of the Niagara frontier in the "frosty seasons" which followed the war of 1812.

Perhaps Levi Hamilton Goodrich never aspired to be a great man, but in those trying times of pioneer life he certainly was a benefactor. Still it must be admitted that he was a man whom the people around him (so far as his personal acquaintance extended), delighted to honor. The circumstance that he held the office of justice of the peace for twelve consecutive years, and that of supervisor for nearly as many, in one of the principal towns of Erie county, and the fact that no man in the realm was oftener called to aid in reconciling local troubles between man and man, attests the estimation in which he was held where he was best known. While he was acting justice of the peace in the town of Clarence, Millard Fillmore, afterwards president of the United States, on one or more occasions went out from Buffalo to plead law before him, and John C. Lord, afterwards Dr. Lord the celebrated divine (being first lawyer and afterwards clergyman), made his maiden law speech in my father's court.

Time rolled on, and nearly all his six sons had attained to manhood's estate. About this time the country began to be agitated with rumors

about Michigan, a country lying away beyond where the sun of Erie county used to set in the waters of lake Erie. The old patrimony of 114 acres of Holland purchase land was found entirely insufficient, and it became evident that the time was drawing near when "the hive must swarm." Already had my oldest brother, Moses, began to open a farm for himself on the border of the "Tonawanda swamp." Late in October (in 1831 or 1832) my father took steamer at Buffalo and came to what little there was of Detroit. From there he pushed his journey to the west, through Plymouth and Saline, and explored Washtenaw county, making the acquaintance of Judge Risdon, the old government surveyor and a few others of Washtenaw pioneer settlers. He was enamored with the country, but it was now November and he could not stay. In fact, at that early period, the journey from York state to Michigan was looked upon as "a voyage of awful length." He must hurry home, and so taking the last boat of the season, without modern accommodations, on a turbulent lake and through November storms, he reached his home prostrated with "inflammation of the lungs," as pneumonia had not then been invented. Poor man, I thought he would cough himself to death, and in fact he did come very near it. But at last his iron constitution triumphed. And then the neighbors flocked in from far and near to see and talk with the man who had actually seen the far off Michigan.

And well they might do so, for his communications on all subjects were always intelligent. So great was the pressure for information that he was in great danger of talking himself to death, after he had begun to recover. But his iron bound constitution triumphed; but from that day the community around him had become inoculated with the Michigan fever, as was more fully demonstrated a few years later, when, in 1836 and 1837 our town of Clarence sent out between thirty and forty families, all of whom took up their abodes in the new town of Atlas, then in Lapeer, but now in Genesee county, and all surrounding that point where the village of Goodrich now stands. Foremost of this colony was the family of Levi H. Goodrich. In September, 1835, my oldest brother, Moses, and myself, were sent out to represent the family, and hunt out a home for it somewhere in the great west, for, in the summer of that year, the farm in Erie county had been sold to a capitalist by the name of Chapin, of Lyons, New York. It had been our purpose, when we started on our journey of exploration, not to return until we had visited the country of boundless prairies west of Chicago, where the writer had spent the winter

previous. We had fortified ourselves with a good supply of maps, which had been carefully studied, and, from geographical conditions we had decided that Saginaw must ultimately become the second if not the first city in the future state of Michigan, which was yet only a territory. With these impressions, when we landed in Detroit one fine September day of 1835, our first determination was to see what lay in the direction of Saginaw. Pedestrianism was then the almost universal method of travel through all this realm, and as we journeyed on through the long Detroit swamp, to Royal Oak, to "Piety Hill" and Pontiac, and still further toward where Flint has since been built we often met returning emigrants, weary and footsore, many of whom expressed a determination to get out of Michigan as soon as possible and never return. But it was not so with all. Some were hopeful and resolute, and all were willing to set down on a log by the roadside and talk with the two young pilgrims from the Empire State. From all these explorers we eagerly gathered all possible information. Near Springfield we met a man who gave us an account of a very new and wild country near "Davison's Mill," which we found to be located on a stream named for old Major Kearsley, and one of the main tributaries of Flint river. On the afternoon of the second day of our tramp we struck the head waters of the "Thread river" among the hills of Groveland, and following the stream in its marshy winding course we brought up at the residence of Ezra K. Parshall in what afterwards became the town of Atlas and our future home. Sharing Mr. Parshall's pioneer hospitality, and learning that we were within four miles of Davison's mill, we struck out in the morning, and soon found a country with which it is not too much to say we were literally enamored. It was called Neshinguak plains, after a beautiful lake bearing the same unpronouncable Indian name. Beautifully undulating between the two streams of Thread and Kearsley, it presented an enchanting prospect. Hundreds of acres were covered with autumn flowers still in bloom, upon which the wild bees were reveling, as in midsummer. Poplar thickets were scattered here and there, skirted by green slopes fringed with hazel bushes loaded with their ripe fruit, with an occasional "slash of cane brakes" bordering some luxurious "blue joint" meadow, while away in the background to the north and east spread the dark dense forest, which stretched in an unbroken body to Saginaw bay on the north and St. Clair river on the east. One laborious but delightful day we spent in exploring this Neshinguak plain and its surroundings, and the next day found us wending our way back to the land office at Detroit. We had abandoned the

idea of visiting the great prairies of the west. Weary and footsore, sunburned and dusty, we entered the straggling "city of the straits," and lost no time in hieing our way to the land office, where we purchased a thousand acres of land, which, before leaving the State, we supplemented by adding several hundred acres more. Returning to the Neshinguak plains we resided till late in autumn, the season being delightful and the wild bees gathered honey on the flowers till far into November.

Having raised and roofed a house of tamarack logs (in the raising of which a large portion of our help came from the town of Grand Blanc, five miles away), and having cleared the bushes from several acres of ground we set out for our old home in New York, and on reaching Buffalo, November 20, found the snow a foot deep and winter fairly set in. In February, following, my brothers Moses and Levi set out with ox teams and, with intense toil and privation, journeyed through Canada and at the end of two weeks' time reached the site of their new home. In May of 1836 the family followed, but my father, having some timber interests that he could not leave at once, consented to once more accept the office of supervisor of our old town of Clarence. Thus he was detained east of Lake Erie during the season of 1836, and did not join his family in Michigan until near the close of that year. Thus it transpired that Moses and Levi, junior, were the only two members of the Goodrich family that participated in the organization of the township of Atlas in April, 1836.

My father was thus in his sixty-third year when he took up his abode in Michigan. He had grown weary of serving the public in the state of New York, but was persuaded with much reluctance to accept the office of justice of the peace, which he held for several years, but as the pioneers were peaceably inclined and had neither time nor money to waste in litigation his office was very much of a sinecure, and left him free to spend his time in the improvement of his new farm.

The events of pioneer life on a new farm have been so often chronicled that it will hardly be necessary or interesting to repeat them here. During the closing years of his life it is proper here to record that there were two things for which he was justly celebrated, the one being the wisdom of his counsels when often called upon in a social and confidential way by the community by which he was surrounded, the other being that of *minding his own business*, and it was in the latter capacity that he realized the most enjoyment. One incident that is still remembered by the early pioneers is of his carrying provisions

to the Indians who were dying with the small-pox in the woods east of Davison's mills. The settlers, knowing the deplorable condition of those Indians, were liberal and generous as pioneers always are in contributing whatever might help to alleviate their suffering, but no one was found willing to perform the dangerous office of delivering the provisions. My father, having passed through the ordeal of this dread disease in his early life, and being the only one in the neighborhood who had ever had small-pox, tendered his services to carry the proffered relief and the terrors of starvation were thus averted. Years rolled on, still witnessing him at his post of duty, serenely yet assiduously toiling to redeem the wilderness and perfect a home for the evening of his life. Each succeeding year found the land of his adopted home more and more perfected, and as the Indian summer of his life wore away into deepest autumn he looked with calm complacency and unmitigated enjoyment upon Michigan's satisfactory development, and upon the prosperity of the rising branches of his numerous family.

It was not until October, 1851, that he was called upon to follow to the grave the first of his six sons to depart the scenes of his earthly labors. John was next to the youngest son and being possessed of an unconquerable passion for study had read profoundly and become a lawyer and a judge. Stricken down in manhood's early prime, he died at the Michigan Exchange in Detroit on the 15th of October, 1851. The Pontiac railroad company sent out a special train with his remains, and his funeral was the first meeting ever held in the Goodrich Methodist church. How many of the pioneers of Atlas has that old church edifice consigned to their lasting rest during the forty-two years of its existence, and now, at the age of seventy-seven years, the bereaved parent was bowed down with a weight of insupportable sorrow at the loss of his favorite son. Still as the evening of his life wore away he was a great reader and a profound thinker, watching with keen observation the passing incidents of his country's history. These, with his farm and the great world of nature around him, were his society, his solace and his consolation. He had fulfilled the destiny of man and was calmly awaiting an honorable discharge.

In religion he had been a lifelong Presbyterian, but the longer he lived the more liberal he grew, and he had fairly outlived that period when Presbyterianism would consign infants to hell.

In politics he was an old-line Whig and was intimately acquainted with and on terms of confidential friendship with the numerous Fillmore family, the father of the president having been his neighbor in the

county of Cayuga before I was born. Like the Fillmores, and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, he was conservative and national in his politics and could never be induced to join in that sectional tirade which brought on the civil war and came so near sundering the Union.

Happy was it for him that the veil was drawn between him and the carnage of our miscalled civil war.

But before that honorable discharge was granted him one more sad bereavement awaited him. On June 1, 1855, death severed the ties which had bound him to his faithful and devoted wife for over fifty-three years. Thus was he left alone in this cold world at the age of almost 81 years. It was evident that the last tie that bound him to earth had been broken. The light of this world had gone out forever. And yet he was permitted, or we should say, rather, forced to linger a year and a half longer. When friends and kindred gathered around his dying bed, in manifest agony over his approaching dissolution, he earnestly exhorted them to restrain their sorrows; assuring them that he had no fear of death; and that he cheerfully hailed its coming. In almost inaudible words he recited that beautiful hymn, commencing with these lines:

> "I would not live always, I ask not to stay,
> Where storm after storm rises dark o'er my way."

On the 12th day of December, 1856, his spirit was released from that tenement of clay that had been its abiding place for 82 years, 3 months and 18 days. Surrounded by sorrowing kindred, honored and respected by all who knew him, he passed calmly and peacefully to his everlasting rest.

And today, this second day of June, 1893, I sit here, in the quiet of my lonely room, at the age of almost four score, writing this humble tribute to his memory. I am the oldest of all his living descendants. Four brothers and two sisters have gone before; all buried close beside father and mother, in the Goodrich cemetery. There is a forest of tombstones, marking the resting places of a host of Genesee county's hardy pioneers. There rests my bosom companion who passed away three years ago, after having shared my joys and sorrows for fifty-two years. There reposes her venerable father, Ralph C. Atkins, who died many years since, carrying in his body to the grave, a musket ball he received in fighting the battles of his country on the Niagara frontier, in 1814. Nor can it be long until I shall be with them, and the place will be vacant, where now is recorded the name of one more of the members of the society of Michigan pioneers.

STORY OF THE DROWNING OF DR. DOUGLASS HOUGHTON* AND SKETCH OF PETER McFARLAND, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE EXPEDITION.

[Published in the Sault Ste. Marie News, January 30, 1892.]

A CENOTAPH TABLET AT ANN ARBOR:

To the memory of

DOUGLASS HOUGHTON, M. D.,

Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology in this University, and Geological Surveyor General in This State.

In Science Learned, in Action Prompt. While Boldly Engaged in Public Duty, by the Overturning of a Boat in Lake Superior He Perished, Sinking, Never, Alas! to be Seen Again Until "The Sea Gives Up the Dead."

October 13, 1845, aged 36.

The trustees of the University of Michigan this stone have taken care to place.

In an uncarpeted, meagrely-furnished, weather-beaten little frame house on Kimball street, near Spruce avenue, in Sault Ste. Marie, occurred last week the last chapter in a thrilling and tragic tale of Michigan, in which all who know of the great wealth of the upper peninsula of this fair State are interested. There died, in poverty that knew privations; in aggravating decrepitude, heroic Peter McFarland, the trusted friend, companion and would-be rescuer of Dr. Douglass Houghton and the last survivor of the fateful expedition that ended in the death of the man who, of all others, first attracted attention to the yet untold, but wonderfully developed mineral wealth of northern Michigan. Peter McFarland was born in 1799, where Superior, Wisconsin, now stands. His father was a Scotchman who occupied a responsible position in the service of the Hudson Bay Company; his mother was a Chippewa Indian woman. Peter grew up in the service of the same company his father served. For years he was a voyageur and made

* For sketch of Dr. Houghton's life by Prof. Bradish of Detroit, see Michigan Pioneer Collections, volume 4, page 97.

many trips to Hudson Bay and back, by way of Michipicoten and Moose rivers. Afterwards he was a leader of expeditions.

When Dr. Houghton, in whose honor a township, a county, a lake and a city are named, and for whom was placed the above memorial tablet in the cenotaph on the campus around which so many hundreds of Ann Arbor boys have congregated, first came here to enter upon the plan he originated to make a geological examination of the Lake Superior country, he engaged Peter McFarland as his chief personal assistant. McFarland served him well and Dr. Houghton's biographer refers to him as the doctor's faithful, trusted, heroic companion and friend.

Dr. Houghton made the mineral discoveries that first attracted attention to the upper peninsula. The development of this section was greatly retarded by his being drowned near Eagle river, on the Keweenaw peninsula, by the capsizing of an open sail boat containing four of his companions, his faithful black and white spaniel Meemee and all of his valuable field notes, specimens and instruments. Peter McFarland and a man named John Baptiste Bodrie saved themselves. Bodrie died some time ago. McFarland passed away last week and thus was the curtain rung down upon a drama of more than usual interest. Following is a verbatim statement of Dr. Houghton's tragic drowning and the important part played by Peter McFarland:

Eagle River, Lake Superior, Oct. 14, 1845.—Statements of facts connected with the drowning of Dr. Douglass Houghton, geologist of the State of Michigan, and two of his men, Tousin Piquette and Oliver Larimer, near Eagle river, on the night of the 13th of October, A. D. 1845, as related by Peter McFarland and John Baptiste Bodrie, survivors:

"Dr. Houghton camped out the night of the 12th of October at Eagle Harbor; on the morning of the 13th he started in his boat with the undersigned acting as voyageurs, with three barrels of flour, a bag of peas, some pork, tent and bedding and a traveling portfolio, for Eagle river, a distance of eight miles, to the westward. On arriving at Eagle river they there took in some additional clothing for the surveying party and proceeded five miles still farther west to the storehouse of Hassey & Avery; they arrived there at noon and immediately commenced unloading the boat; after waiting some time the miners at work on the location of Hassey & Avery came in to their dinner and from some of them Dr. Houghton procured the key of the storehouse and deposited his provisions. We all took dinner here, after which we started for Mr. Hill's surveying party, a distance of three miles on the shore.

Dr. Houghton and Peter McFarland then started into the woods on the line and not finding Mr. Hill he returned to the boat and found by the arrival of Tousin Piquette and Oliver Larimer that Mr. Hill and his men were two miles still further up the lake. Dr. Houghton then started in his boat in pursuit of Mr. Hill, with McFarland, Bodrie, Piquette and Larimer; we met Mr. Hill and his party about sundown and after remaining nearly an hour and transacting some business we then put back with the same persons for the purpose of reaching Eagle river that night. We had nothing in the boat but some bedding and the portfolio; at the time of leaving there was a gentle land breeze and a heavy sea from the outside. Dr. Houghton took his usual seat in the stern as steersman, while four of us rowed the boat. On arriving opposite the Hassey location Peter McFarland asked Dr. Houghton if he was going to stop. Dr. Houghton replied, 'No, for if I do not get to Eagle river tonight Oliver Larimer will lose his passage down the lake.' McFarland them stated to Dr. Houghton that he was afraid it was going to blow. Dr. Houghton replied: 'No, I guess not; a land breeze can't hurt us.' By this time we were opposite the storehouse of Hassey & Avery. McFarland then told Dr. Houghton that he must go ashore at the warehouse, as Larimer's baggage was at that place. At this we put into the landing and after getting the baggage we then started for Eagle river. The wind was about the same as when we left Mr. Hill except that it commenced snowing a little and to grow dark; after rowing nearly three miles we found ourselves opposite a place called the sand beach. At this place the wind changed and commenced blowing from the northeast and the snow came faster. In a short time we encountered a heavy sea, caused by a reef projecting into the lake about a mile and a half. McFarland then asked Dr. Houghton to go ashore at the sand beach. Dr. Houghton replied: 'We had better keep on—we are not far from Eagle river, pull away boys, pull hard.' At this, Bodrie spoke in the French language to McFarland, and said, 'We had better go ashore.' Dr. Houghton immediately inquired of McFarland, 'What did Bodrie say?' McFarland told him, when Dr. Houghton replied, 'We had better go to Eagle river tonight, as we shall there have a new log house to dry us in.' The wind and snow kept increasing and after rowing some time, Dr. Houghton remarked, once or twice, 'Pull away, my boys, we shall soon be in, pull away,' and encouraged us by similar expressions. We commenced shipping water and made but little progress. After knocking and rolling about among the breakers for over an hour and it storming all the

time, McFarland bailed the boat out and advised Dr. Houghton to put on his life preserver. The bag containing it was handed to him and he placed it at his side; instantly a heavy sea struck the boat and filled it. Dr. Houghton then proposed going ashore. McFarland told him he could not land; that the coast opposite there was all rocks. Dr. Houghton immediately put the boat about saying, 'We must go ashore; we can do nothing here.' Within 200 yards of the shore we shipped another sea, which was followed by a larger billow, and the boat capsized with all hands under her. McFarland was the first person from beneath, and upon rising to the top of the water, caught hold of the keel of the boat at the stern. Upon looking around, he saw a man's arm about half way out of the water. He instantly lowered himself and caught the man by the coat collar, and upon bringing him up, it was Dr. Houghton, who recognized him. McFarland told him to take off his gloves and hold on to the keel of the boat. The advice was followed; McFarland still preserved his hold. Dr. Houghton then remarked, 'Peter, never mind me, try to go ashore if you can; I will go ashore well enough.' Instantly a heavy sea struck the boat, throwing it perpendicularly into the air. It fell over backwards, and Dr. Houghton disappeared forever. McFarland regained the boat and upon getting in, discovered for the first time one of his companions, Bodrie, in the water and clinging to the bow. In this position they both remained some fifteen minutes, but saw nothing more of their companions. The sea washed them out again. McFarland drifted towards the rocks and got a loose hold. In a moment he was washed off and was carried to and fro against the rocks some three times. The fourth wave landed him on the top of a ledge of rocks, and by clinging to a crack in the rocks, and getting hold of a small bush, he succeeded in saving himself. After landing he looked around him and could see nothing but the boat filled with water and the bedding floating. Soon he heard a voice among the rocks, asking in French, 'Who is that?' McFarland replied, 'It is me, Peter.' The man was Bodrie. We commenced looking about in every direction and hallooed at the top of our voices, but heard no answer. We continued examining, until we found ourselves growing chilly and stiff, when Bodrie remarked, 'Well, we have lost our brothers; it may be that one of us will get to Eagle river to tell their fate.' We started and on the way down McFarland fell several times from exhaustion and cold. Bodrie roused his companion up and they finally succeeded in reaching Eagle river between the hours of 11 and 12 at night. We told what had happened and within an hour the entire coast was

lined, in search for the bodies, by miners and others, who were near at hand."

Signed, PETER McFARLAND,
BAPTISTE BODRIE.

"We do hereby certify that we were severally present when the above named Peter McFarland and John Baptiste Bodrie gave in their statements of the melancholy occurrence of the death of Dr. Houghton and two of his men on the night of Oct. 13, 1845, by drowning and that the above is a correct statement as given by them."

E. H. THOMPSON, Michigan.
C. H. GRATIOT, Eagle river.
J. HOUGHTON, JR., Detroit.
J. T. WHITING, Eagle river.
JOHN HAWKS, M. D., Rochester, N. Y.
ALGERNON MERRYWEATHER, Michigan.
BELA HUBBARD, Detroit.

In the spring of 1846 the remains of Dr. Houghton were found not far from the scene of the disaster. They were half covered with sand and easily identified. They were interred in Elmwood cemetery, Detroit, where a monument was erected to his memory by Mrs. Houghton. The night Dr. Houghton was drowned and the day following, the snow that had commenced at dusk fell to the depth of three feet.

With Dr. Houghton died his undoubted and undisputable discovery of gold in the upper peninsula. Mrs. James C. Pendill, of Marquette, a sister of Mrs. M. W. Scranton, of the Soo, has a pair of gold spectacle bows made from a nugget found on Lake Superior by Dr. Houghton and presented by him to Peter B. Barbeau. Mrs. Scranton has a piece of native silver also found by him. The more recent discoveries of Julius Ropes and others, of Ishpeming, confirm in some degree what was said of Dr. Houghton's finds. The doctor once remarked that when he was ready to tell what he knew of precious metals on Lake Superior, people would go wild. Near the mouth of Chocolate river, in Marquette county, is one of the supposed locations of the gold discoveries.

The death of old Peter McFarland vividly recalls these things. In the belief that they are both interesting and informative the News presents them to the public. Charlotte, a daughter of the old man, still lives on Kimball street. Well she remembers Dr. Houghton and dwells interestingly upon his associations with her father, who was, she says, up to the time of his death, the oldest settler in the Soo.

GENERAL INDEX.

GENERAL INDEX.

A.

Abbot, Dr. T. C.:
Memoir of, by O. Clute 206
Abbott, James:
Sketch of home of, on Woodward Ave., Detroit, 50 years ago 307
Abraham, Amelia:
Sketch of 188
Adams, Mrs. Isaac:
Sketch of 129
Adams, Wm. D.:
Sketch of 47
Adamy, Peter H.:
Sketch of 97
Address:
By Ex-Gov. Alpheus Felch, president 197
Aldrich, Dr. Levi:
Sketch of 65
Alger, Wm.:
Sketch of 43
Allegan county:
Memorial report from 36
Andress, Mrs. Rodney:
Sketch of 183
Andrews, Mrs. Harriet A.:
Sketch of 194
Anecdote:
A trial for petit larceny 444
Anniversary:
50th, of First Congregational Church, Portland, Mich. 624
Arnold, Ladina:
Sketch of 196
Arnold, Mrs. Maria Dygert:
Sketch of 49
Ashton, Mrs. Elizabeth:
Sketch of 166

B.

Babcock, Mary E.:
Sketch of 41
Bagley, John J.:
Bygone Merchant of Detroit 397
Bailey, Joseph F.:
Sketch of 103
Baker, Mrs. Samantha:
Sketch of 77
Baldwin, Henry P.:
Bygone Merchant of Detroit 395
Sketch of 192
Barber, Mrs. Homer G.:
Sketch of 78
Barker, Mrs. Priscilla R.:
Sketch of 182
Barnes, Mrs. Rhoda:
Sketch of 94
Barney, Nathaniel A.:
Sketch of 49
Barnum, Alonzo:
Extract from diary of 568
Barnum, Henry I.:
Sketch of 40
Barr, John:
Sketch of 146
Barrett, Mrs. S. M.:
Sketch of 94
Barry county:
Memorial report from 39
Barry, Mrs. Patrick:
Sketch of 196
Bartow, Mrs. Adelia:
Sketch of 72
Batchelor, Joel:
Sketch of 36
Bates, Geo. C.:
Bygones of Detroit 305
Bates, Wm. W.:
Sketch of 177
Bauerly, Fred:
Sketch of 93
Bay City:
Laying of corner stone of First Presbyterian Church of 466
Bay County:
Memoirs of distinguished members of, bar, by A. C. Maxwell 226
Memorial report from 42
Beck, Mrs. Wm. B.:
Sketch of 190
Beecher, Luther:
Sketch of 191

Beekman, Mrs. Martin:
Sketch of 78
Beem, Henry:
Sketch of 179
Begole, Josiah W.:
Memorial report of Genesee county by 79
Bell, Mrs. Eliza D.:
Sketch of 147
Benjamin, Robert L.:
Sketch of 147
Benjamin, Sue:
Sketch of 148
Benjamin, Mrs. Zern.:
Sketch of 184
Bennett, James W.:
Sketch of 104
Berger, Jacob K.:
Sketch of 180
Berger, James:
Sketch of 181
Besch, Joseph:
Sketch of 148
Betts, Wm.:
Sketch of 179
Bevier, Mrs. Louisa H.:
Sketch of 50
Bidelman, Mrs. Sarah A.:
Sketch of 94
Bieber, Mrs. Charlotte:
Sketch of 187
Bingham, Capt. Alonzo L.:
Sketch of 148
Bingham, Gov.:
Anecdote of 275
Bingham, Stephen D.:
Memoir of Anson DePeuy VanBuren 217
Remarks by 2, 6, 16
Bird, Rev. C. W.:
Preliminary note to 50th anniversary of the First Congregational church, Portland, Mich. 624
Birney, James:
Sketch of 227
Bishop, Henry:
Memorial Report of Kalamazoo county by 116
Bishop, Levi:
Biographical sketch of John Roberts 427
Blackie, Mrs. Andrew:
Sketch of 166
Blair, James:
Sketch of 120
Blair, Russell:
Sketch of 93
Bleak, Oliver:
Sketch of 120
Bliss, George W.:
Sketch of 93
Bliss, Mrs. S. Bond:
Sketch of 148
Borden, Edmund W.:
Sketch of 131
Boughton, Mrs. Elizabeth:
Sketch of 182
Bowen, Daniel B.:
Sketch of 77
Boyer, Josiah:
Sketch of 77
Boyer, Wm.:
Sketch of 183
Braden, Casper:
Sketch of 149
Bradshaw, Mrs. Walter:
Sketch of 184
Brady Guards:
Sketch of 315
Brady, Gen. Hugh:
New Year's call upon, 1836 400
Reference to sketch of 315
Branch county:
Memorial report from 43
Brennan, Michael:
Sketch of 149
Bresie, Wm.:
Sketch of 132
Bridgeman, Quartus E.:
Sketch of 72
Brodel, Mrs. Elizabeth:
Sketch of 192
Bronson, Chauncey K.:
Sketch of 104
Brooks, John W.:
Sketch of, Early railroad history of Michigan 301
Brown, Stephen F.:
Sketch of 118
Bruske, Rudolph:
Sketch of 149
Buhl, Frederick and Christian:
Bygone merchants of Detroit 384
Buhler, Charles:
Sketch of 41
Bullock, Lizzie:
Sketch of 138
Bump, Mrs. Orrin:
Sketch of 42
Burchard, Sr., George:
Sketch of 92
Burland, Mrs. Ann Thompson:
Sketch of 51
Burns, Wm.:
Sketch of 166
Burr, Mrs. Kate E.:
Sketch of 92
Burt, Mrs. John:
Sketch of 194
Burton, C. M.:
Some benefits that accrued to Detroit from the fire of 1805, by 431
Bush, Daniel:
Extract of letter from 574
Butler, Dr. Alva M.:
Sketch of 176
Buys, Mrs. Abraham:
Sketch of 175
Bygones of Detroit. By Geo. C. Bates:
Back through the mists of forty years 305
First State election 309
Sketch of picture of 313
Gen. Hugh Brady 315
Brady guards 315

Bygones of Detroit—*Continued:*
Territorial Supreme Court 320
Joseph Campau and the early French 329
My first day among the docks of Detroit .. 336
Beginning of the Michigan Central Railroad 344
Early hotels of Detroit 354
Detroit boat club and the regatta 362
Bygone merchants 369
Byron, Mrs. Rachel:
Sketch of 65

C.

Cade, Stephen W.:
Sketch of 185
Caldwell, J. Martin:
Sketch of 51
Calhoun county:
Memorial report from 45
Calkins, Mrs. James I.:
Sketch of 186
Campau & Co., Barney:
Bygone merchants of Detroit 371
Campau, Daniel J.:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 393
Campau, Joseph:
and the early French, Bygones of Detroit. 329
Campbell, James W.:
Sketch of 167
Carlisle, Fred:
Comparative sketches of E. B. Ward, James F. Joy, Lewis Cass and Wm. Woodbridge 283
Early French missions on the Saginaw, by 244
Carlton, Robert:
Sketch of 42
Carpenter, Wm. N.:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 397
Cass county:
Memorial report from 65
Cass, Lewis:
Comparative sketches of E. B. Ward, James F. Joy, Wm. Woodbridge and, by Fred Carlisle 283
Sketch of 287
Chandler, Z.:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 381
Chapin, Wm. M.:
Sketch of 190
Chapoton, Sr., Alexander:
Sketch of 196
Cheney, A. M.:
Sketch of 92
Chester, John:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 390
Choate, Dr. S. P.:
Sketch of 185
Cicotte, Edward V.:
Sketch of 187
Clark, Francis I:
Remarks by 13, 18
Clark, Mrs. Phebe:
Sketch of 77
Clark, Robert P.:
Sketch of 180
Clinton county:
Memorial report from 71
Clippinger, John A.:
Sketch of 94
Clute, O.:
Memoir of Dr. T. C. Abbot, by 206
Cole, Darius:
Sketch of 192
Cole, Oliver R.:
Sketch of 104
Coleman, Merritt L.:
Report of, Treasurer 24
Collins, Charles:
Sketch of 191
Committee meetings:
Executive and historical 21
Compton, Marguerite:
Sketch of 149
Comstock, Dr. O. C.:
The medical profession in Michigan 471
Conant, Shubael:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 371
Cond, Mrs. C. W.:
Sketch of 176
Conference of M. E. church:
Fifty-two years of itinerant life in the Michigan, by Rev. R. C. Crawford 266
Conger, Mrs. Harrison G.:
Sketch of 79
Conn, Joseph:
Sketch of 192
Cook, Mrs. Cilinda:
Sketch of 181
Cook, Levi:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 377
Cook, Mrs. Prudence:
Sketch of 150
Cook, Wm. A.:
Memorial report of Kent county, by 120
Cooley, Mrs. B.:
Sketch of 185
Cooley, Baruch G.:
Sketch of, by A. F. Morehouse 625
Cooley, Judge Thomas M.:
Memoir of Ex-Gov. Charles M. Croswell .. 222
Cooper, Charles:
Sketch of 180
Cooper, David:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 375
Cordes, John:
Sketch of 121
Cottin, Joseph:
Sketch of 189
Crane, Arthur H.:
Sketch of 89
Crawford, Francis:
Sketch of 193
Crawford, Rev. R. C.:
Fifty-two years of itinerant life in the Michigan Conference of the M. E. Church 266
Cross, Elisha:
Sketch of 193
Cross, George F.:
Sketch of 150

Cross, Lewis:
Sketch of 178
Crossett, Mrs. Betsey:
Sketch of 52
Crossette, Isaac:
Sketch of 139
Croswell, Ex-Gov. Charles M.:
Memoir of, by Judge Thomas M. Cooley 222
Cummin, James:
Sketch of 162
Currie, Thomas:
Sketch of 167
Cutcheon, Byron M.:
Fifty years of growth in Michigan 479

D.

Darling, John:
Sketch of 80
Davey, Mrs. Wm.:
Sketch of 178
David, James I.:
Sketch of 190
Davis, Mrs. Solomon:
Sketch of 196
Davis, Stephen:
Sketch of 79
Davison:
Early history of the township of, by Good-enough Townsend 542
Davison township:
Early births in 550
Early deaths in 551
Early marriages in 550
List showing those in the army, 1861-1865, from 552
DeGraff, Mrs. Sally:
Sketch of 77
Deindorfer, Mrs. Catherine:
Sketch of 152
Delegates:
Present at State Pioneer meeting from county Pioneer societies 1
DeMill, Peter E.:
Sketch of 105, 195
Dennis, Mrs. Anna:
Sketch of 186
Desnoyers, Peter:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 370
Detroit:
Benefits to, from devastating fire of 1805 431
Boat club and the regatta 362
Bygone merchants 369
Early docks of 336
Early hotels of 354
Laying out the new town after the fire of 1805 432
Devroe, J. Peter:
Sketch of 195
Dickinson, Mrs. William:
Sketch of 175
Doerr, Sr., Mrs. Anthony:
Sketch of 152
Donations:
List of 20
Doolittle, Mrs. Clinton:
Sketch of 181
Drake, Thomas J.:
History of Oakland county 408
Drake, Wm.:
Memorial report of Hillsdale county by 89
Draper, Charles S.:
Sketch of 150
Draper, Hiram:
Memorial report of St. Joseph county by 175
Draper, Mrs. Mary J.:
Sketch of 151
Dubois, Harvey J.:
Sketch of 53
Dudley, Rev. Thomas P.:
Battle and massacre at Frenchtown, Mich., January, 1813 436
Dunn, Michael:
Sketch of 195
Dunham, Jacob:
Sketch of 181
Dunning, Mrs. Minerva R.:
Sketch of 66
Dupaul, Antoine:
Sketch of 186

E.

Eames, Mrs. Elizabeth:
Sketch of 175
Earl, Mrs. L. W.:
Sketch of 185
Eastman, David:
Sketch of 188
Eaton county:
A scrap of political history in 524
First county convention 525
Memorial report 77
Pioneer history of the settlement of, by early settlers 502
Eaton, Mrs. Paul J.:
Sketch of 184
Eaton, Mrs. Wm.:
Sketch of 41
Ebert, Mrs. Joseph:
Sketch of 167
Edgarton, Mrs. Eleanor:
Sketch of 179
Edwards, Joseph:
Sketch of 183
Eggleston, E. S.:
Sketch of 121
Eggleston, Mr.:
Sketch of 80
Eldridge, Dr. Isaac N.:
Sketch of 81
Eldrige, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis:
Sketches of 186
Election:
First State, in Michigan 309
Pen picture of first State, in Michigan 310
Emerson, Thomas:
Anecdote of 373
Bygone merchant of Detroit 372
Emery, Mrs. Eveline:
Sketch of 177
Ennis, James:
Sketch of 93

Evans, L. K.:
Sketch of 184
Evans, Theo. L.:
Sketch of 186
Everett, Philo M.:
Sketch of 105

F.

Farmer, John:
Preface to the Gazetteer of Michigan, 1830, by 458
Farnsworth, Chancellor Elon:
New Year's call upon, 1886 403
Farnsworth, Mather & Hall:
Bygone merchants of Detroit 391
Farrand, Mrs. Helen W.:
Memorial report of St. Clair county by ... 166
Farrand, Jacob S.:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 388
Felch, Ex-Gov. Alpheus:
President's address 198
Remarks by 7, 14
Felt, Clinton H.:
Sketch of 184
Ferdon, Mrs. Lucy:
Sketch of 73
Ferguson, Earlsey:
Sketch of 189
Ferry, Mrs. Mary F.:
Sketch of 181
Fifield, Daniel:
Sketch of 41
Fisk, Mrs. Betsey:
Sketch of 36
Fonda, Mrs. Henrietta:
Sketch of 183
Fonda, James:
Sketch of 184
Forsyth, Maj. Robert A.:
New Year's call upon, 1886 402
Foster, Andrew:
Sketch of 167
Foster, Charles:
Sketch of 94
Foster, Mrs. John:
Sketch of 154
Foster, Lorenzo:
Sketch of 78
Fowler, S. W.:
Letter from 4
Fox, Mr.:
Carrying first mail between Detroit and Grand Rapids 18
Fox, Dr. W. B.:
Sketch of 163
Freeman, Mrs. Chauncey:
Sketch of 77
Freeman, David M.:
Sketch of 192
French, David:
Sketch of 180
French, Frank:
Sketch of 177
Frenchtown:
Battle and massacre at, Michigan, January, 1813 436
Frost, Daniel:
Sketch of 82
Frost, Josiah B.:
Memorial report of Jackson county by ... 102
Fuller, Nancy S.:
Sketch of 93

G.

Gale, Isaac:
Sketch of 164
Gallery, James:
Pioneer history of settlement of Eaton county. Sketch by 509
Galloway, Wm.:
Sketch of 193
Gamage, Rev. Smith P.:
Sketch of 98
Garrigy, James:
Sketch of 189
Gates, Fellow:
Sketch of 97
Geddes, Norman:
Memoir of Francis R. Stebbins by 214
Remarks by 13
Some Lenawee county history, by 566
Genesee county:
Memorial report from 79
Gilbert, Thomas D.:
Remarks by 10
Gildart, James:
Sketch of 106
Gillette, Mrs. Henry P.:
Sketch of 176
Glazier, Mrs. Jennison:
Sketch of 191
Gleason, Mrs. Alvah:
Sketch of 185
Gleason, Mrs. Laura A.:
Sketch of 185
Glover, Henry:
Sketch of 189
Godfroy, Mrs. Eugene:
Sketch of 182
Goodrich, Enos:
Biographical sketch of Levi Hamilton Goodrich 651
Goodrich, Levi Hamilton:
Biographical sketch of, by Enos Goodrich. 651
Goss, Mrs. Wm.:
Sketch of 54
Graham, James W.:
Sketch of 193
Grant, C. W.:
Letter from Grovener Vinton to 453
Memorial report of Saginaw county by ... 146
Graw, Mrs. Charlotte:
Sketch of 40
Gray, Watson:
Sketch of 182
Greene, George H.:
Report of, recording secretary 19
Report of, corresponding secretary 22
Grier, Theophilus C.:
Sketch of 230
Grootenhuis, Bernardus:
Sketch of 143

Grovenburg, Harry:
Sketch of 93
Guina, John F.:
Sketch of 192
Gunn, Mrs. Wm.:
Sketch of 106

H.

Hachenberg, Mrs. Mary:
Sketch of 176
Hackett, John:
Sketch of 106
Hagadorn, Mrs. Eliza B.:
Sketch of 177
Hagenbuck, Aaron:
Sketch of 177
Hall, Mrs. Julia Ann:
Sketch of 67
Hallock, Horace:
Sketch of 195
Hamilton, George:
Sketch of 181
Hamilton, Kate:
Sketch of 182
Hammond, Mrs. Lemuel O.:
Sketch of 179
Hannifan, Jeremiah:
Sketch of 194
Harrington, James:
Sketch of 193
Harris, Israel Victor:
Sketch of 122
Harrison, Mrs. John:
Sketch of 180
Hart, Jesse:
Pioneer history of settlement of Eaton county. Sketch by 502
Harvey, Norman Henry:
Sketch of 182
Hastings:
History of the, M. E. Church, by Daniel Striker 565
Hatch, James W.:
Sketch of 54
Hause, Grandma:
Sketch of 73
Hawthorne, James N.:
Sketch of 39
Haynes, Harvey:
Memorial report of Branch county, by 43
Haze, Dr. W. H.:
Remarks by 16
Hazen, Luke:
Sketch of 94
Heartt, Wm. A.:
Memorial report of Tuscola county, by 186
Heaton, Elial W.:
Sketch of 107
Heise, Carl:
Sketch of 194
Hendershott, John:
Sketch of 182
Henderson, Don C.:
Memorial report of Allegan county, by 36
Henderson, Samuel J.:
Sketch of 54
Henderson, William:
Sketch of 187
Hennessey, Patrick:
Sketch of 188
Henry, Mrs. Thomas:
Sketch of 39
Heubisch, Martin:
Sketch of 154
Hewitt, Mrs. Elias:
Sketch of 55
Heydlauff, Anna M.:
Sketch of 98
Hickey, Mrs. Manasseh:
Sketch of 187
Hickok, Capt. J. W.:
A scrap of political history in Eaton county 524
Hill, Mrs. E. R.:
Sketch of 178
Hill, Mrs. Geo. J. W.:
Sketch of 82
Hill, Peter:
Sketch of 193
Hillsdale county:
Memorial report from 89
Hinman, John F.:
Memorial report of Calhoun county by 45
History, 1841-1891:
Hastings M. E. Church 570
Annual benevolences 617
Sunday school 618, 619
Board of trustees 618
Board of stewards 618
Epworth League 618
Social society 619
Women's Foreign Mission society 619
Women's Home Mission society 619
Mission band 619
Hochstadt, Louis:
Sketch of 189
Hock, Myron B.:
Sketch of 182
Hoes, David L.:
Sketch of 41
Hoes, Mrs. David L.:
Sketch of 40
Hoffman, David:
Sketch of 180
Holden, Mrs. Samuel:
Sketch of 133
Hollywood, Dr. J. N.:
Sketch of 196
Holmes, Sidney T.:
Sketch of 232
Holt, Henry H.:
Memorial report of Muskegon county by 138
Remarks by 11
Homie, Mrs. Mary:
Sketch of 191
Hopkins, Mrs. Hannah M.:
Sketch of 84
Hough, Mrs. F. J.:
Sketch of 182
Houghton, Dr. Douglass:
Story of the drowning of 662

Houghton, Martha:
Sketch of 193
Houk, Henry:
Sketch of 190
Hoyt, John H.:
Sketch of 168
Howard, Edgar:
Sketch of 191
Howard, Russell M.:
Sketch of 56
Howell, Judge Andrew:
Remarks by 3
Howell, Robert C.:
Sketch of 154
Hubbard, Mrs. Jane I.:
Sketch of 56
Hubert, Mrs. Frederick:
Sketch of 154
Huff, A. W.:
Sketch of 178
Hughes, Mrs. Owen:
Sketch of 41
Hull, Abijah, surveyor:
Anecdote of 433
Hull, Nathaniel B.:
Sketch of 106
Huntington, Mrs. Franklin W.:
Sketch of 168
Huntoon, Nathaniel:
Sketch of 73
Hurlbut, Chauncey:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 374
Hyde, Dr. James:
Sketch of 78

I.

Ingham County:
Memorial report from 92
Inslee, Gage:
Sketch of 169
Ionia County:
Memorial report from 97
Ira, Mrs. Fredrica J.:
Sketch of 184

J.

Jackson County:
Memorial report from 102
Jeffers, Mrs. Daniel:
Sketch of 165
Jeffery, David:
Sketch of 56
Jewett, Mrs. Azuhah L.:
Pioneer reminiscences by 447
Johnson, Hiram:
Sketch of 93
Johnson, Mrs. H. R.:
Sketch of 189
Jones, Mrs. Allen:
Sketch of 40
Jones, DeGarmo:
Sketch of 338
Jones, James:
Sketch of 178
Jones, J. Huff:
Sketch of 192
Jones, Richard:
Sketch of 40
Joshua, Mark:
Sketch of 186
Joy, Dr. Henry L.:
Sketch of 57
Joy, James F.:
Comparative sketches of E. B. Ward, Lewis Cass, Wm. Woodbridge, and, by Fred Carlisle 283
Railroad history of Michigan, by 292
Sketch of 290
Tells how he went into the railroad business 297

K.

Kaiser, Sebastian:
Sketch of 40
Kalamazoo County:
Memorial report from 116
Kearsley, Maj. Jonathan:
New Year's call upon, 1836 402
Keeler, Mrs. I. N.:
Sketch of 41
Keeler, Noah:
Sketch of 107
Kedzie, A. S.:
Memorial report of Ottawa county, by 143
Kelley, Nelson:
Sketch of 108
Kelly, Bernard C.:
Sketch of 94
Kent county:
Memorial report from 120
Kent, Mrs. Leander:
Sketch of 78
Kelsey, Mrs. A. L.:
Sketch of 99
Kibbee, Henry C.:
Sketch of 196
Kimball, David:
Sketch of 77
King, J. L.:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 376
Kingsbury, Charles H.:
Sketch of 68
Kirkwood, James:
Sketch of 68
Kirkwood, John:
Sketch of 68
Kittle, Alexander B.:
Sketch of 73
Kline, Adam C.:
Sketch of 82
Kline, Joseph:
Sketch of 83
Klossert, Ernest C.:
Sketch of 178
Knowles, W. H.:
Sketch of 192
Knowlton, Ephraim A.:
Sketch of 43
Kreugel, Caspar:
Sketch of 191

L.

Labadie, Charles:
Sketch of ---- 188
Ladue, Mrs. John:
Sketch of ---- 196
Lafayette, Gen.:
Remarks upon portrait of, in Senate chamber ---- 6, 7, 11, 13
La Fontaine, Louis:
Sketch of ---- 189
Laird, James:
Sketch of ---- 193
Lake, David M.:
Sketch of ---- 39
Lake, Judge Warner:
Sketch of ---- 83
Lamb, Mrs. Jane:
Sketch of ---- 78
Lamson, Darius:
Bygone merchant of Detroit ---- 376
Lange, Gottleib:
Sketch of ---- 154
Larned, Gen. Frank:
New Year's call upon, 1836 ---- 401
Lawson, Mrs. Magdalene C.:
Sketch of ---- 191
Lawton, George E.:
Sketch of ---- 58
Ledbeter, John:
Sketch of ---- 194
Lee, Mrs. George W.:
Sketch of ---- 183
Leggett, Stephen W.:
Sketch of ---- 197
Lenawee county:
Members of the bar in 1841 ---- 563
Memorial report from ---- 129
Some history of, by Judge Norman Geddes 556
Some history of, by A. L. Millard ---- 560
Lepper, Josiah:
Sketch of ---- 58
Lindley, Stephen J.:
Sketch of ---- 99
Loftus, Mrs. Mary:
Sketch of ---- 93
Lord, George:
Sketch of ---- 42
Lyndon, Wm.:
Sketch of ---- 188

M.

Mahoney, Timothy:
Sketch of ---- 188
Manchester:
Settlement and natural history of, by L. D. Watkins ---- 262
Mansion House:
Sketch of, Bygones of Detroit ---- 358
Marble, Mrs. Ephraim:
Sketch of ---- 59
Marsac, Captain:
An old map of the late, unearthed ---- 457
Mason, Mrs. Caroline C.:
Sketch of ---- 155
Mason, John:
Sketch of ---- 189
Mason, Stevens T.:
New Year's call upon, 1836 ---- 400
Mather, A. E.:
Bygone merchant of Detroit ---- 394
Mathers, Mrs. Mary:
Sketch of ---- 181
Maxwell, A. C.:
Memoirs of distinguished members of the Bay county bar, by ---- 226
McCormick, Wm.:
Memorial report of Bay county by ---- 42
McCrea, Samuel W.:
Sketch of ---- 60
McCurdy, Thomas E.:
Sketch of ---- 94
McElroy, Mrs. M.:
Sketch of ---- 169
McFarland, Peter:
Sketch of, the last witness of the drowning of Dr. Douglas Houghton ---- 662
McGraw, A. C.:
Bygone merchant of Detroit ---- 382
McGregor, Peter:
Sketch of ---- 155
McGuire, John H.:
Sketch of ---- 176
McKelvey, James:
Sketch of ---- 41
McKibbin, Mrs. Emily F.:
Sketch of ---- 94
McLeland, Andrew:
Sketch of ---- 177
McLellan, Mrs. Malvina P.:
Sketch of ---- 40
McPherson, Thomas:
Sketch of ---- 186
McSouley, Mrs. Catherine:
Sketch of ---- 192
Meagher, Thomas:
Sketch of ---- 93
Medical:
Profession in Michigan, by Dr. O. C. Comstock ---- 471
Melvin, Mrs. Wm.:
Sketch of ---- 184
Members deceased, 1892-3 ---- 23
Membership ---- 19
Memoir of:
Dr. T. C. Abbot ---- 206
Ex-Gov. Charles M. Croswell ---- 222
Francis R. Stebbins ---- 214
Anson DePeny VanBuren ---- 217
Memoirs:
Of distinguished members of Bay county bar ---- 226
Memorial report:
Response at roll call by counties ---- 2
Allegan county ---- 36
Barry county ---- 39
Bay county ---- 42
Branch county ---- 43
Calhoun county ---- 45
Cass county ---- 65

Memorial report.—*Continued:*
Clinton county 71
Eaton county 77
Genesee county 79
Hillsdale county 89
Ingham county 92
Ionia county 97
Jackson county 102
Kalamazoo county 116
Kent county 120
Lenawee county 129
Monroe county 138
Muskegon county 138
Oceana county 143
Ottawa county 143
Saginaw county 146
Shiawassee county 162
St. Clair county 166
St. Joseph county 175
Tuscola county 186
Wayne county 187
Merrill, Benjamin:
Sketch of 183
Michigan:
Fifty years of Growth in, by Byron M. Cutcheon 479
Early newspapers 483
Extent of territory 484
Subdivisions and population 485
Roads and means of communication 487
Agriculture 489
Stock 489
Manufactures 489
Census, 1840 490
Manufactures, 1840 490
Increase in wealth, 1853-1891 493
Lands assessed, 1854-1891 493
Subdivisions, 1840-1890 494
Railroad progress 494
Railroad mileage by decades, 1838-1890 495
Statistics of present operations 495
Rolling stock 495
Lake transportation 495
Michigan tonnage on the lakes, 1890 496
Mining and lumbering 496
Copper, salt, gypsum 497
Coal, lumber and other manufactures 498
Pig iron 498
Wool manufactures, 1889 498
School system 500
Social conditions 500
Michigan and the nation 501
Description of, in Pocket Gazetteer, 1830-1 458
First State election 309
Pen picture of first State election of 310
Medical profession in, by Dr. O. C. Comstock 471
Railroad history of, by James F. Joy 292
Michigan Central Railroad:
Beginning of 294, 344
Michigan Exchange:
Sketch of, Bygones of Detroit 360
Miles, Mrs. John:
Sketch of 193
Millard, A. L.:
Some Lenawee county history 560
Miller, Judge Albert:
An old map of the late Captain Marsac unearthed, contributed by 457
A pioneer's reminiscences, contributed by 450
Early Saginaw constables, by 443
Laying of corner stone of First Presbyterian church, Bay City, contributed by 466
Letter from, to committee of historians of Pioneer and Historical society 452
Pioneer schools of Michigan, by 454
Recollections of a pioneer of early Michigan, by 461
Remarks by 3
Resolution to send Delegates to World's Congress, offered by 9
Response to Dr. White's anniversary sermon, by 464
Miller, Joseph:
Sketch of 189
Mills, Mrs. Robert:
Sketch of 169
Mink, Constantine:
Sketch of 190
Minutes:
Of annual meeting, 1893 1
Missions:
Early French, on the Saginaw, by Fred Carlisle 244
Mitchell, C. T.:
Progress in transportation and mails in the last fifty years, by 281
Moldenhause, John:
Sketch of 196
Monroe county:
Memorial report from 138
Monroe, H. G.:
Sketch of 61
Montgomery, John S.:
Sketch of 77
Montgomery, Johnson:
Pioneer history of settlement of Eaton county, Sketch by 518
Moore, J. Wilkie:
Memorial report of Wayne county, by 187
Morehouse, Albert F.:
Memorial report of Ionia county, by 97
Remarks by 6
Sketch of Baruch G. Cooley, by 625
Morell, Hon. George:
New Year's call upon, 1836 401
Sketch of 325
Morse, Oscar F.:
Sketch of 170
Mugford, E. T.:
Memorial report of Oceana county by 143
Remarks by 6
Reminiscences of Oceana county 235
Muir, W. K.:
Sketch of 188
Mulliken, John B.:
Sketch of 195
Munsell, Harvey:
Sketch of 183
Muskegon county:
Memorial report from 138

N.

Nagler, Mrs. Caroline:
Sketch of ... 42
Nash, Mrs. Mary A.:
Sketch of ... 92
Naumann, John:
Sketch of ... 196
Nesbitt, George:
Sketch of ... 118
Newberry, Oliver:
Sketch of ... 341
Newcomb, Walter:
Sketch of ... 187
Newton, Mrs. George:
Sketch of ... 69
New Year's:
Celebration of, in 1836 ... 398
Duties of ... 399
Nixon, Robert:
Sketch of ... 78
Nixon, Mrs. Sarah:
Sketch of ... 109
Norman, John:
Sketch of ... 196
Norris, Mrs. Josiah J.:
Sketch of ... 194
North, Matthew D.:
Sketch of ... 186
Norton, John M.:
Settlement of Oakland county ... 404
Norvell, Hon. John:
New Year's call upon, 1836 ... 402
Oakland county:
History of, by Thomas J. Drake ... 408
Proclamation to set off ... 410
Settlement of, by John M. Norton ... 404
Oceana county:
Memorial report from ... 143
Reminiscences of, by Enoch T. Mugford ... 235
Officers:
Present at annual meeting ... 1
Olds, Martin:
Sketch of ... 109
Oliver, Mrs. Kesyiah:
Sketch of ... 155
Orcutt, Isaac:
Sketch of ... 90
Osband, Edwin R.:
Sketch of ... 94
Osband, Mrs. M. D.:
Sketch of ... 96
Ottawa County:
Memorial report from ... 143
Outhwaite, Geo. F.:
Sketch of ... 140
Owen, John:
Bygone merchant of Detroit ... 389
Owens, Alonzo H.:
Memorial report of Shiawassee county by ... 162

P.

Paille, Calixte:
Sketch of ... 170
Palmer, Mrs. Eliza M.:
Sketch of ... 155
Palmer, Mrs. John M.:
Sketch of ... 195
Palmer, Thomas:
Bygone merchant of Detroit ... 372
Palmerton, A. J.:
Sketch of ... 41
Paris, Mrs. Malinda:
Sketch of ... 170
Parks, Davies:
Sketch of ... 73
Parrish, Isaac H.:
Sketch of ... 123
Parsons, David;
Resolution offered by ... 9
Parsons, Jonathan:
Sketch of ... 117
Parsons, Mrs. Laura:
Sketch of ... 179
Parsons, Mrs. Philo:
Sketch of ... 196
Passage, Mrs. Harriet:
Sketch of ... 156
Patridge, Jason D.:
Sketch of ... 94
Patterson, Mrs. Eliza:
Sketch of ... 74
Peck, Frances:
Sketch of ... 40
Pennocke, Mrs. Ira:
Sketch of ... 39
Penny, Chas. W.:
Sketch of ... 109
Perkins, Mrs. Watson:
Sketch of ... 175
Perry, Iretus:
Sketch of ... 84
Perry, Seymour:
Sketch of ... 85
Personal Reminiscences:
By Rev. W. B. Williams ... 526
Peters, James M.:
Sketch of ... 78
Petrie, Daniel D.:
Sketch of ... 110
Pettit, Warren D.:
Sketch of ... 180
Pfanstiehl, Pieter F.:
Sketch of ... 144
Phillips, Arnold W.:
Sketch of ... 180
Picture:
Sketch of "Bygones of Detroit" ... 313
Pilkinton, Mrs. Henrietta:
Sketch of ... 100
Pinckney, Mrs. Maria B.:
Sketch of ... 94
Piper, Mrs. Maria S.:
Sketch of ... 140
Pioneer:
History of the settlement of Eaton county ... 502
Recollections of a, of early Michigan, by Judge Albert Miller ... 461
Schools of Michigan, by Judge Albert Miller ... 454

Pioneer reminiscences:
By Mrs. Azuhah L. Jewett 447
Contributed by Judge Albert Miller 450
Pitts, Safford:
Sketch of 165
Plummer, Chas. H.:
Sketch of 110, 155
Poem by U. B. Webster:
When I was a boy with a head like tow 255
Porter, Mrs. Edward L.:
Sketch of 190
Portland, Mich.:
50th anniversary of First Congregational church of 624
Historical sermon, by Rev. L. P. Spelman 629
Prindle, David:
Sketch of 195
Proclamation:
Setting off Oakland county, 1822 410
Pulcher, Mrs. Mary:
Sketch of 188
Purdy, Mrs. Henry E:
Sketch of 185
Putnam, Mrs. Orlin:
Sketch of 61

R.

Raby, Edward:
Sketch of 100
Rademacher, Mrs. John:
Sketch of 191
Railroad history of Michigan:
By James F. Joy 292
Reed, Mrs. Fidelia:
Sketch of 61
Reed, Mrs. Polly A.:
Sketch of 176
Reeves, Mrs.:
Sketch of 189
Reid, Rev. James W.:
Sketch of 124
Remarks by:
Stephen D. Bingham 2, 6, 16
Francis I. Clark 13, 18
Alpheus Felch 7, 14
S. W. Fowler 4
Norman Geddes 13
Thomas D. Gilbert 10
W. H. Haze 16
Henry H. Holt 11
Judge Andrew Howell 3
Judge Albert Miller 3
Albert F. Morehouse 6
Enoch T. Mugford 6
C. B. Stebbins 14
Mrs. Marion Turner 17
L. D. Watkins 3, 17
Ralph Watson 18
Remington, Mr. and Mrs. Philander:
Sketches of 111
Reminiscences of:
First locomotive whistle in Michigan, by Alpheus Felch 14
John Tanner, the white Indian 10
Michigan, by S. W. Fowler 5
Mrs. Nancy B. White 240
Oceana county, by Enoch T. Mugford 235
Rench, Mrs. David G.:
Sketch of 69
Report of:
Committee of historians 25
Committee on nominations 8
Corresponding secretary 22
Memorial committee 36
Recording secretary 19
Treasurer 24
Resolution:
Adopted and committee appointed to prepare history of picture of Gen. Lafayette 13
To send delegates to World's Congress, Chicago, 1893 9
Rhoades, Lyman:
Sketch of 175
Rich, John A.:
Sketch of 77
Richard, John:
Sketch of 134
Richards, Mrs. Mary Ann:
Sketch of 191
Richardson, Daniel D.:
Sketch of 156
Rising, E. W.:
Sketch of 85
Rivard, Lewis M.:
Sketch of 193
Roberts, Mrs. Elizabeth E.:
Sketch of 177
Roberts, Harry:
Sketch of 179
Roberts, John:
Biographical sketch of, by Levi Bishop 427
Bygone merchant of Detroit 377
Robinson, Chas. A.:
Sketch of 125
Robinson, Mrs. Clothilde:
Sketch of 190
Robinson, James D.:
Sketch of 125
Roeser, Sr., Mrs. Wm.:
Sketch of 157
Rork, Mrs. M. V.:
Sketch of 176
Rose, Lorenzo A.:
Sketch of 44
Rosecrans, Almon:
Sketch of 100
Ross, Rev. A. Hastings:
Sketch of 172
Rossman, Alby:
Sketch of 37
Rowell, A. S:
Sketch of 45
Rumsey, Jacob W.:
Sketch of 69
Russell, Mrs. J. M.:
Sketch of 41
Rust, Amasa:
Sketch of 157
Rumsey, Jacob:
Sketch of 185
Rutherford, John:
Sketch of 182

S.

Sage, John:
Sketch of ---- 135
Saginaw:
Circuit court matters ---- 446
County court ---- 446
Early, constables, by Judge Albert Miller ---- 443
Early French missions on the ---- 244
Treaty with the Chippewas at, Sept. 24, 1819 ---- 245
Saginaw county:
Laid off by proclamation of Gov. Cass in 1822 ---- 462
Memorial report from ---- 146
Organized in February, 1835 ---- 451
Sanford, James Bronson:
Sketch of ---- 101
Scammon, Mrs. M. R.:
Sketch of ---- 93
Schacker, Rudolph:
Sketch of ---- 158
Schmidt, Paul:
Sketch of ---- 158
Schwarz, Mrs. Catherine:
Sketch of ---- 190
Scott, David:
Sketch of ---- 78
Searl, Mrs.:
Sketch of ---- 75
Searles, Daniel:
Sketch of ---- 93
Seekel, Mrs. Helen:
Sketch of ---- 180
Seeley, Daniel H.:
Sketch of ---- 86
Seelye, Abel:
Sketch of ---- 87
Seitz, Frederick L.:
Sketch of ---- 195
Settlement and natural history of Manchester:
By L. D. Watkins ---- 262
Shackman, Joseph:
Sketch of ---- 179
Shafer, Wm. T.:
Sketch of ---- 61
Shaffer, George T.:
Memorial report of Cass county by ---- 65
Sharer, Wm.:
Sketch of ---- 182
Sharp, Rev. Peter:
Sketch of ---- 136
Sheley, Alanson:
Bygone merchant of Detroit ---- 386
Sketch of ---- 194
Shepard, Dr. Charles:
Sketch of ---- 125
Shiawassee county:
Memorial report from ---- 162
Shipp, Mrs. Thomas:
Sketch of ---- 93
Shores, Joseph:
Sketch of ---- 40
Sibley, Hon. Solomon:
New Year's call upon, 1836 ---- 401
Sketch of ---- 324
Sidler, Mrs. Mary J.:
Sketch of ---- 179
Silliman, Thomas:
Sketch of ---- 182
Simmis, Josiah:
Sketch of ---- 176
Simmons, Mrs. Charles:
Sketch of ---- 180
Simmons, Mrs. Nancy A.:
Sketch of ---- 75
Sisson, Arnold:
Sketch of ---- 41
Sisson, Ellery:
Sketch of ---- 137
Skirvin, Mrs. Mary:
Sketch of ---- 175
Slafter, Wm.:
Sketch of ---- 187
Sleeper, Henry S.:
Sketch of ---- 92
Smith, Charles W.:
Sketch of ---- 92
Smith, Dewitt C.:
Sketch of ---- 172
Smith, Mrs. Eusebia:
Sketch of ---- 70
Smith, George Anson:
Sketch of ---- 90
Smith, Mrs. Hiram H.:
Sketch of ---- 112
Smith, Mrs. Mary:
Sketch of ---- 191
Smith, Mrs. Perrin M.:
Sketch of ---- 184
Smith, Sidney S.:
Sketch of ---- 112
Smith, Sylvester:
Sketch of ---- 187
Snyder, Nathan:
Sketch of ---- 185
Squier, Julius A.:
Sketch of ---- 62
Spelman, Rev. L. P.:
Historical sermon, 50th anniversary of First Congregational church of Portland, by ---- 629
Spencer, Mrs. Mary C.:
Proposition by, to place books, etc., belonging to Society in library ---- 21
Spicer, Fred:
Pioneer history of settlement of Eaton county, Sketch by ---- 505
Stacy, S. C.:
Memorial report of Lenawee county, by ---- 129
Stage, Mrs. Jerry:
Sketch of ---- 181
St. Clair county:
Memorial report from ---- 166
Stebbins, C. B.:
Memorial report of Ingham county, by ---- 92
Remarks by ---- 14
Stebbins, Dwight:
Sketch of ---- 183
Stebbins, Mrs. Dwight:
Sketch of ---- 186

Stebbins, Francis R.:
Memoir of, by Norman Geddes 214
Steere, Joseph H.:
Sketch of John Tanner, known as the white Indian 246
Stephenson, John:
Sketch of 182
Stevens, Frederick H.:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 376
Stewart, James:
Sketch of 190
Stafford, Mrs. Frances:
Sketch of 159
Stillson, Wallace W.:
Sketch of 62
Stirling, Mrs. James:
Sketch of 189
St. Joseph county:
Memorial report from 175
Stocking, Bilins:
Sketch of 127
Stocking, Fanny:
Sketch of 137
Stockwell, Mrs. C. M.:
Sketch of 173
Stone, Mrs. Sarah E.:
Sketch of 113
Stowell, Ira:
Sketch of 41
Strasburg, Mrs. August:
Sketch of 159
Striker, Daniel:
History of the Hastings M. E. church by .. 565
Memorial report of Barry county by 39
Strohawer, John:
Sketch of 187
Strong, Mrs. Mary P.:
Sketch of 94
Sutfin, Mrs. M. A.:
Poem—Our homes fifty years ago 620
Swin, Mrs. James:
Sketch of 39

T.

Tanner, John:
Reminiscences of, by Thomas D. Gilbert .. 10
Sketch of, known as the white Indian, by Joseph H. Steere 246
Teesdale, Samuel:
Sketch of 178
Telford, John H.:
Sketch of 113
Territorial Supreme Court:
Sketch of 320
Thayer, Wm.:
Sketch of 159
Thompson, Dr. A. A.:
Sketch of 87
Thompson, Mrs. Henrietta C.:
Sketch of 62
Throop, Enos:
Sketch of 159
Tietsort, John:
Sketch of 70
Tinkler, Mrs. John:
Sketch of 39
Torrance, L. A.:
Sketch of 93
Townsend, A. M.:
Sketch of 181
Townsend, Charles:
Sketch of 159
Townsend, Goodenough:
Early history of the township of Davison. 542
Tracy, Mrs. Eliza Ann:
Sketch of 179
Transportation and mails:
Progress in, during the last fifty years, by C. T. Mitchell 281
Treaty:
With the Chippewas at Saginaw, Sept. 24, 1819 245
Troester, Sr., John:
Sketch of 195
Trowbridge, John:
Sketch of 196
Turner, Horace:
Sketch of 91
Turner, Mrs. Marion:
Remarks by 17
Turner, Robert:
Sketch of 160
Tuscola county:
Memorial report from 186
Tuttle, Stephen:
Sketch of 79

U.

Ulrich, Mrs. Peter:
Sketch of 75

V.

VanBuren, A. D. P.:
Memoir of, by Stephen D. Bingham 217
Remarks upon life of 2, 16
Van Dewalker, Mrs. Flavia:
Sketch of 41
Van Dusen, A. J.:
Sketch of 63
VanHorn, John P.:
Sketch of 64
Van Tuyle, Mrs. Catherine W.:
Sketch of 64
Vernon, Dr. Ion:
Sketch of 184
Vernon, Mrs. Margaret C.:
Sketch of 193
Virgil, Ira:
Sketch of 41
Vinton, Grovener:
Letter from, to C. W. Grant 453
Vrooman, Tunis:
Sketch of 115

W.

Waddington, Sarah Ann:
Sketch of 181
Wagner, Mrs. Nicholas:
Sketch of 192
Wakefield, Mrs. Esther:
Sketch of 138

Walker, Wm.:
Sketch of 191
Wallace, Mrs. Jane:
Sketch of 192
Walsh, Mrs. John:
Sketch of 194
Walter, John:
Sketch of 185
Ward, E. B.:
Comparative sketches of James F. Joy, Lewis Cass and Wm. Woodbridge, by Fred Carlisle 283
Sketches of 289
Warner, Mrs. Caroline:
Sketch of 40
Warren, Mrs. Frederic:
Sketch of 113
Waterloo, Mrs. Charles H.:
Sketch of 173
Waterman, Joshua W.:
Sketch of 188
Watkins, L. D.:
Remarks by 3, 17
Settlement and natural history of Manchester 262
Watson, Mrs. Eugene:
Sketch of 193
Watson, George:
Sketch of 191
Watson, John and James:
Bygone merchants of Detroit 392
Watson, Ralph:
Memorial report of Clinton county, by 71
Remarks by 18
Weaver, Mrs. Proctor:
Sketch of 189
Webb, John:
Sketch of 114
Webster, U. B.:
Poem—When I was a boy with a head like tow 255
Wegst, Adam:
Sketch of 160
Welborn, Thomas:
Sketch of 183
Welden, Nathan:
Sketch of 93
Weller, Ferdinand:
Sketch of 141
Wells, Mrs. Hiram:
Sketch of 176
Wendell, Tunis S.:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 375
West, Francis R.:
Sketch of 92
West, Josiah:
Sketch of 173
Westcott, Charles:
Sketch of 93
White Indian:
Sketch of John Tanner, known as the, by Joseph H. Steere 246
White, Mrs. Julia:
Sketch of 114
White, Mrs. Nancy B.:
Reminiscences by 240
Whitmore, Jabez:
Sketch of 177
Wilcox, Mrs. Eliza:
Sketch of 39
Wightman, Rev. Ira R. A.:
Sketch of 63
Wilkins, Judge Ross:
Sketch of 326
Williams, Edwin:
Sketch of 63
Williams, Mrs. G. Mott:
Sketch of 188
Williams, Gen. John R.:
Bygone merchant of Detroit 371
Williams, Mary J.:
Sketch of 40
Williams, Peter:
Sketch of 78
Williams, Mrs. Sally A.:
Sketch of 93
Williams, Rev. W. B.:
Memorial report of Eaton county by 77
Personal Reminiscences by 526
Willison, Wm.:
Sketch of 41
Wilmore, Mrs. Ellen:
Sketch of 114
Winder, Col. John:
Sketch of 328
Wolf, Mrs. Josiah:
Sketch of 179
Wood, Arthur:
Sketch of 128
Woodbridge, Wm.:
Comparative sketches of E. B. Ward, James F. Joy, Lewis Cass and, by Fred Carlisle 283
Sketch of 288
Woodhull, George S.:
Sketch of 88
Woodworth, Uncle Ben.:
Sketch of Hotel Woodworth, kept by 354
Worden, Robert:
Sketch of 91
Wright, Ira D.:
Sketch of 88
Wright, Mrs. Mary:
Sketch of 192
Wunderlich, Michael:
Sketch of 115
Wayne County:
Memorial report from 187

Y.

Young, Mrs. Catherine:
Sketch of 175
Young, Robert:
Sketch of 76

Z.

Ziegler, John C.:
Sketch of 161
Zittel, George:
Sketch of 195

INDEX OF NAMES.

INDEX OF NAMES.

A.

Abbey, Geo. 406, 422
Abbot, Dr. T. C. 93
Abbott, Bill 307, 360
Abbott, James 306, 307, 308, 343, 348, 349, 422, 433, 434, 435
Abbott, Mrs. James 308
Abbott, Madison 307, 343
Abbott, Myron 19
Abbott, Sarah 307, 308
Abbott, Theophilus C. 2, 23, 206
Abell, James M. 45
Abraham, Amelia 188
Abraham, Marie 116
Adams, Aaron B. 543
Adams, Aaron C. 544
Adams, Alex H. 349
Adams, Mrs. Charles A. (Mary Sibley) 401
Adams, Emma 84
Adams, Frank D. 48
Adams, Mrs. Geo. W. 47
Adams, Humphrey 422
Adams, Isaac 130
Adams, Mrs. Isaac 129
Adams, John 365
Adams, President John Q. 288, 322, 324, 430, 456
Adams, Lena 48
Adams, L. G. 555
Adams, Lorenzo 552
Adams, Mrs. Louisa 165
Adams, Mehetabel 48
Adams, Peter R. 563
Adams, Samuel 102
Adams, Wm. 48
Adams, Wm. D. 47
Adamy, Peter H. 97
Adolphus, Gustavus 202
Ainsley, Wm. P. 20
Albertson, Wm. 71
Albright, Mr. 147
Alden, Elijah 579, 580
Alden, Parmelia 569
Aldrich, Abraham 416
Aldrich, James 414
Aldrich, Dr. Levi 65
Aldrich, Silas 71
Aldrich, Rev. W. J. 608, 611, 612
Alexander, John 555
Alger, Thomas 43
Alger, Wm. 43
Allen, James 71
Allen, J. B. 19
Allen, Jeremiah 420
Allen, Col. John 436, 437, 438
Allen, Mr. 596
Allen, Orrison 418, 420
Allen, Mrs. Orrison 420
Allen, Timothy 416
Allis, George R. 563
Allman, Wm. 277
Allyn, George 507
Almon, Mrs. Sophy 46
Almy, Joseph 420
Alvord, Bill 361
Alvord, Jane 43
Alvord, Taddeus 416
Alward, Dennis E. 17
Ames, Bishop E. R. 63
Amherst, Gen. Jeffrey 27
Anderson, A. S. 238
Anderson, Mrs. G. S. 167
Anderson, Rev. S. G. 625
Andress, Mrs. Rodney 183
Andrews, Mrs. Harriet A. 194
Andrews, Maria 79
Andrews, Prof. 477
Andrus, Henry 46
Andrus, Wm. 51
Annett, Wm. 416
Antes, Mrs. W. L. 140
Applebee, Hiram 553
Applegate, Daniel 421
Arms, Wm. H. 634
Armstrong & Austin 555
Armstrong, James A. 316, 317, 343, 367, 401
Armstrong, Mrs. James A. (Augusta Sibley) 401
Arnold, A. C. 49
Arnold, Henry 537
Arnold, Mrs. Henry 538
Arnold, Hiram 23, 116
Arnold, Judge 279
Arnold, Ladina 196

Arnold, Mrs. Maria Dygert 49
Arnold, Samuel 537
Arthur, Mrs. 79
Ash, Olaf 71
Ashley 317
Ashley, Parmelia 116
Ashley, Samuel J. 550
Ashton, Mrs. Elizabeth 166
Ashton, Robert 166
Astor, John Jacob 333, 384
Atkins, Ralph C. 661
Atterbury, John S. 317
Audrain, Peter 433, 435
Austin, Hannah 63
Austin, John 550
Austin, Philemon 47
Ayers, Andrew 557
Ayers, Rev. A. T. 594
Ayers, Benjamin 557
Avery, Asil D. 102
Avery, Mrs. E. O. 168
Avery, Mrs. Moses 179
Avery, Noys L. 2
Axford, S. 421

B.

Babcock, Abelino 544, 545, 550
Babcock, Joseph 597
Babcock, Mary E. 41
Baby, Mrs. R. A. 197
Backus, Capt. 308, 400
Backus, Mrs. 400
Bacon, —— 350
Bacon, Artemus 454
Bacon, Marshall I. 310, 317, 361
Bacon, Marshall J. 389, 399
Bacon, Nathaniel I. 311, 312, 315
Badgley, Benjamin 552
Bagg, David 421
Bagg, Mrs. Edward P. 117
Bagley, Amason 411, 420
Bagley, John J. 397
Bailey, A. W. 574, 591, 592
Bailey, Mrs. A. W. 605
Bailey, B. F. 515
Bailey, Frederick G. 19
Bailey, Joseph F. 103
Bailey, Mr. 596
Bailey, M. H. 19
Bailey, N. 597
Bailey, Sister 586
Baird, Rev. R. G. 624, 646
Baird, Mrs. R. G. 624
Baker, A. M. 563
Baker, Calvin 417
Baker, Dr. 474
Baker, Harris & Millard 215
Baker, L. A. 418
Baker, Mrs. Samantha 77
Balch, N. A. 277
Balcom, Elisha S. 102
Baldwin, —— 325
Baldwin, Benedict 423
Baldwin, Charles C. 20
Baldwin, Edward C. 563
Baldwin, Ezra 411, 420, 422
Baldwin, Gov. Henry P. 192, 197, 228, 277, 395, 397
Baldwin, J. 422
Baldwin, Mrs. 113
Baldwin, Nathaniel 406, 422
Ball, Mr. 30
Ball, D. H. 105
Ball, Mrs. D. H. 106
Ball, Horatio 421
Ballard, Brother 644
Ballard, Rev. James 128, 639
Ballard, Mr. 567
Bancroft, Capt. Joseph 406, 420
Bancroft, Mr. 202
Bancroft, Wm. 71
Bancroft, Wm. L. 271
Bangester, Elizabeth 159
Bangs, Rev. Francis B. 266, 563, 600, 603
Banks & Tietsort 70
Banks, Charles G. 70
Bannister, Mr. 652
Barbeau, Peter B. 666
Barber, Chas. W. 19
Barber, Green & Co. 535
Barber, Homer G. 78
Barber, Mrs. Homer G. 78
Barber, Mrs. O. P. 160
Barker, Mrs. Priscilla R. 182
Barlow, Mrs. Nathan (Melissa Tyler) 569, 570
Barlow, Judge 574, 576, 578
Barlow, Mary 576
Barnard, Ely 270
Barnard, Harriet A. 63
Barnard, Mrs. Henry 334
Barnard, Pardon 270
Barnes, Chauncey A. 608, 609
Barnes, Rev. D. F. 606, 607, 610
Barnes, John T. 583
Barnes, Mary 73
Barnes, O. M. 8
Barnes, Mrs. Rhoda 94
Barnes, Mr. 94
Barney, Nathaniel A. 49
Barnowisky, Mrs. Jacob 196
Barns, Jacob 128
Barnum, Abel 568, 584
Barnum, Alonzo 566, 567, 568, 571, 572, 573, 574, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 585, 587, 588, 589
Barnum, Anna 568, 584
Barnum, Augustus 586
Barnum, Betsey 568, 584
Barnum, Brother 570
Barnum, Electa 585
Barnum, Esther 586
Barnum, Henry 571, 592
Barnum, Henry I. 40
Barnum, Lambert B. 634
Barnum, Orris 573, 580
Barnum, Mrs. Orris 573
Barnum, P. K. 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594
Barnum, Sophia 568, 585
Barnum, Zebulon 571, 574
Barr, John 146, 237
Barr, Lorin 650
Barrett, Mrs. S. M. 94

Barrington, John 71
Barry, Miss 455
Barry, Patrick 196
Barry, Mrs. Patrick (Margaret) 196
Bartlett, Rev. A. R. 587, 588
Bartlett, Prof. E. N. 535
Bartow, Mrs. Adelia 72
Bartow, Henry 627, 636
Bartow, Moses 72
Basset, Major Henry 27
Bassett, Chas. W. 567
Batchelor, Alla L. 36
Batchelor, Edward C. 36
Batchelor, Frank M. 36
Batchelor, Irving J. 36
Batchelor, Joel 36
Bateman, Daniel 505, 506, 507, 508
Bates, A. H. 613
Bates, Mrs. Elizabeth 637
Bates, Frederick 433
Bates, George C. 305, 313, 349, 350, 363, 380, 399
Bates, Marble 586, 588, 591, 593, 594, 598, 600, 601, 606
Bates, Mrs. Marble 586
Bates, Philo 112
Bates, Philo T. 112
Bates, Stillman 422
Bates & Talbott 349, 351
Bates, Wm. 112
Bates, Wm. W. 177
Bauerly, Fred 93
Baum, Mahlon O. 102
Baxter, Mr. 31, 32
Baxter, James H. 554
Baxter, Thomas 553
Baxter, Witter J. 277
Beach, Brother 581, 585
Beach, Michael 422
Beach, Sister 585
Beach & Taylor 51
Beadle, Hattie 619
Beal, Dr. 207, 265
Beale, Rev. C. H. 4, 209
Beale, Julia A. 163
Beaman, F. C. 563
Bean, Seth 563
Beard, John 268
Beardsley, John W. 418
Beardsley, Mrs. Rhoda 47
Beaubien, John Baptiste 331
Beaubien, Mark 347
Beaubien, Medor 347
Beaubien, Mr. 452
Beaufait, Colonel 417
Beck, J. P. 161
Beck, Mrs. J. P. 161
Beck, Wm. B. 190
Beck, Mrs. Wm. B. (Mary N.) 190
Beckley, Joseph 116
Beckley, Mrs. Joseph 116
Beckwith, Mary Ann 102
Bedell, E. H. 75
Beecher, Luther 191
Beecher, Malinda 80
Beecher, R. R. 563
Beekman, Martin 78
Beekman, Mrs. Martin 78
Beem, Henry 179
Beeman, Wm. M. 116
Beers, John 47
Beers, Dr. M. B. 628, 639
Begole, Josiah W. 2, 8, 79
Bell, Delia A. 147
Bell, Mrs. Eliza D. 147
Bell, Lewis H. 147
Bell, Oliver H. 147
Belding, Ebenezer 422
Belding, Elenozer 406
Belknap, James W. 279
Bement, Horace 594
Benham, A. J. 598, 599
Benham, Chas. B. 604, 606
Benham, George 598
Benham, Sally 58
Benjamin, D. E. 147, 156
Benjamin, Delos 147
Benjamin, Frank W. 148
Benjamin, Fred G. 148
Benjamin, Henry 147
Benjamin, James W. 553
Benjamin, John H. 148
Benjamin, Mrs. John H. (Ruth) 148
Benjamin, Robert L. 147
Benjamin, Sidney 147
Benjamin, Sue 148
Benjamin, W. W. 184
Benjamin, Zern 184
Benjamin, Mrs. Zern (Asenath) 184
Benner, Mrs. Hester Ann 157
Bennett, Brother 568
Bennett, James W. 104
Bennett, Joseph R. 563
Bennett, Lyman 634
Bennett, Stillman 563
Benson, Stephen 452, 453
Bentley, Geo. 51
Bentley, Janette 72
Bentley, John 513
Bentley, J. R. 58
Bently, Benjamin 414
Benton, ——— 325
Benton, Eli P. 414
Benton, M. 414
Berger, Mrs. Cora 149
Berger, Daniel 45
Berger, Jacob K. 180
Berger, James 181
Bernard, John 102
Berrien, ——— 325
Berrien, John N. 308, 311
Berrien, John M. 349, 353
Berrien, Lieut. 346
Berringer, Chancellor 634
Berry, James 226
Besch, Joseph 148
Betts, Charles 179
Betts, Mrs. Sarah 133
Betts, Wm. 179
Bevier, Mrs. Louisa H. 50
Bevier, Wm. 50
Beyhan, Helen 102
Biddle, John 348, 349, 362, 403
Biddle, Nicholas 380

Bidelman, Mrs. Sarah A. 94
Bidwell, Charles 563
Bidwell, Mrs. 582
Bieber, Mrs. Charlotte 187
Bigler, Phillip 421
Bignell, Rev. Geo. 587, 588, 590
Bignell, T. H. 588, 589, 590
Bignell, Thos. 590
Billings, Dr. 92
Bingham, Capt. Alonzo L. 148
Bingham, Edward 388
Bingham, Henry H. 277
Bingham, Kineley S. 274, 275
Bingham, Rev. 10
Bingham, Stephen D. 2, 6, 12, 13, 16, 217
Bingham, W. H. 148
Bird, Caroline 642
Bird, Rev. C. W. 624
Bird, Capt. Henry 28
Birney, Governor 228
Birney, Judge James 227, 228, 229
Birney, James G. 227, 455
Bishop, Giles 415
Bishop, Henry 2, 9, 20, 116, 119, 219
Bishop, Levi 427
Bismarck, Chancellor 402
Bissonette, Charles A. 19
Bissonette, Gabriel 19
Bixby, David A. 563
Bixley, Justin 421
Black, Asbury 612
Blackie, Mrs. Andrew 166
Blades, F. A. 269
Blair, Austin 274
Blair, Eggleston, Kingsley & Kleinhans 122
Blair, James 120
Blair, Kingsley & Kleinhans 120
Blair, Russell 93
Blair, Teeter 113
Blair, Mrs. Teeter (Delia S. Stone) 113
Blake, Capt. Chesley 339, 340, 416
Blake, Commodore 356
Blanchard, Mrs. Dolly 107
Blanchard, J. C. 19, 276
Blanchard, Stillman 327
Blatchford, E. W. 20
Bleak, Oliver 120, 121
Bleek, Cornelia 121
Bleek, Harry 121
Blinn, Mrs. 537, 538
Blinn, Nancy 538
Bliss, A. L. 563
Bliss, George W. 93
Bliss, S. Bond 148
Bliss, Mrs. S. Bond (Frances E.) 148, 155
Bliss, Walter 149
Blood, Brother 539
Blue, Mrs. M. A. 55
Blythe, Ebenezer 441
Bockins, H. J. 168
Bodeman, Prof. 478
Bodrie, John Baptiste 663, 664, 665, 666
Bogardus, Cornelius 46
Boggs, A. R. 602
Bogue, Philo 634
Boice, B. L. 601
Boice, I. S. 591
Bole, John 142
Bolton, Col. Mason 28
Boone, Col. 30
Boone, Mrs. H. 144
Booth, Edwin 311
Borden, Edmund W. 131
Borden, Tyler 131
Borden, Mrs. Tyler (Hannah) 131
Bostwick, Rose 616
Bostwick & Smith 121
Bosworth, Joseph 502, 503
Bothwell, Rev. G. W. 648
Bottom, John 72
Bowen, Daniel B. 77
Bowman, Joseph R. 420
Boudeman, Dallas 19
Boughton, Dr. 478
Boughton, Mrs. Elizabeth 182
Bouquet, Col. Henry 26, 27
Boyd, Hugh 72
Boyer, Jacob 634
Boyer, Josiah 77
Boyer, M. 344, 359
Boyer, Mrs. 359
Boyer, Wm. 183
Boynton, Brother 596
Boynton, Rev. Jermy 595, 597, 598
Boynton, Mrs. Jermy 597
Boynton, Rev. V. G. 582, 583, 600, 601
Bracey, Mrs. 106
Brackett, Mrs. I. D. 54
Braden, Casper 149
Braden, Charles 149
Bradley, Mrs. E. A. 116
Bradley, Rev. George 591, 592
Bradley, Harry 100
Bradley, John W. 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 584, 586
Bradley, Mrs. 83
Bradley, N. B. 467
Bradley, Polly 581
Bradley, Sarah 581, 584
Bradner, John 71
Bradner, J. D. 73
Bradner, J. W. 73
Bradshaw, Walter 184
Bradshaw, Mrs. Walter (Harriet L.) 184
Brady, Cassandra 400
Brady, Gen. Hugh 308, 315, 317, 318, 319, 320, 340, 400, 401
Brady, Mrs. Samuel Preston 400
Brant, Capt. Joseph 31, 35
Brattels, Joel D. 230
Bray, Asa 143
Bray, Mrs. A. R. 87
Bray, Catherine 72
Bray, Everett L. 87
Bray, Oliver 143
Brearley, Wm. H. 20
Brears, John 557
Breckenridge, Mr. 522
Breed, Rev. D. P. 624, 648
Brehm, Capt. 28
Brennan, James 149
Brennan, Michael 149

Brennan, Thomas 149
Brent, Thomas L. L. 542
Bresee, James 586
Bresee, Lydia 586
Bresee, Mrs. 573
Bresie, Wm. 132
Bresie, Wm. R. 133
Brice, Agnes 146
Brice, Mrs. T. S. 619
Brickley, Mrs. Olive 115
Bridgeman, Quartus E. 72
Briggs, Dr. John 116
Briggs, Lyman 214
Briggs, Sarah Louise 217
Brigham, Timothy 238
Brinsmade, Rev. H. N. 640
Brockway, Rev. N. L. 591, 592, 599
Brockway, Rev. Wm. H. 277, 467, 517
Brodel, Mrs. Elizabeth 192
Bronson, Arthur 379
Bronson, Chauncey K. 104
Bronson, Daniel 406, 411, 422
Bronson, Frank 104
Bronson, George 104
Bronson, H. O. 411, 419, 421
Bronson, Hiram 596
Bronson, Wm. 406
Brooke, Gen. George M. 365, 366
Brooks, Charles 536, 634
Brooks, Col. Edward 316, 379, 388
Brooks, Gen. 97
Brooks, John W. 298, 300, 301, 302, 303, 350
Brooks, Mrs. Lucina 637
Brooks, Margaret 108
Brooks, Willard 634
Brown, Caroline 100
Brown, Daniel 634
Brown, Edward 76, 452
Brown, Rev. E. F. 603, 604, 611
Brown, Eleazer 586
Brown, Geo. 575
Brown, Isabel 68
Brown, John 451, 452, 453
Brown, Mrs. J. 149
Brown, Mrs. John 51
Brown, Jonathan 113
Brown, Mrs. Jonathan (Ruth) 113
Brown, Gen. Joseph 317
Brown, Gen. J. W. 133
Brown, Mrs. M. D. 73
Brown, Newcomb 102
Brown, Dr. Rufus 349, 361, 363, 364
Brown, Sarah Elizabeth 478
Brown, Gen. S. B. 171
Brown, Silva 585
Brown, Stephen F. 28, 116, 118
Brown, Mrs. Stephen F. 119
Brown, Thomas 190
Brownell, Herman 585
Brownell, Sister 585
Brownell, Thos. C. 277
Brush, Alfred 363
Brush, E. A. 349, 363, 364
Brush, Edmund 308
Brush, Elijah 435
Brush, Mrs. Emily S. 197
Brush, Lieut. 346
Bruske, E. H. 149
Bruske, F. O. 149
Bruske, O. E. 149
Bruske, Rudolph 149
Bryant, Rev. Alfred 67
Brymner, Douglas 25
Buchanan, Mrs. G. H. 38
Buck, Sylvester 102
Buck, Mrs. W. B. 52
Buckhout, Romine H. 19
Buell, Maj. John H. 34
Buell, Rev. 597
Buell, Rev. J. I. 603, 606, 614, 615, 618
Buell, Mrs. J. I. 605
Buell, Wm. H. 19
Bugby, Mrs. 112
Buhl, Christian H. 317, 384, 385, 394
Buhl, Frederick 384
Buhler, Charles 41
Bull, Capt. Charles L. 316, 318
Bull, Charles M. 316, 376
Bullen, Cyrus W. 238
Bullock, A. A. 138
Bullock, Mrs. A. A. 138
Bullock, Elijah 419
Bullock, Lizzie 138
Bump, Mrs. Orrin 42
Bunce, Judge 268
Bunker, Mr. 568
Bunker, Thomas 574
Bunnell, Dr. 452
Burbank, Wm. 406, 413, 422
Burchard, George 92
Burdick, Justin 349, 350, 358, 379
Burdick, Mrs. Sarah M. 116
Burgess, D. L. 19
Burgher, Wm. 595
Burgoyne, Gen. 28
Burland, Mrs. Ann Thompson 51
Burland, Wm. 51
Burnham, Robert 180
Burns, Rev. David 586, 587, 591
Burns, Mrs. David 588
Burns, J. Davidson 19
Burns, John 167
Burns, Katie 167
Burns, Moses 167
Burns, Robert 32
Burns, Wm. 166, 167
Burnes, Bishop 102
Burr, Mrs. Kate E. 92
Burrell, Dr. 478
Burrell, E. P. 114
Burrell, Mrs. E. P. (Emily Webb) 114
Burrows, Daniel 421
Burrows & Rust 157
Burroughs, Mrs. F. A. 87
Burt, A. C. 194
Burt, E. F. 270
Burt, H. A. 194
Burt, John 194
Burt, Mrs. John (Julia A. Calkins) 194
Burt, Wm. A. 193
Burton, C. M. 431
Burton, Porter 597, 599, 601, 606

Busby, Sr., James 452
Bush, Abraham 585
Bush, Charles P. 270
Bush, Rev. Daniel 566, 569, 571, 572, 573, 575
Bush, Elias 550
Bush, Frank 270
Bush, Sarah 116
Bushnell, Rev. Asa W. 50
Bushnell, Christian 50
Bushnell, Dudley 50
Bushnell, Mrs. Dudley N. 50
Bushnell, Elon D. 50
Bushnell, Dr. Horace 50
Bushnell, Deacon John H. 50
Bushnell, Prudence 50
Butler, Dr. Alva M. 176
Butler, Col. 80
Butler, Elizabeth 83
Butler, Ira T. 46
Butler, Joseph 114
Butlin, Mrs. T. G. 157
Butman & Rust 157
Butson, George W. 420
Butter, Roxie 604
Butterfield, Abram 557
Butterworth, R. E. 128
Button, Mrs. Julia 154
Butts, Abram 443, 444, 452
Buys, Abraham 175
Buys, Mrs. Abraham (Elizabeth) 175
Byron, Elizabeth 65
Byron, Rev. Joseph 65
Byron, Joseph Edgar 65
Byron, Linnie 65
Byron, Melissa 65
Byron, Mrs. Rachel 65

C.

Cade, Stephen W. 185
Cade, Thomas 185
Cadillac, Antoine de la Motte 285, 286, 332, 481
Cady, Chauncey G. 9
Cady, Susan 102
Cairnes, James R. 563
Caldwell & Baker 60
Caldwell & Galloway 52
Caldwell & Peters 52
Caldwell, George 82
Caldwell, James T. 52
Caldwell, John 51
Caldwell, Mrs. John 51
Caldwell, J. Martin 51
Caldwell, John M. 19, 23
Caldwell, Mrs. Helen N. 19
Caldwell, Josiah 52
Caldwell, Mr. 52
Caldwell, Ned 52
Calhoun, John C. 252
Calkins, James I. 186
Calkins, Mrs. James I. (Mary L.) 186
Calkins, Jesse 468
Calkins, John M. 415
Calnon, Mrs. Jeremiah 196
Camburn, Joseph 557
Camburn, M. B. 597, 598
Camburn, Wm. 557
Campau & Co., Barney 371
Campau, Barney 331, 371
Campau, Daniel J. 393, 394
Campau, Joseph 329, 330, 331, 334, 393
Campbell, Alexander 421, 553, 581
Campbell, Allen 553
Campbell, George 553
Campbell, Harry 445
Campbell, James 553
Campbell, James W. 167
Campbell, Mrs. Jerome (Althea Waterloo) 174
Campbell, Jerome 174
Campbell, Judge 316, 322, 336
Campbell, Malcom 238
Canning, Eb. 359
Cappon & Bertsch 145
Cappon, Mr. I. 144
Carey, John 102
Carey, Mrs. J. H. 81
Carley, Ed. 552
Carley, Iddo H. 550, 552
Carlisle, Fred 1, 2, 11, 13, 18, 19, 21, 36, 244, 283
Carlisle, Rev. 280
Carlton, George 71
Carlton, Robert 42
Carmer, Arthur 10
Carpenter, Elisha 571, 573, 585
Carpenter, E. R. 566, 569, 571, 572, 577, 583, 590, 593
Carpenter, Mrs. E. R. 569
Carpenter, Mrs. 243
Carpenter, Mrs. J. B. 570
Carpenter, Nathan B. 396
Carpenter, Powell 421
Carpenter, Wm. N. 397
Carr, John P. 67
Carrier, Mrs. W. O. 166
Carroll, Mary Ann 167
Cartier, Jacques 244, 246
Cartwright, Calvin 550, 551
Cartwright, John F. 552
Cashine, Edw. 167
Casler, John 550
Casler, David 550
Cass, Isabella 365
Cass, Lewis 11
Cass, General Lewis 18, 235, 245, 246, 251, 283, 287, 288, 289, 312, 322, 349, 354, 380, 402, 428, 429, 654
Cass, Gov. Lewis 405, 409, 410, 418, 421, 431, 459, 462, 482, 483, 484
Cass, Mr. 585
Cass, Sister 585
Castle, Asa 411, 420
Castle, Lemuel 420
Caswell, Sister 594
Catton, —— 325
Cauldwell, Billy 347
Caverly, Bill 315
Celler, Jacobina 161
Center, Lieut. Alex I. 346, 349, 358
Chamberlin, Addison 424
Chamberlin, Dr. 428, 429
Chamberlin, John M. 424
Champlin, —— 246
Champlain, Judge 280
Chandler & Co., Z. 382
Chandler, Charles 563

Chandler, Freeman 116
Chandler, Z. 381
Chapel, Charles 273
Chapel, Frank 273
Chapin, Dr. 389
Chapin & Owen 389
Chapin, Wm. M. 190
Chapin, W. W. 190
Chapman, Mrs. Caroline 73
Chapoton, Alexander 23, 197
Chapoton, Sr., Alexander 196
Chapoton, Dr. 197
Chapoton, Dr. E. A. 197
Chapoton, Eustache 197
Chapoton, Felice 197
Chapoton, Mrs. Phil. 187
Chappell, Mrs. (Mother Handsome) 421
Chase & Ballard 362
Chase, Levi 568, 569
Chase, Mr. 421
Chase, N. 19
Chase, S. W. 590, 594
Chatfield, Elnathan 414
Chatfield, Rev. Larman 626
Cheever, Prof. 477
Cheney, A. M. 92
Chesne, Capt. 31
Chester, John 317, 318, 346, 360, 361, 363, 389, 390, 391
Chevallier, Louis 28
Chew, Joseph 33, 34
Chipman, Cyrus A. 406, 422
Chipman, Judge 430
Chilson, Squire 230
Chilton, Mrs. 400
Choate, Dr. S. P. 185
Christopher, Joseph 102
Church, Almeria 125
Church, Charles W. 19
Church, Judah 406, 420
Church, S. S. 525
Church, Mrs. Sarah M. 19
Church, Wm. L. 563
Churchill, —— 359, 550
Cicott, Capt. Frank 331
Cicotte, Edward V. 187
Clark, Abigail 550
Clark, Rev. Calvin 567, 568
Clark, Mrs. E. 159
Clark, E. Joe 609
Clark & Haines 101
Clark, Father 272, 281
Clark, Francis I. 2, 13, 18
Clark, John E. 77
Clark, Lewis T. 637, 638
Clark, Ogden 411
Clark, Mrs. Phebe 77
Clark, Prof. 478
Clark & Co., Rawdon 460
Clark, Robert P. 180
Clark, Rufus 406, 420
Clark, Dr. Samuel 525
Clark, Thomas 586, 587
Clark, Wm. 155
Clark, Rev. W. H. 466, 470
Clarke, Elijah B. 419
Clarke, John E. 521
Clapsaddle, Hiram H. 552
Clapsaddle, Nicholas 552
Clapsaddle, Wm. 552
Clay, Henry 119, 325, 388, 661
Clay, Wm. 356
Clelland, Charles 323, 357, 359
Clemens, Mrs. 152
Clemens, Mrs. Oscar 86
Clement, John B. 19
Cleveland, Grover 112
Cleveland, Joseph H. 563
Cleveland, Luther 71
Cleveland, President 85
Cline, Margaret 102
Clippinger, John A. 94
Clute, Mrs. Maria 45
Clute, O. 2, 206, 209
Cobb, Edwin R. 238
Cobb, Hannah 581, 584
Cobb, Ira 550
Cobb, Mrs. 54, 585
Cobb, Mrs. Jerome T. 116
Cobb, Peter 581, 583, 584, 587, 590, 594, 598, 600, 601
Cobb, Sister 599
Cochran, George R. 563
Codling, Pearl 46
Coffinberry, S. C. 277
Coffin, Thomas Aston 34
Cogshall, Rev. Wilbur I. 620
Cogshall, Wm. B. 416
Colby, Eastman 416, 420
Colby, H. P. 129
Colby, Luther 129
Colby, Sarah F. 129
Colby, Son & Co. 129
Colclayer, Rev. Henry 136
Coldron, John 125
Cole, Abigail 585
Cole, Clark 105
Cole, Darius 192
Cole, Harry E. 373, 374
Cole, Harry S. 328, 357, 399, 403
Cole, Mrs. Harry 334
Cole, Mrs. Ira 113
Cole, James 578
Cole, James M. 585
Cole, Nathaniel 552
Cole, Oliver R. 104
Cole, Mrs. Oliver R. (Sarah P.) 105
Cole & Porter 381, 399
Cole, Mrs. Ruby 64
Coleman & Brinkerhoff 60
Coleman, James 423
Coleman, Merritt L. 1, 8, 24, 25
Coleman, Spencer 411
Coleman, Wm. H. 60
Coles, J. M. 593
Coles, Wm. 592
Colfax, Schuyler 276, 303
Collier, Victor P. 274
Collins, Charles 191
Collins, Mrs. Charlotte 191
Collins, George W. 406, 416
Collins, Philo 79
Collum, Alvira 586
Comfort, Aaron 137

Compton, George 149
Compton, Huelson 71
Compton, James 149
Compton, Mrs. Marguerite 149
Compton, Mrs. Rachel 149, 150
Compton, Samuel C. 149
Comstock, Addison J. 562
Comstock, Darius 558, 562
Comstock, Horace H. 379, 380
Comstock, Dr. O. C. 274, 471
Conant, Shubael 349, 350, 360, 361, 371
Cond, C. W. 176
Cond, Mrs. C. W. 176
Cone, Linus 406
Coney, Eva L. 616
Conger, Adoniram S. 552
Conger, Mrs. Harrison G. 79, 544, 545, 546, 548, 550
Conger, Harrison G. 79
Conger, Mark D. 80
Conger, Omer D. 249
Conger, Senator 268
Conkey, Mrs. Caroline 46
Conklin, Roscoe 232
Conkling, Henry C. 563
Conkrite, Mrs. 79
Conley, Mrs. P. 511
Conn, Joseph 192
Connor, Henry 423
Conway, Mrs. Ed. (Minnie Waterloo) 174
Coogan, Dinnis 116
Cook, A. B. 595, 597, 598
Cook, Mrs. Cilinda 181
Cook, Edward 419
Cook, Mrs. Jerusha 116
Cook, John P. 283
Cook, Mrs. Joseph 47
Cook, L. 150
Cook, Mrs. L. (Prudence) 150
Cook, Levi 377, 397, 403
Cook, M. L. 608, 610, 615, 616, 618
Cook, Mrs. M. L. 619
Cook, Mr. 596
Cook, Mrs. 582
Cook, Wm. A. 2, 9, 120
Cook, W. R. 616, 619
Cook, Mrs. W. R. 618
Cooledge, Moses 552
Cooley, Baruch G. 624, 625, 626, 628, 636, 637
Cooley, Mrs. Baruch G. (Cynthia Rowe) 627
Cooley, Mrs. B. 135
Cooley, John R. 598
Cooley, Judge 492
Cooley, Mr. 568
Cooley, Mrs. Sarah 628, 637
Cooley, Thomas M. 222, 564
Coolidge, Warren 143
Coombs, Leslie 436
Coomer, Jonathan 553
Coon, Catherine 74
Cooper, Charles 180
Cooper, David 375
Cooper, Emiline 568, 585
Cooper, George 375
Cooper, Justin 116
Cordes, John 121
Corey, Rev. Milo 582, 583, 586, 587
Cornell, Dr. F. C. 586
Cornell, Mrs. F. C. 586
Corning, Erastus 302
Corwin, Tom 456
Cossitt, Betsey Ruth 214
Cossitt, Francois René 214
Costlow, Elmira 156
Cottin, Joseph 189
Cotton, Rev. John 230
Cotton, Prof. 478
Covey, Elihu 584
Covey, Euhama 584
Covey, Hannah 584
Cowles, Louisa 586
Cowles, Mrs. Rufus 573
Cowles, W. F. 269
Crafts, Mrs. Myron H. 539
Craig, Eliza 115
Craig, Mary 115
Craine, Wm. W. 521
Cramer, Peter 586, 590, 600, 601, 606
Crandall, Benjamin H. 47
Crandall, Samuel 544, 545, 550
Crane, Arthur H. 89
Crane, Calvin 562
Crane, Geo. 562
Crane, Obed 452
Crane, Theodore 137
Crane, Rev. W. W. 513
Cranston, Mrs. M. E. 154
Crary, Gen. Isaac E. 378, 455, 456, 457, 525
Crawford, Col. 29
Crawford, Mrs. Daniel 47
Crawford, Francis 193
Crawford, Rev. R. C. 1, 10, 17, 266
Crawford, Samuel 193
Crawley, James L. 604, 607, 610, 619
Creech, Mrs. Melinda 115
Christie, Ensign John 27
Crittenden, Alzina L. 36
Cronk, George 45
Crook, Brother 594
Crooks, Ramsey 444
Crosby, Chauncey 604
Crosby, C. R. 590, 598
Crosby, George 590
Crosby, Geo. W. 590
Crosby, Mrs. Geo. W. 590
Cross, Elisha 193
Cross, Geo. F. 150
Cross, Mrs. Jacob 149
Cross, Rev. John 532
Cross, Lewis 178
Cross & Walker 150
Cross, Wright & Walker 150
Crossett, Benjamin 53
Crossett, Mrs. Betsey 52
Crossett, C. D. 52
Crossett, Daniel 52
Crossette, Alie L. 140
Crossette, I. R. 140
Crossette, Isaac 139
Crossette, Reed 139
Crossette & Son 139
Croswell, Charles M. 222, 226, 563
Croswell, John 226

Croswell, Mrs. John (Lottie Hicks) 226
Crozier, James A. 9
Crowell, Mrs. Elizabeth 133
Cullen, Mrs. Andrew 187
Cullens & Co., A. B. 554
Culley, Frank C. 502, 505, 509
Culver, Reuben 586
Culver, Betsey 586
Cummin, Alexander 162
Cummin, George E. 163
Cummin, James 162
Cummin, James F. 163
Cummin, Julia 163
Cummin, Wm. E. 163
Cummings, Hart W. 550
Cupp, Joseph 583, 585
Currie, Thomas 167
Curtis, Judge Benj. R. 304
Curtis, Mrs. Cordelia 45
Curtis, David A. 269
Curtis, Mrs. Edward C. 195
Curtis, Eli 419
Curtis, Jeremiah 414
Curtis, Nathan 414
Curtis, Mrs. Ranson 160
Custer, Gen. 368
Cutcheon, Byron M. 479
Cutler, Charles A. 615
Cutler, David 71

D.

Dagget, Eliphaz 102
Damoth, Mrs. Ida A. 62
Danaugh, Archibald 410
Daniels, Mrs. A. T. 91
Daniels, John 11
Daniels, Mrs. Julia 79
Dann, Mrs. Nathaniel 186
Danner, Mrs. S. 98
Darling, C. C. 505, 506, 507, 510
Darling, Christopher 525
Darling, Elder 243
Darling, John 80
Darwin, Orpha 43
Daubney, Rev. Wm. ("Father") 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 574, 581
Daugherty, Rev. M. A. 599, 600
Davey, Wm. 178
Davey, Mrs. Wm. (Elizabeth A. Lowry) 178
David, James I. 23, 190
Davidson, Col. 30
Davis, —— 550
Davis, Abner 406, 420
Davis, Benjamin O. 514
Davis, Broadhead & Co. 391
Davis & Broadhead, Phineas 391
Davis, Capt. 438
Davis, Charles F. 9
Davis, Jeff 522
Davis, John 419
Davis, Joshua 406, 422
Davis, Sarah 64
Davis, Solomon 195
Davis, Mrs. Solomon 195
Davis, Stephen 79
Davis, William 64, 71
Davidson, James F. 571, 572, 575, 576, 578, 579
Davison, Paul G. 544
Dawson, Mrs. John 167
Day, Rev. E. H. 592, 593, 594
Dayton, A. 563
Dayton, Daniel 549, 550
Dayton, Rev. James M. 598, 599
Deacon, Col. 363, 364
Dean & Hurlbut 374
Dean, Jerry 374, 375
Deane, Prof. 477
Deas, George 365
Decatur, Commodore 557
Decker, Jesse 419, 421
Defere, Mrs. Virginia 191
De Graff, Emanuel 77
De Graff, Mrs. Sally 77
De Graff, Wm. T. 193
De Groat, Mr. 563
Deindorfer, John G. 152
Deindorfer, Mrs. John G. (Catherine) 152
Deindorfer, Richard J. 152
De LaFontaine, Mrs. 195
De Land, Charles V. 20
Demick, Raziah 585
Demick, Seth 585
De Mill, E. Peter 195
De Mill, Peter E. 105, 317
Demming, Elbridge G. 421
Demoss, Henrietta 71
Denison, Francis L. C. 116
Dennis, Mrs. Anna 186
Densmore, Wm. 634
De Peyster, Major A. S. 28, 29, 32
Dequindre, Anna 331
Dequindre, Maj. Antoine 331
Dequindre, Col. Antoine 334
Derby, Dr. 503
Desaw, Mrs. Lillie 159
Desnoyers, Frank 376
Desnoyer, Josephine 331
Desnoyers, Peter 370, 371, 419
Desnoyers, Pierre 308, 331, 333, 334
Dewey, Allen 585
Dewey, Amanda 585
Dewey, Amy 585
Dewey, J. 423
Dewey, Dr. R. S. 478
De Visser, Mrs. Wm. 116
De Vlieger, Mr. C. 121
Devroe, J. Peter 195
Dexter, James 238
Diamond, I. L. 600, 601
Diamond, Mrs. I. L. 586
Diamond, Sarah 601
Dickie, Mary B. 607
Dickinson, Angeline 38
Dickinson, D. S. 525
Dickinson, Mrs. Electa 38
Dickinson, James 595
Dickinson, Mr. 596
Dickinson, Robert 553
Dickinson, Mrs. Samuel 453
Dickinson, Sister 599
Dickinson, Wm. 175, 181
Dickinson, Mrs. Wm. (Ann) 175, 181

Dickerman, Rev. W. F. 11
Dilke, Mr. 201
Dillenbeck, John 584
Dillenbeck, Laura 584
Divine, Westbrook 279
Doerr, Anthony 152
Doerr, Sr., Anthony 152
Doerr, Sr., Mrs. Anthony (Julia) 152
Doerr, George 152
Dolbar, Avery A. 563
Dolbee, Mrs. James 280
Dole, Sidney 411, 418, 420
Dolph, Senator 604
Dooge, L. 143
Doolittle, Clinton 181
Doolittle, Mrs. Clinton (Sarah H.) 181
Doolittle, Dr. Harvey W. 125
Dorr, Josiah R. 339
D'Orsay, Count 402
Doty, Daniel 586, 588, 589
Doty, Eunice M. 136
Doty, George 317
Doty, Henry 317
Doty, James Duane 346
Doty, Mary E. 586
Doud, Manning 604, 606
Doughty, ——— 161
Douglass, Stephen A. 360
Dousman, Michael 322, 325
Dovendorf, Mattie 45
Dow, Melvin 418
Downer, Edward 422
Downham, Wm. 72
Drake, Fitch 116
Drake, Mary Ann 85
Drake, Senator 323
Drake, Thomas J. 408
Drake, Wm. 2, 8, 89
Draper, Alexander 152
Draper, Calvin D. 151
Draper, Mrs. Calvin D. (Mary J.) 151
Draper, Charles S. 150
Draper, Eugene 152
Draper, Hiram 2, 9, 175
Draper, Jesse 152
Draper, Stuart 151
Draper, W. A. 152
Drier, Mrs. Henrietta 45
Drummond, Capt. 34
Dryer, Mrs. G. W. 47
Dubois, Cayton H. 53
Dubois, Charlotte E. 53
Dubois, Esther M. 53
Dubois, Harvey J. 53
Dubois, James G. 53, 54
Dubois, L. Louette 53
Dubois, Peter 53
Dubois, Sallie 53
Ducharme, Charles 385
Dudley, Rev. Thomas P. 436
Duffield, Dr. 274, 332
Dugan, Thomas 554
Duke of Portland 35
Dumanois, Thos. J. 554
Duncan, Alexander 302
Dunham, Jacob 181
Dunham, John 181
Dunham, Mr. 544
Dunn, Michael 195
Dunn, Mrs. 586
Dunn, Sister (Doby) 573
Dunning, Allen 66
Dunning, Mrs. Minerva R. 66
Dunstan, Thomas B. 8
Dupaul, Antoine 186
Durfee, Allen 280
Durfee, Austin 416
Durfee, Harvey 416
Durkee, Erastus 416
Durkee, Esther 568, 584
Duryee, Cornelius 90
Duryee, Fred 90
Duryee, George 90
Duryee, Henry 90
Dutton, George 634
Dyer, A. 150
Dykeman, Mrs. Louisa 46

E.

Eagle, Mr. 243
Eames, Mrs. Elizabeth 175
Earl, Rev. L. W. 185
Earl, Mrs. L. W. (Adaline Frances) 185
Earle, John 67
Eastman, A. G. 563
Eastman, David 168
Eastwood, Daniel 552
Eaton, Paul James 184
Eaton, Mrs. Paul J. (Abigail S.) 184
Eaton, Mrs. Wm. 41
Eaton, Wm. 41
Eberhardt, Rev. Christopher L. 152
Ebert, Mrs. Joseph 167
Eddy, Mrs. D. M. 83
Eddy, James C. 133
Eddy, Joseph 414
Eddy, Morton 563
Edgarton, Mrs. Eleanor 179
Edmunds, E. N. 46
Edmondson, Capt. 438
Edson, John 420
Edwards, Abraham 410
Edwards, Calvin 102
Edwards, Edwin 414
Edwards, James 183
Edwards, Joseph 183
Eggleston, Chauncey J. 81
Eggleston, Ebenezer S. 23, 120, 121
Eggleston, Herbert W. 122
Eggleston, Jasper 81
Eggleston, J. L. 121
Eggleston, Lyman 81
Eggleston, Marvin 47
Eggleston, Mr. 80
Eilett, Jacob 417, 418
Elbert, J. Nicholson 363
Eldred, Rev. A. J. 603, 604
Eldred, Elisha 390
Eldridge, Dr. C. S. 82
Eldridge, Fred A. 82
Eldridge, Dr. Isaac N. 81
Eldridge, John H. 82

Eldridge, Lewis 186
Eldridge, Mrs. Lewis 186
Eldridge, Monty 82
Eldridge, Nathaniel B. 563
Ellerby, Edward 416
Elliott, Capt. M. 31
Elliott, Capt. Wm. 439, 440
Elliott, Mrs. W. V. 175
Ellis, Aaron L. 567, 571, 572, 573, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 583, 584, 587, 588
Ellis, Anna 141
Ellis, Mrs. Charlotte 102
Ellis, Emily 567
Ellis, John T. 525
Ellis, Phœbe 567, 584
Ellsworth, Col. 279
Elmore, M. S. 89
Ely, Bertha Eggleston 122
Ely, Elisha 299
Ely, Judge 15
Emerson, Thomas 372, 373, 374
Emery, Mrs. Eveline 177
Emmons, Sarah 72
Endert, Mrs. Henry 149
Enest, Edward 71
Enest, Julia A. 71
Engelran, Jesuit 245, 246
Ennis, James 93
Enos, Mrs. Z. 54
Ercanbrack, Rev. John 569
Erdley, Wm. 143
Erhman, Mrs. Barbery 46
Erwin, Wm. 102
Estabrook, Prof. 138, 648
Evans, Chas. 102
Evans, L. K. 184
Evans, Theo. L. 186
Everett, Catherine E. 106
Everett, C. M. 106
Everett, Edward P. 106
Everett, Philo M. 105
Everett, Mrs. Philo M. 106

F.

Fagan, Terrence 414
Fagerty, Mrs. John 180
Fairbanks, Joseph 420
Fairbanks, Mr. 422
Fairchild, E. W. 415
Fairfield, E. B. 563
Fairfield, W. S. 525
Falstaff, Jack 358
Fancher, Miss 598
Farley, Mr. 427
Farmer, John 458, 461
Farmer, John N. 45
Farnsworth, B. S. 391
Farnsworth, Chancellor 308
Farnsworth, Chancellor Elon 403
Farnsworth, J. H. 363
Farnsworth, Mather & Hall 391
Farnsworth, Mr. 379
Farr, Benjamin 585
Farr, Joseph H. 585
Farr, Reuben 577, 578, 579, 586
Farragut, Commodore 314
Farrand, Bethuel C. 19
Farrand, Mrs. Helen W. 2, 9, 166
Farrand, Jacob S. 20, 194, 388
Farrand, Mrs. Jacob S. 20
Farrand & Sheley 387, 389
Farrand & Wheaton 389
Farrand, Williams & Co. 387, 389
Farrar, John 397
Faxon, Frank 72
Fay, Miss C. D. 42
Felch, ex-Gov. Alpheus 1, 7, 8, 14
Fellows, Worlender 116
Felt, Clinton H. 184
Fenner, Cornelius 552
Fenner, Joseph 552
Fenner, Nicholas 552
Ferdon, Lorenzo 73
Ferdon, Mrs. Lucy 73
Ferdon, W. C. 73
Ferguson, Daniel 420
Ferguson, Earlsey 189
Ferguson, Mrs. Earlsey 190
Ferguson, James 46
Fero, David E. 46
Ferris, C. W. 283
Ferry, Mrs. Mary F. 181
Ferry, Thomas W. 123
Fifield, C. P. 593
Fifield, Daniel 41
Fifield, Mr. 519
Finch, Eliza 102
Finlay, Elizabeth 46
Finney, Charles G. 218
Fish, Caroline 72
Fish, Elijah S. 411
Fish, Mrs. Fred A. 168
Fish, Reuben 550
Fischer, Mrs. Engelbert 149
Fisher, Elizabeth 129
Fisher, John 129, 130
Fisher, Mrs. L. 121
Fisher, Mary 129, 130
Fisher, Mr. 427
Fisk, Mrs. Betsey (Davis) 23, 36
Fisk, Joseph 36, 279
Fisk, Mahala Halstead 44
Fisk, S. M. 550
Fisk, Wm. Allegan 37
Fitch, A. F. 509
Fitzgerald, J. C. 280
Fitzgerald, Reuben 525
Fleming, Geo. W. 563
Fletcher, Rev. Adin H. 647
Fletcher, Luther 422
Fletcher, Wm. A. 326
Flint, Horatio 552
Flint, John 552
Flint, Mrs. John S. 109
Flint, Phineas H. 552
Flower, Mrs. Frank (Belle Waterloo) 174
Folsom, Louisa M. 148
Fonda, Mrs. Henrietta 183
Fonda, James 184
Foote, Henry S. 219
Foote & Co., Wm. H. 554
Forbes, Henry 419

Forbes, John M. ---- 302, 303, 304
Forster, John H. ---- 8, 36
Forsyth, Maj. Bob ---- 308, 346, 358, 365
Forsyth, Bill ---- 347
Forsyth, Mrs. Darwin ---- 82
Forsyth, Maj. Robert A. ---- 402
Foster, Andrew ---- 167
Foster, Charles ---- 94
Foster, Edith ---- 168
Foster, F. M. ---- 105
Foster, Fred ---- 168
Foster, John ---- 154
Foster, Mrs. John (Sarah) ---- 154
Foster, John A. ---- 154
Foster, Lorenzo ---- 78
Foster, Nathaniel ---- 452
Foster, Wm. ---- 168
Fowler, Charles W. ---- 109
Fowler, Mrs. Charles W. ---- 109
Fowler, Daniel ---- 406
Fowler, Mrs. Dr. ---- 619
Fowler, George ---- 569, 573, 577, 578
Fowler, Geo. W. ---- 583
Fowler, Nathan I. ---- 411
Fowler, S. W. ---- 4, 5
Fox, Aunt Jane ---- 626
Fox, Mr. ---- 18
Fox, Dr. W. B. ---- 163
Fralick, Henry ---- 280
Francisco, Benjamin ---- 102
Frary, Mrs. ---- 85
Frazer, A. D. ---- 430
Frazer, Alexander D. ---- 328, 345
Frazer, James ---- 450, 452
Freeman, Arthur B. ---- 608, 609
Freeman, C. H. ---- 227
Freeman, Chauncey ---- 77
Freeman, Mrs. Chauncey ---- 77
Freeman, Daniel S. ---- 82
Freeman, David M. ---- 192
Freeman, Mrs. Eliza Huggins ---- 115
Freeman, John ---- 584, 588
Freeman, John J. ---- 588, 589, 590
Freeman, Lucetta ---- 585
Freer, Richard ---- 606
Frelinghuysen, —— ---- 311
French, C. D. ---- 177
French, David ---- 180
French, Frank ---- 177
French, Mrs. ---- 189
Friend, Mr. ---- 634
Frink, Wm. ---- 512
Fromon, Mr. ---- 79
Frontenac, Gov. ---- 285
Frost, A. C. ---- 82
Frost, Arthur ---- 82
Frost, Burt ---- 82
Frost, Daniel ---- 82
Frost, Josiah B. ---- 2, 9, 102
Frost, Mr. ---- 521
Frothingham, Prof. ---- 477
Fuller, Asahel ---- 415
Fuller, Dr. ---- 577, 595
Fuller, Eliza J. ---- 585
Fuller, H. H. ---- 239
Fuller, John A. ---- 596
Fuller, Mrs. J. A. ---- 615
Fuller, Rev. J. M. ---- 602
Fuller, Lovica ---- 569
Fuller, Mrs. Mary L. ---- 47
Fuller, Nancy S. ---- 93
Fuller, Shubal ---- 102
Fulton, James ---- 410

G.

Gage, Rev. Franklin ---- 574
Gage, Thomas ---- 27
Gage, Wm. ---- 414
Gale, Henry ---- 117
Gale, Isaac ---- 164
Gallery, Alice M. ---- 514
Gallery, Arthur D. ---- 514
Gallery, Edward ---- 510
Gallery, George ---- 510
Gallery, Kate E. ---- 514
Gallery, Ida L. ---- 514
Gallery, James ---- 509, 515
Gallery, James H. ---- 514
Gallery, Jane ---- 510
Gallery, John ---- 510, 511, 514
Gallery, Patrick ---- 510
Gallery, Wm. ---- 510, 514
Galloway, Alex. ---- 406, 411, 415, 420
Galloway, Chas. ---- 583, 584, 588
Galloway, Geo. W. ---- 406
Galloway, James D. ---- 423
Galloway, Joanna ---- 584
Galloway, Mr. ---- 52
Galloway, Wm. ---- 193
Gamage, Rev. Smith P. ---- 98
Gardner, Judge Perry ---- 155, 156
Gardner, Wm. ---- 17
Gardner, Wm. K. ---- 142
Garfield, Mrs. Sarah J. ---- 102
Garland, Miss ---- 366
Garner, John ---- 415
Garner, Thomas ---- 415
Garrigy, James ---- 189
Gates, Caroline ---- 98
Gates, Elias ---- 98
Gates, Elizabeth ---- 98
Gates, Fellow ---- 97, 98
Gates, Mrs. Fellow ---- 98
Gates, Freeman ---- 98
Gates, George ---- 98
Gates, Geo. B. ---- 132
Gates, Nathan ---- 98
Gates, Rachel ---- 98
Gates, Sarah ---- 98
Gates, S. G. M. ---- 450
Gates, Mrs. Julia ---- 65
Gay, Deacon ---- 270
Gay, Richard ---- 71
Gearing, Mrs. M. ---- 187
Geddes, James ---- 52, 557, 563
Geddes, Norman ---- 2, 4, 13, 214, 556, 563
Geddes, Paul ---- 557
Geddes, Samuel ---- 557
Geddes, Wm. ---- 557
Geiger, Sarah ---- 102
George, Mary ---- 183
Germain, S. P. ---- 215

Germain, T. D. 215
Gibbon, Joseph 562
Gibson, Mary L. 219
Giddings, G. M. 419
Giddings, Marsh 575
Gidley, Henry 552
Gidley, Townsend E. 6, 7, 12
Gifford & Co., L. 554
Gilbert, Henry 277
Gilbert, Thomas D. 1, 10, 280
Gildart, James 106
Gildart, Wm. B. 106
Gillett, Mr. 343
Gillette, Mrs. Henry P. 176
Gillies, S. 555
Gillies, John 555
Gilman, Mary M. 172
Gilruth, Rev. Mr. 467
Gilson, O. P. 72
Girty, Simon 31
Gladstone, Mr. 203
Gladwin, Major 27
Glass, Rev. Francis 597, 598, 606
Glass, Seymour 423
Glazier, Alice M. 191
Glazier, Jennison 191
Glazier, Mrs. Jennison (Electa) 191
Glazier, Silas 422
Gleason, Mrs. Alvah 185
Gleason, Mrs. Laura A. 185
Glover, Harrison 67
Glover, Henry 189
Glover, Jay 67
Glover, Lowell H. 67
Glover, Orville B. 67
Glover, Wm. 67
Glynn, John 116
Goddard, Josiah 411, 421
Goddard Lewis 379
Godfroy, Mrs. Eugene 182
Godfroy, Peter 393
Goldsmith, Mrs. Cornelia 115
Goode, G. Brown 21
Goodell, Ransom 583
Goodell, Abigail 583
Goodenough, Milton 552
Goodman, A. T. 436
Goodrich, Enos 651
Goodrich, John 651, 660
Goodrich, John V. B. 9
Goodrich, Levi 659
Goodrich, Levi Hamilton 651, 656, 657
Goodrich, Moses 657, 659
Goodrich, Reuben 8
Goodrich, Dr. Osman E. 1
Goodrich, Wm. 651
Goods, Mrs. Wm. 81
Goodyear, H. A. 569, 576
Goodyear, Mrs. H. A. 570, 577
Goodyear, Mrs. Wm. S. 570
Goodwin, Col. Daniel 323, 328, 361
Goodwin, Judge 308, 345
Goodwin, Mrs. Louisa 46
Gordon, James Wright 311
Gorham, Dr. Geo. W. 112
Gorham, Samuel Denton 112
Gorham, Seymour B. 112
Goss, Benjamin 588
Goss, B. L. 586, 587, 590, 591
Goss, John 597
Goss, Wm. 54
Goss, Mrs. Wm. 54
Gould, James 107, 414
Gould, Susan 116
Graham, Alexander 405, 422
Graham, Benjamin 423
Graham, James 411, 422
Graham, James Warrington 193
Granger, Frankie 599
Granger, Rev. T. B. 581, 599, 600
Grant, Charles 28
Grant, Charles W. 2, 9, 20, 146, 155, 450, 451, 452, 453
Grant, Lucelia A. 583
Grant, R. J. 566, 583, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 593, 594, 595, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 603, 604, 606, 608, 609, 618
Grant, R. K. 612, 619
Grant, Mrs. R. K. 619
Grant, Gen. U. S. 164, 322, 368, 523, 541
Gratiot, C. H. 666
Gratton, Rev. Harvey 638, 643
Graverat, Jacob 451
Graves, Maj. Ben 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441
Graves, Judge B. F. 124
Graw, Mrs. Charlotte 40
Gray, Elliott 344
Gray, Col. Geo. 120, 122
Gray, Watson 182
Greeley, Horace 509, 524
Green, Pres. Besiah 218
Green, Champlin 406, 422
Green, David 102
Green, Mrs. D. L. 52
Green, Jr., Dorastus 47
Green, Esther 69
Green, Mrs. Hartwell 416
Green, John C. 302
Green, Leland 416
Green, Mrs. 582
Green, Nelson 240
Green, Prof. 477
Green & Son, W. S. 111
Green, Wm. H. 47
Greene, George H. 1, 2, 4, 8, 9, 11, 18, 20, 22, 23
Greene, Jennie B. 21
Greenfield, Mrs. Ann 175
Greenleaf, Mrs. Loma 152
Grenell, Cornelia 166
Gridley, Hezekiah 421
Gridley, Judge 274
Grier, Rev. A. 231
Grier, Carlton 231
Grier & McDonell 231
Grier, Judge Theophilus C. 230
Griffin, G. W. 553
Griffin, Mr. 428
Grigge, Mrs. Louana Putnam 61
Grinnel, Mr. 274
Griswold, A. D. 122
Griswold, George 302
Griswold, George R. 362, 365
Griswold, Harry D. 113

Griswold, Mrs. Harry D. (Mary H. Stone) ---- 113
Griswold, Stanley ---- 433, 434, 435
Groenly, Wm. L. ---- 563
Grootenhuis, Bernardus ---- 143
Grootenhuis, James ---- 144
Grootenhuis, John ---- 144
Grosenbaugh, Rev. Louis ---- 7
Gross, Jonah ---- 415
Grosvenor, E. O. ---- 277
Grout, Mrs. Marietta A. ---- 158
Grovenburg, Uncle Harry ---- 93
Groves, R. J. ---- 554
Groves, Mrs. R. J. ---- 554
Gruett, James ---- 452
Guina, John F. ---- 192
Guina, Mrs. John F. ---- 192
Gunn, Mrs. Wm. ---- 106
Gurnish, Mr. ---- 596
Gurnoe, ——— ---- 250

H.

Hackenberg, H. H. ---- 176
Hackenberg, I. P. ---- 176
Hackenberg, Mrs. I. P. (Mary) ---- 176
Hackett, Gilbert ---- 552
Hackett, Henry ---- 552
Hackett, John ---- 106
Hackett, Josiah P. ---- 553
Hagadorn, Mrs. Eliza B. ---- 177
Hagarman, Francis ---- 423
Hagenbuck, Aaron ---- 177
Hagenbuck, Mrs. Aaron ---- 177
Hager, Daniel ---- 568, 585
Hahn, Mrs. F. W. ---- 115
Haight, Charlotte ---- 568
Haight, Irma ---- 18
Haight, Mrs. ---- 112
Haight, Reuben ---- 568
Haight, Sally Ann ---- 568
Haldimand, Gen. Frederick ---- 27, 28, 32
Hale, John F. ---- 566, 611
Hale, Mr. ---- 442
Hall, Amos T. ---- 391
Hall, Dr. ---- 391
Hall, Mrs. Elmer ---- 68
Hall, Harry R. ---- 107
Hall, Henry J. ---- 67
Hall, Rev. Horace ---- 595
Hall, John ---- 444
Hall, Mrs. Julia Ann (Carr) ---- 67
Hall, Mr. ---- 569
Hall, Nathaniel B. ---- 106
Hallock, Horace ---- 195
Hallock & Co., Horace ---- 383
Halsey, Mrs. Elmer ---- 84
Halsey, M. N. ---- 563
Hamilton, Eliza M. ---- 514
Hamilton, Gail ---- 480
Hamilton, George ---- 181
Hamilton, Kate ---- 182
Hamilton, John ---- 411, 420
Hamilton, Mr. ---- 422
Hamlin, Amos ---- 511
Hamlin, Mrs. ---- 511
Hamlin, Sam. ---- 505, 510, 525
Hamm, Decan ---- 152
Hammond, Daniel ---- 414
Hammond, David ---- 423
Hammond, Edson ---- 47
Hammond, Lemuel O. ---- 179
Hammond, Mrs. Lemuel O. (Lydia Richmond) 179
Hammond, Mr. ---- 275
Hammond, Wm. ---- 274
Hanchett, Charles ---- 505, 507, 508
Hand, George E. ---- 317, 334, 361
Hand, Judge ---- 358, 389
Hand, Mrs. Rachael ---- 72
Handy, Belle ---- 616, 618
Hannifan, Jeremiah ---- 194
Hanson & Caswell ---- 554
Hanson, Dr. ---- 554
Harbeck & Livingston ---- 52
Hardee, Henry ---- 553
Hardin, Daniel ---- 111
Harding, Eliphalet ---- 411
Harding, Fisher Ames ---- 399
Hardy, Mr. ---- 535
Hardy, Sister ---- 594
Harger, Mrs. Debby ---- 551
Harlin, Maj. ---- 30
Harmon, Daniel W. ---- 252
Harrington, James ---- 193, 416, 420
Harris, A. C. ---- 563
Harris & Co. ---- 554
Harris, Israel Victor ---- 122
Harris, Joseph ---- 420
Harris, Lovell F. ---- 267
Harris, Myron ---- 123
Harris, Silas G. ---- 123
Harrison, Gen. ---- 365, 400
Harrison, John ---- 180
Harrison, Mrs. John (Ellen Burnham) ---- 180
Harrison, Wm. Henry ---- 216, 481
Hart, A. B. ---- 587, 588, 590, 592, 593, 594
Hart, A. N. ---- 272
Hart, Capt. ---- 439, 440
Hart, Mrs. Frank ---- 167
Hart, Capt. Frederick ---- 38
Hart, Mrs. Frederick ---- 38
Hart, Jesse ---- 502
Hart, Mrs. Nancy M. ---- 468
Hartsough, Christopher ---- 406, 422
Harvey, Norman Henry ---- 182
Harvey, Prof. ---- 478
Harwood, Alanson ---- 515
Haskin, Charlotte ---- 58
Haskins, C. H. ---- 105
Haslip, Mary ---- 146
Hassey & Avery ---- 663, 664
Hassinger, David ---- 181
Hastings, Eurotas P. ---- 348, 349
Hastings, Henry ---- 550
Hatch, B. C. ---- 113
Hatch, Mrs. B. C. (Hattie Stone) ---- 113
Hatch, C. E. P. ---- 113
Hatch, Mrs. C. E. P. (Myra J. Stone) ---- 113
Hatch, Ernest ---- 54
Hatch, Geo. W. ---- 54
Hatch & Howard ---- 56
Hatch, James W. ---- 54
Hatch, Mrs. James W. (Julia Austin) ---- 54
Hatch, Jesse M. ---- 54

Hatch, Timothy 59
Hatch, Y. M. 59
Hathaway, Lafayette 552
Hathaway, Mrs. 71
Hause, Grandma 73
Havens, A. T. 51
Hawes, Martha A. 116
Hawkins, Daniel 72
Hawkins, Mrs. Joseph 108
Hawks, John 666
Hawley, Perry D. 102
Hawthorne, James N. 39
Hayden, Rev. Sutton 97
Hayes, Mrs. 569
Haynes Bros. 554
Haynes, Harrison 553
Haynes, Harvey 2, 8, 43, 277
Haynes, Mrs. Jacob P. 175
Haynes, Mr. 233
Haynes, Sylvester 552
Haze, Rev. Wm. H. 1, 16, 19
Hazleton, Geo. H. 19
Hazen, Luke 94
Hazzard, James 423
Healey, Mrs. Laura C. 148
Healey, Thomas 71
Heartt, Wm. A. 9, 186
Heath, Olive 618
Heaton, Ed. R. 107
Heaton, Elial W. 107
Heaton, Frank S. 107
Heaton, Fred W. 107
Heaton, W. P. 107
Height, John 577, 578
Heintzleman, Lieut. 346, 358
Heise, Carl 194
Heitzman, Mary Ann 180
Helmreich, Mrs. J. M. 152
Helms, Catherine 72
Helms, Mrs. (Caroline Wickham) 569
Hemmingway, Needham 423
Hempsted, H. M. & P. 58
Hendershott, Isaac 599
Hendershott, John 182
Hendershott, Sister 599
Henderson, Charles W. 552
Henderson, Don C. 2, 8, 36, 279
Henderson, Mrs. 600
Henderson, Samuel J. 54
Henderson, Mrs. Samuel J. 55
Henderson, Wm. 187
Hennessey, Patrick 188
Henry, Thomas 39
Henry, Mrs. Thomas 39
Henyan, Eliza 585
Henyon, Mrs. John 569
Herrick, Andrew 47
Herrick, Franklin 415
Herrick, James 514
Herrick, Nathan 414
Herrington, Mrs. L. G. 80
Hersey, John 422, 423
Heubisch, Martin 154
Hewes, H. W. 598
Hewes, J. M. 598
Hewes, Mr. 596
Hewes, Sister 599
Hewitt, Charles E. 55
Hewitt, Elias 55
Hewitt, Mrs. Elias 55
Hewitt, Henry 327
Hewitt, Judd 552
Hewitt, S. P. 600, 601
Heydlauff, Mrs. Anna M. 98
Heydlauff, C. F. 98
Heydlauff, John 98
Heydlauff, L. H. 98
Heydlauff, Wm. F. 98
Hickey, Rev. Manasseh 187
Hickey, Mrs. Manasseh (Sarah Ann) 187
Hickman, Capt. 439, 440
Hickmott, Rev. J. V. 645
Hickok, Rev. George 273
Hickok, Capt. J. W. 524, 525
Hicks, Jr., Daniel 563
Hicks, Geo. W. 223
Hicks, Mrs. M. W. 619
Hill, Alice 82
Hill, Arthur G. 82
Hill, Mrs. E. R. 178
Hill, Flora 82
Hill, Frank B. 82
Hill, Mrs. Geo. J. W. 82
Hill, Mrs. George W. 159
Hill, Harry 82
Hill, Helen 82
Hill, Israel 552
Hill, Lyman E. 552
Hill, Mr. 243, 663, 664
Hill, Peter 193
Hill, Rachel 177
Hill, Sarah 82
Hills, A. W. 555
Hills, C. T. 670
Hills, Geo. 555
Hilton, Samuel 423
Hinchman, Mrs. Mary I. 47
Hink, Christina 161
Hinman, Benjamin F. 274
Hinman, John 274
Hinman, John F. 2, 8, 45
Hitchcock, Lucy 71
Hixson, Mr. 634
Hoag, Jay 563
Hochstadt, Louis 189
Hock, Myron B. 182
Hodgeman, Frank 20
Hodges, Schuyler 406
Hoes, David L. 40, 41, 602, 604, 606
Hoes, Mrs. David L. 40
Hoes, Emma 605
Hoffman, David 180
Hoffman, George 433
Hogeboom, Almira J. 116
Hogle, Nancy 584
Holbrook, D. C. 363
Holbrook, I. A. 597
Holbrook, Mrs. I. 570
Holcomb, Albert A. 19
Holcomb, Butler 418, 419
Holden, Samuel 134
Holden, Mrs. Samuel 133

Holdstock, Rev. Enoch 583, 595, 596, 597
Holdstock, P. E. 596
Holland, Mrs. Luther 160
Hollenbeck, David 551
Hollister, George 583
Hollister, Harvey J. 280
Hollister, Mary 583
Holloway, Mrs. G. B. 189
Hollywood, Dr. J. N. 196
Holmes & Collins 233
Holmes, Collins & Stoddard 233
Holmes, Mrs. Dennis 74
Holmes, Judge Epenetus 232
Holmes, J. C. 274
Holmes, J. L. 505
Holmes, Mrs. J. L. (Eunice J. Spicer) 505
Holmes, Levi 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 583, 584, 587, 588, 590, 593, 594
Holmes, Aunt Liddia 505
Holmes, Lois S. 584
Holmes, Mr. 100
Holmes, Judge Sidney T. 232
Holt, Hon. Henry H. 1, 2, 8, 9, 11, 13, 36, 138
Holt, Jefferson 219
Holton, Isaac 71
Homer, Mrs. Odekirk 62
Homie, Mrs. Mary 191
Hoogewind, Johanna 143
Hooker, Gen. 386
Hoover, John F. 102
Hopkins, Alice L. 84
Hopkins, Geo. S. 84
Hopkins, Mrs. Hannah M. 84
Hopkins, Henry 48
Hopkins, Rev. Mark 470
Hopkins, Mr. 449, 450
Hopkins, Nelson 84
Hopper, Margaret 131
Horne, Mrs. Lizzie 154
Horton, Henry W. 415
Hosie, James 542
Hoskins, Dr. Thomas 96
Hoskins, Mrs. Lucretia B. 96
Hotchkiss, Abner 550
Hotchkiss, Abram 550
Hotchkiss, Calvin 406, 411, 420
Hotchkiss, Enoch 406, 411, 420
Houch, Wm. 71
Hough, Edwin 563
Hough, Flavius J. 563
Hough, Mrs. F. J. 182
Houghton, Mrs. A. 93
Houghton, Dr. Douglass 205, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666
Houghton, Mrs. Douglass 666
Houghton, Jr., J. 666
Houghton, Martha 193
Houk, Henry 190
Hover, Mrs. John H. 190
Howard, Rev. Burt Estes 469
Howard, Chas. T. 56
Howard, Edgar 191
Howard, Jacob M. 311, 314, 315, 316, 399
Howard, Lawrence 510
Howard, Russell M. 56
Howard, Mrs. W. B. 180
Howe, James E. 552
Howell, Judge Andrew 3
Howell, Dr. 135
Howell, Edwin 135
Howell, Dr. George 135
Howell, Robert C. 154
Howland, Mrs. Reed 82
Howlett, John 46
Hoxie, Hyman 38
Hoyle, Palmer 552
Hoyle, Wm. 552
Hoyt, Ebenezer 99
Hoyt, George 116
Hoyt & Grant 155
Hoyt, Mrs. H. E. 567
Hoyt, H. H. 151
Hoyt, John H. 168
Hoyt, Mrs. Rebecca P. 99
Hubbard, Bela 274, 666
Hubbard, C. B. 56
Hubbard, Mrs. C. P. 182
Hubbard, Edgar 557
Hubbard, Dan. J. 56
Hubbard, Diadate 421
Hubbard, George W. 601
Hubbard, Giles 557
Hubbard, H. H. 56
Hubbard, Mrs. Jane I. 56
Hubbell, Mr. 596
Hubert, Mrs. Frederick 154
Hudson, John 66
Huff, Alexander G. 419
Huff, A. W. 178
Huff, John 416
Hughes, Mrs. Owen 41
Hugit, Thomas 71
Hulbert, Ethan 143
Hulce, Joseph 587
Hulin, —— 277
Hulin, Rev. James 608
Hull, Abijah 432, 433, 434, 435
Hull, Commodore Isaac 227
Hull, Gen. Wm. 409, 427, 632
Hull, Gov. Wm. 432, 482
Humeston, James 47
Humphrey, Mrs. F. H. 82
Hungerford, Samuel 416
Hunsberger, Rev. Wesley A. 613, 614, 615
Hunt, Daniel 419
Hunt, Henry I. 410
Hunt, Jeremiah 421
Hunt, Mary H. 128
Hunt, Wm. 634
Hunter, Castle 422
Hunter, Mrs. David 345
Hunter, Elisha 411
Hunter, Lieut. Gen. 35, 345
Hunter, Thomas M. 563
Huntington, Franklin W. 168
Huntington, Mrs. Franklin W. (Susan M. Kingsbury) 168
Huntington, George 102
Huntington, Geo. P. 168
Huntoon, Alanson 73
Huntoon, Alvin H. 73
Huntoon, Nathaniel 73
Huntoon, Thurman 73

Hurd, A. E. 554
Hurd & Co., I. T. 554
Hurd, Dr. 477
Hurd, Wm. 552
Hurlbut, Chauncey 374, 390
Hussey, Erastus 274
Husted, David 414
Huston, Arabella 71
Hyatt, ——— 554
Hyatt, Richard 584
Hyde, A. O. 274
Hyde, Elizabeth 535
Hyde, Mrs. Harry 173
Hyde, Isaac 585
Hyde, Dr. James 78
Hyde, Mrs. Oliver M. 430
Hyte, John 584

I.

Ingersoll, Erastus 414
Ingersoll, Marietta 89
Ingraham, Mrs. Savinna 72
Ingram, Julia 581
Ingram, Julia A. 584
Ingram, Lydia 584
Ingram, Mr. 574
Ingram, Polly 569
Ingram, Rosamond 581, 584
Inman, G. G. 591
Inman, Mrs. 47
Inslee, Chas. 169
Inslee, Gage 169
Ira, Mrs. Fredrica J. 184
Irish, Benjamin 416
Irwin, Dr. 438
Irwin, Joseph 102
Isaac, Mrs. J. W. 150
Isbell, N. G. 270
Isham, Charles 20
Ivery, John 552

J.

Jackson, Gen. Andrew 89, 111, 190, 299, 311 316, 322, 378, 402, 430, 483
Jackson, Pres. 484
Jacobus, J. 554
Jacokes, Rev. T. H. 606
James, Dr. Edward 251, 253
Jauden, Alexander 363, 364, 365
Jeffery, Ada 57
Jeffery, Allen D. 57
Jeffery, David 56
Jeffery, Silian G. 57
Jeffers, Aaron 165
Jeffers, Mrs. Daniel 165
Jeffers, George 165
Jefferson, Thomas 365
Jenkins, Henry 583
Jenkins, Lydia M. 583
Jenks, Dr. 243
Jennings, Ira 406, 422
Jennings, Rev. Joseph 592, 593, 594, 596
Jennison, Mrs. H. W. 43
Jerome, David 267, 268
Jerome, George 267, 268
Jerome, Mrs. Jane 67
Jerome, Tif. 267
Jewitt, Mrs. Azuhah L. 447
Jewitt, Eleazer 448, 449, 451, 454, 462
Jocelyn, Rev. George B. 607
Johnson, Mrs. Dr. A. S. 47
Johnson, Charles 78, 416, 552
Johnson, David 420
Johnson, Judge David 274
Johnson, Judge Eastman 277
Johnson, Fannie 72
Johnson, Hiram 93
Johnson, H. R. 189
Johnson, Mrs. H. R. (Priscilla) 189
Johnson, Lieut. W. 31
Johnson, Mary A. 132
Johnson, Mehitable 105
Johnson, Merritt 552
Johnson, Nathan 79
Johnson, President 239
Johnson, Samuel 543, 544, 550
Johnson, Sir Wm. 34
Johnson, Rev. W. W. 581
Johnson, Mrs. W. W. 581
Jolly, Peter T. 74
Jones, Allen 40
Jones, Mrs. Allen 40
Jones & Co., DeGarmo 391
Jones, C. W. 614
Jones, DeGarmo 338, 339, 348, 349, 391, 403
Jones, Mrs. Geo. W. 168
Jones, James 178
Jones, J. Huff 23, 192
Jones, Mr. 596, 602
Jones, Neenah 7
Jones, Mrs. Phebe 90
Jones, Richard 40, 46
Jones, Tarleton 391
Jones, Wm. 595, 597, 600, 601, 604
Jones, Mrs. Wm. 615
Jopp, Mr. 512
Jordan, Addie 618
Jordan, David 584, 591, 594
Jordan, Jr., David 584
Joshua, Mark 186
Joslin, Wm. B. 102
Joy, Arad 57
Joy, Charles 58
Joy, Clarence 58
Joy, Dr. Douglas A. 58
Joy, Dr. Henry L. 23, 57
Joy, Rev. H. M. 612, 614
Joy, James F. 283, 290, 291, 292, 297, 298, 302, 350
Joy, Louis 58
Joy, Philip 58
Joy & Porter 298, 300
Joy, Thomas 57
Judd, C. L. 150
Judd, Joseph 47
Judge, George 115
Judson, Mrs. Albert B. 116
Junkins, Dr. 641
Justin, Warren 552

K.

Kaiser, Sebastian 40
Kearney, Mrs. J. J. 188

Kearney, Mrs. P. J. 188
Kearney, Gen. Phil. 151
Kearsley, Edmund 317
Kearsley, Major 658
Kearsley, Maj. Jonathan 386, 402
Keating, Professor 252
Kedzie, Prof. 477
Kedzie, Rev. A. S. 2, 143
Keeler, Mrs. I. N. 41
Keeler, Noah 102, 107
Keeler, Peter A. 585
Keeler, Ransom 108
Keeler, Salina 585
Keller, Lavina 71
Kelley, Mary Ann 71
Kelley, Merchant 108
Kelley, Nelson 108
Kellcher, Bartholomew 47
Kellogg, Mrs. Ann J. 47
Kellogg, Asher S. 363, 389
Kellogg, Rev. Edward L. 576, 577, 578, 579
Kellogg, Saxe 363
Kelsey, A. F. 99
Kelsey, Mrs. A. L. 99
Kelsey, E. P. 99
Kelsey, Levi 99
Kelly, Bernard 94
Kemp, Michael 422
Kennedy, Mrs. Harriet 107
Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Leander 78
Kent, Peter M. 634
Kenyon, Brother 594
Kenyon, John 452
Kenyon, L. 599
Kercheval, B. B. 403
Kercheval, Gen. 308, 346
Kerkhof, Mrs. J. 144
Ketcham, Geo. W. 563
Ketcham, Mrs. H. L. 156
Ketchum, A. C. 575, 576, 577
Ketchum, Mr. 569
Ketchum, Sidney 58
Keyes, Rev. R. M. 648
Keyport, J. L. 139
Keyport, Mrs. J. L. 139, 140
Kibbee, Henry C. 196
Kidd, Capt. 389
Kilborne, Mr. 537
Kilbourne, Mrs. Rebecca 637
Kilburn, Asher 634
Kimball, David 77
Kimball, Leander 557, 563
Kimball, Wm. H. 563
King, Charles 110
King, Mrs. D. A. 157
King, Rev. Geo. 580, 581, 582
King, H. C. 8
King, James 557, 559, 560
King, J. L. 376
King, Lydia E. 98
King, Wm. 146
Kingsbury, —— 314, 315
Kingsbury, Asa. 68
Kingsbury, Charles H. 68
Kingsbury, Lansing 577
Kingsley, Senator 323
Kingsley, Stephen 586
Kingsley, Willard 120
Kingsley, Wm. 563
Kinzie, Maj. Robert A. 345
Kinzie, Maj. John A. 345
Kirkwood, James 68
Kirkwood, John 68
Kish-kaw-ko 429, 430
Kitchen, Silas S. 550, 551
Kitchen, Mrs. Silas S. (Elizabeth) 551
Kittle, Alexander B. 73
Kittle, George E. 73
Kleinhans, Jacob 120, 122
Kline, Adam C. 82
Kline, Andrew 82
Kline, Carrie 82
Kline, Charles 82, 83
Kline, Daniel F. 82
Kline, George 83
Kline, James 83
Kline, James A. 550
Kline, John 82
Kline, Joseph 83
Kline, Levi 82
Kline, Louis T. 83
Kline, Martin 83
Kline, Richard 82
Klingmann, Stephen 152
Klock, Mrs. 79
Klossert, C. F. 178
Klossert, Ernest 178
Knaggs, Captain Whitmore 245, 246
Knapp, John I. 563
Knapp, Thomas 411
Knappen, Rev. A. A. 611, 612, 613
Knappen, Mrs. A. A. 613
Knappen, Ida 613
Knickerbocker, Mrs. C. R. 112
Knieskern, Hannah 115
Knight, Amos 507
Knight, Benjamin 505, 507, 508, 510, 512, 524, 525
Knight, Mrs. Benjamin 505
Knight, Myron E. 563
Knight, Mrs. Robert 81
Knowles, Robert 550, 552
Knowles, W. H. 192
Knowlton, Ephraim A. 43
Knox, John 634
Knox, Mrs. Sally 637, 650
Krass, Thomas 75
Kreugel, Caspar 190
Krum, Julia K. 116
Kundig, Father 336

L.

Labadie, Charles 188
La Bute, Mr. 30
La Cuyer, Phillip 410
Ladue, Austin G. 196
Ladue, Charlotte M. 196
Ladue, George N. 196
Ladue, John 196
Ladue, Mrs. John (Mary Angel) 196
Lafayette, Gen. 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14
La Fontaine, Louis 189
Laird, James 193

Lake, David M. 39
Lake, Mr. 242
Lake, Judge Warner 83
Laker, Mrs. Albert 63
Laker, Sr., Wm. 46
Lally, Mrs. M. 195
Lamb, Richard 78
Lamb, Mrs. Richard (Jane) 78
Lamson, Darius 376
Lampman, Dr. 577, 610
Landenbarger, Lizzie 72
Langdon, Amon W. 543
Lange, Albert 155
Lange, Mrs. A. F. 110
Lange, Gottleib 154
Lange, Rudolph 155
Lange, Theodore 155
Lankenaw, Prof. F. W. 455
Lansing, Mrs. Anna Dequindre 334
Lapham, Mrs. Ann L. 47
Larimer, Oliver 663, 664
Larned, Gen. Charles 328, 348, 349, 357, 360, 410
Larned, Gen. Frank 308, 401
La Rose, Maud 7
La Salle, Sieur Robert Cavelier de 285, 481
Lathrop, Henry B. 23
Lathrop, Horace 423
Latimer, —— 277
Latterman, Robert 150
Law, Rev. Hiram 276
Lawson, Mrs. Magdalene C. 191
Lawton, George E. 58
Lay, Wm. H. 9
Ledbeter, John 194
Ledeboer, Dr. B. 144
Ledyard, Henry S. 365
Lee, Fred 270, 616
Lee, Fred B. 142
Lee & Co., Fred B. 142
Lee, Gen. 164
Lee, George 270
Lee, Rev. George D. 615, 616
Lee, Mrs. Geo. D. 616
Lee, Geo. W. 183
Lee, Mrs. Geo. W. (Lorinda S.) 183
Lee, Mrs. Dr. N. D. 448
Lee, Wm. 419
Leete, Mrs. Robert 194
Leggett, Samuel 415
Leggett, Stephen W. 197
Lemm, A. C. 593
Lemon, Grace 7
Lepper, Josiah 58
Lepper, S. V. R. 58
Leonard, Benjamin 416
LeRoy, Daniel 410, 411, 415, 422
Leroy, Judge Daniel 406
Lesher, Brother 613
Lester, Allen 406
Lester, Prof. 477
Lester, Wm. 406, 418, 420
Lewis, Alex. 344
Lewis, Delia K. 585
Lewis, Harvey 46
Lewis, Jane N. 585
Lewis, John 279
Lewis, Samuel 344, 363
Lewis, Willard C. 102
Lewis, Wm. 567
Lewis, Mrs. Wm. 156
Lewis, Col. Wm. 436, 438, 439, 442
Light, J. D. 555
Lincoln, Abraham 122, 304, 501, 523
Linderman, Adaline 584
Linderman, Elizabeth 584
Linderman, Margaret 584
Linderman, Thomas 584
Lindley, Mrs. John 191
Lindley, Stephen J. 99
Lingemann, Mr. 197
Littlefield, Charles E. 20
Litchfield, Elisha C. 301
Littlejohn, Rev. G. H. 636
Littlejohn, Judge 279
Livermore, Fidus 274
Lockwood, James 421
Locy, Dr. L. J. 554
Loftus, Mrs. Mary 93
Logan, Walter S. 20
Long, Charles W. 552
Long & Co., C. W. 555
Long, Henry 552
Long, Major 252
Long, Michael P. 563
Longstreet, Gen. 366
Look, Orson H. 23
Loomis, Peter B. 274
Lord, Fred H. 43
Lord, George 42
Lord, Dr. John C. 656
Lord, Prof. 477
Lord, Wm. H. 43
Lovejoy, Owen 532
Loveland, Hiram D. 116
Lovell, Hon. Cyrus 348
Lovill, Catherine 116
Lowe, N. C. 107
Lowell, Ira 102
Lowry, Dr. 615
Lucas, Ann M. 102
Luce, Ex-Gov. Cyrus G. 277
Lull, Charles A. 452, 462
Lull, Joab 452
Lull, Mrs. Joab 452
Lusk, Phebe 73
Luther, L. 421
Lyle, Rev. W. W. 467
Lyndon, Wm. 188
Lynn, Mrs. Betsey Ann 52
Lyon, Charles 60, 72
Lyon, Judge Lucius 7, 12, 310, 378
Lyon, Mary 129
Lyon, Prof. 478
Lyons, Wm. 506
Lyster, Rev. Wm. N. 557, 558, 559

M.

MacDonald, James 27
Macdonald, Wm. 444
Mack, Almon 406
Mack, Arnold 423
Mack, C. M. 613

Mack, Col. 429
Mack & Conant 371, 372, 429
Mack, Col. Stephen 406, 412, 420, 424
Maclean, Gen. Allan 30
Macomb, Gen. 428
Macomb, John 28
Macpherson, Mrs. Ida G. 158
Macy, Francis G. 543
Madison, Maj. George 436, 437, 439, 442
Madison, Pres. 129, 288, 322
Magie & Co. 101
Mahan, Dr. Asa 275
Mahien, Jacob 47
Mahoney, Timothy 188
Maier, Martin 71
Maile, Rev. J. L. 624, 648
Main, Etta 615
Major, Louis 451
Mallett, Eli 586, 593, 594
Mallett, Mrs. Eli 586
Maloy, John 116
Malt, Solomon 147
Maltby, Oliver E. 543
Manchester, Mrs. Darius 109
Manchester, E. C. 274
Mangum, —— 325
Mangum, Willie P. 311
Mann, Manlius 46
Manning, Samuel 71
Marble, Ephraim 59
Marble, Mrs. Ephraim 54, 59
Marcy, Gov. 123
Maris, Mrs. A. M. 121
Mark, Stephen 410
Markey, Bernard 102
Marlatt, Daniel 414
Marlatt, Michael 414
Marquette, Father 480
Marrison, W. A. 550
Mars, Thomas 8
Marsac, Capt. Joseph F. 457
Marsac, Recorder 458
Marsh, Rev. A. 624, 643
Marsh, Brother 644, 649
Marsh, Mrs. F. D. 43
Marsh, Harris 552
Marsh, Mrs. 148
Marshall, —— 325
Marshall, Hannah 135
Marshall, Wm. 72
Martin, George B. 346, 361, 380
Martin, Mrs. Joseph 149
Martin, Magdaline 585
Martin, Morgan L. 361, 380
Martin, Nancy 312
Martin, Oliver 585
Mason, Emily 400
Mason, Mrs. Geo. R. 85
Mason, Mrs. Henry 85
Mason, Kate 400
Mason, John 189
Mason, John C. 563
Mason, Laura 400
Mason, L. M. 271
Mason, Lucius P. 155
Mason, Dr. Orville L. 155
Mason, Mrs. Orville L. (Caroline) 155
Mason, Russell 116
Mason, Stevens T. 7, 189, 299, 300, 308, 310, 312, 314, 315, 316, 358, 360, 363, 389, 400, 456, 485, 499, 633
Master, Frankie 611
Master, Rev. Levi 608, 610, 611
Master, Lizzie 610
Mather, A. E. 394
Mather, Alonzo F. 391
Mathers, Mrs. Mary 181
Mattison, Ira 143
Mattoon, Rev. Gershom 636
Maxwell, Andrew C. 8, 226
May, Celestia E. 23
May, Lt. Gov. Charles 276
May, Gen. Dwight 276
May, Mrs. Dwight 116
May, Sarah 183
Mayhone, —— 552
Mayo, David 416
McAllister, Rev. James 550
McAllister, Lester S. 552
McAllister, Mother 275
McArthur, Alexander 574
McArthur, Christie 243
McArthur, John 584
McBartney Bros 555
McBee, Caroline 585
McBee, H. B. 585
McBride, James E. 122
McCabe, Chaplain 124
McCabe, Mrs. 187
McCartney, Edward 454
McCarty, Mr. 451
McCauley, Dr. James 251
McClean, Charles 454
McClelland, Ben. 453
McClelland, Robert 361
McCollam, Lafayette 553
McCollam, Wm. 553
McCollam, Mrs. A. B. 169
McCollum, Mrs. Anthenette 54
McCollum, Stewart 552
McComb, Alexander 410
McComb, Gen. 360, 400
McCormick, Matthew 552
McCormick, Wm. 42
McCracken, Stephen B. 2, 4, 9, 10
McCrea, Harry 61
McCrea, Ida 61
McCrea, John W. 61
McCrea, Samuel W. 60
McCue, Mrs. Wm. 51
McCullogh, Hugh 452
McCullogh, Thomas 452
McCurdy, Prof. 477
McCurdy, Thomas E. 94
McCutcheon, Ann M. 71
McDonald, Mrs. Hugh 190
McDonald, John 543
McDonell, A. 231
McDougall, Geo. 31, 357, 358, 359, 360
McElroy, Hon. C. 169
McElroy, Jacob 169
McElroy, Mrs. M. 169
McElvery, John 421

McElwain, Mary 618
McFarland, Charlotte 666
McFarland, Peter 662, 663, 664, 665, 666
McGeary, Maj 30
McGee, Melville 19
McGonegal, Ira 102
McGraw, A. C. 382, 383
McGraw & Co., A. C. 383, 384
McGregor, James 423
McGregor, Peter 155
McGuire, Annie 187
McGuire, John H. 176
McGuire, Mrs. John 187
McHugh, Mrs. Michael 149
McIlvain, Capt. 438
McIntosh & Frost 516
McIntosh & Garton 516
McKee, Alexander 29, 31, 33, 34
McKee, Lucinda 103
McKelvey, James 41
McKibbin, Mrs. Emily F. 94
McKinley, Gov. 490
McKinney, Mr. 396
McKinstry, Capt. Augustus 342
McKinstry, David C. 310, 313, 315, 350, 410, 421
McKinstry, Capt. James 344
McKniff, Capt. 332
McLaughlin, Dr. 253
McLean, ——— 325
McLean, Mrs. Allen 156
McLean, Rev. Thomas W. 470
McLeland, Andrew 177
McLellan, Mrs. Daniel 569
McLellan, Duncan 451
McLellan, Mrs. J. L. (Parmelia Alden) 569, 570
McLellan, Mrs. Malvina P. 40
McLelland, Eve 583
McLeod, Jane 114
McLeod, Norman 323
McMartin, Duncan 279
McMillan, Mrs. Walter 173
McNabb, Mrs. 243
McPherson, Thomas 186
McReynolds, Col. Andrew T. 318, 319, 363
McQuean, W. 521
McQuigg, ——— 554
McQuigg & Hyatt 86
McQuillen, Elizabeth 103
McSouley, Mrs. Catherine 192
McSouley, John 192
McSouley, Patrick 192
McTaggart, Sanford 552
McVean, Alexander 421
McVean, Daniel 421
Mead, Amos 414
Mead, Capt. 438
Mead, Finch 582, 584, 590
Mead, Mrs. Finch 582, 590
Mead, Kellogg & Co. 363
Mead, Kenyan 585
Mead, Lidia Ann 585
Mead, Melinda 605
Meagher, Thomas 93
Mearns, Mrs. Louisa 154
Melchers, Henry 159
Melvin, Wm. 184
Melvin, Mrs. Wm. (Elizabeth Crouch) 184
Mercer, A. C. 563
Mercer, Joseph 47
Merrill, Benjamin 183
Merrill, Geo. W. 67
Merrill, Mrs. Geo. W. 67
Merrill, Thomas 148
Merriman, Joseph 571, 572, 573, 577, 583, 585
Merriman, Mary W. 103
Merrit, Wm. G. 552
Merritt, Mrs. N. C. 508
Merritt, Sister 594
Merrylees, Sarah 207
Merryweather, Algernon 666
Messer, Isaac 566, 568, 569, 570, 576, 577, 578, 580, 582, 586, 587, 588, 590, 593, 594
Messer, Mrs. Isaac 569, 582, 586
Mettler, Mrs. S. B. 112
Meulenbroek, Helena 144
Meyer, Mary E. 217
Meyers, John 406, 422
Meyers, Mrs. Philinda 157
Michael, John 596
Millard, Alfred L. 2, 560
Millard, Rev. D. E. 625
Millard, Rev. D. N. 648
Millard, Nathaniel 411
Miller, Judge Albert 1, 3, 8, 9, 244, 443, 447, 450, 451, 453, 454, 457, 461, 464, 466, 467, 468, 470
Miller, Mrs. Albert 468
Miller, Mrs. Angeline 468
Miller, Christopher 543, 544, 550, 551
Miller, Mrs. Christopher 543
Miller, C. R. 563
Miller, Isaac 557
Miller, Jacob 543
Miller, James 557
Miller, Jennie 231
Miller, Jeremiah 543, 550
Miller, John 406, 422, 563
Miller, John C. 543, 544, 545, 550
Miller, John Irish 634
Miller, Jo. 351
Miller, Joseph 189
Miller, Mary Ann 468
Miller, Michael 72
Miller, Morris 351
Miller, Mrs. R. 98
Miller, Wm. 552
Miller, Wm. A. 84
Miller, Rev. W. P. 466
Miln, John 634
Miles, John 193
Miles, Mrs. John (Alice) 193
Mills, George W. 591
Mills, Rev. Henry 641
Mills, Rev. Lewis 641
Mills, Philo 557
Mills, Robert 169
Mills, Mrs. Robert (Phœbe Cumpton) 169
Mink, Constantine 190
Minor, E. H. 64
Minor, William 64
Mitchell, C. T. 2, 281
Mitchell, Judge 268

Mitchell, W. W. 276
Mixer, Brother 594
Mixer, Fannie 616
Mixer, L. N. 604
Mixer, Mr. 596
Mixer, Mrs. 619
Mixer, Sister 594
Moffatt, Charles T. 525
Moldenhause, John 196
Monaghan, John 557
Monroe, James 19
Monroe, Mrs. Francis 46
Monroe, H. G. 61
Monroe, Pres. 322
Montague, Elsie Ann 169
Montcalm, Gen. 18
Monteith, John 419
Montgomery, Capt. 438
Montgomery, Johnson 518, 521, 522
Montgomery, Mrs. Johnson (Elvira Dudley). 522
Montgomery, John 508, 511, 518, 519, 522
Montgomery, Capt. John 77
Montgomery, John S. 77
Montgomery, Robert 519
Moon, Geo. Wm. 195
Moon, Mrs. Hiram 116
Moon, Mrs. Wm. V. 194
Moore, Alpheus 569
Moore, Benj. B. 318
Moore, Eliza 585
Moore, Jerry 350, 397
Moore, J. Wilkie 1, 2, 8, 9, 20, 187
Moore, Mrs. John 86
Moore, Prosper 585
Moore, Wm. A. 585, 600, 601
Moors, Rev. A. P. 601, 602, 603, 607
Moors, Edith 602
Moors, Mahala 602
Moran, Chas. 308, 331
Moran, Judge 190
Moran, Wm. C. 563
Morehouse, Albert F. 1, 2, 6, 8, 97, 624, 625, 639
Morehouse, Gertrude E. 19
Morehouse, Henry 586
Morehouse, Mary Jane 586
Morell, George 322, 323, 325, 326, 400
Morell, Judge 346, 357, 358, 359
Morford, Ashley 586
Morford, Elkanah 585
Morford, Lucy 585
Morford, Mary Ann 585
Morford, Olive 585
Morford, Wm. 573, 586
Morford, Mrs. Wm. 573
Morford, Wm. L. 585, 589
Morgan, D. B. 563
Morgan, Harrison 603
Morgan, Rev. Harrison 598
Morley, Diar 583
Morris, Gouveneur 9
Morris, John 277, 278
Morris, Joseph 406
Morris, Wm. 411, 420, 424
Morrison, A. H. 278, 279
Morrison, Mary J. 103
Morse, Mrs. A. 149
Morse, Emeline 56
Morse, Mr. 421
Morse, Oscar F. 170
Morse, Mrs. Oscar F. 170
Morse, Prof. 427
Morton, George 60
Moseley, Wm. F. 411, 412
Mosher, Eliza Mariah 478
Moshier, Mary J. 103
Moss, Oscar B. 552
Mott, Isaac C. 45
Moulton, Miss 227
Moulton, Mrs. Spencer 114
Mowry, Mrs. Charles W. 155
Mudge, Allie 615
Mudge, Lorenzo 566, 569, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 585, 588, 589, 590, 592, 593, 594
Mudge, Mrs. Lorenzo 569, 577, 579, 588
Mudge, Ruth K. 585
Mugford, Hon. Enoch T. 1, 2, 4, 6, 9, 143, 235
Muir, Maj. 442
Muir, W. K. 188
Mullen, Wm. 593
Mullet, John 403
Mulliken, John Barrett 195
Mundy, Edward 310, 312, 314
Munroe, Jesse 6, 17
Munsell, Harvey 183
Munson, Moses 421
Murich, Mrs. Jesse 182
Murphy, Mrs. Richard 149
Murray, Asa 406
Murray, Chas. 603, 605
Murray, Geo. B. 58
Murray, Mrs. Richard 40
Myers, Jr., Samuel 414

N.

Nagler, Mrs. Caroline 42
Napoleon, —— 368
Nash, Mrs. Mary A. 92
Naumann, John 196
Neal, D. A. 302
Nelson, Dr. David 647
Nelson, D. P. 605
Nelson, W. S. 607
Nesbitt, George 116, 118
New, Charlotte 584
New, George 584
New, Mary 584
Newberry, Henry 310
Newberry, Oliver 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 349, 358
Newberry, Walter 342, 361
Newberry, Walter L. 380
Newbould & Co., A. H. 385
Newcomb, Elizabeth 38
Newcomb, Walter 187
Newman, Bishop 124
Newman, Elisha 634
Newman, Ezra 423
Newman, Mrs. R. M. 112
Newsome, Ellen 72
Newton, George 69
Newton, Mrs. George 69
Newton, Mrs. Henry A. 147

Newton, Ralph 147
Newton, Stella 147
Nichols, Amelia 62
Nichols, Brother 573
Nichols, Charity 584
Nichols, John 52, 584
Nichols, Lorenzo 584
Nichols, Lucinda 584
Nichols, Lucius H. 586
Nichols, Luke 584
Nichols, Mark 584
Nichols, M. B. 588, 589, 590
Nichols, Melvin 582, 584
Nichols, Mrs. Nancy 46
Nichols, Olive 584
Nichols & Shepard 61
Nichols & Shepard Co. 62
Nichols, Mrs. S. M. 572
Nichols, Mrs. Squire M. 567
Nichols, Wm. H. 586
Nicholas, Wm. C. 103
Niles, Johnson 406, 422
Niles, Joshua 406
Nims, F. A. 139
Nims, Mr. 279
Niskern, P. W. 609, 610
Nixon, Eugene 109
Nixon, Norman 109
Nixon, Robert 78
Nixon, Wm. 109
Nixon, Mrs. Wm. (Sarah) 109
Noble, Deacon 270
Noble, Mrs. Robert 81
Noble, Sexton 336, 356
Nolan, Bridget 116
Norman, John 196
Norris, Josiah J. 194
Norris, Mrs. Josiah J. (Mary) 194
Norris, L. D. 120
Norris, Mahalah 72
Norris, Mark 349
Norris, Sarah 71
North, Matthew D. 186
North, Townsend 186
Northrup, Mrs. Frank 112
Northrup, Wm. 103
Norton, Chloe A. 54
Norton, Gad 406, 422
Norton, John 584, 593, 598
Norton, John M. 2, 404, 406
Norton, Mr. 299
Norvell, John 310, 312, 314, 315, 316, 346, 358, 360, 402
Norvell, Senator 378
Nott, Dr. Eliphalet 57
Noyes, Abraham 421
Noyes, A. J. 46
Noyes, Kirk W. 9
Noyes, Mrs. Nancy B. 67
Nye, J. L. 600, 601

O.

Oatman, Mrs. E. P. 116
O'Connor, Charles 235
Odell, Rev. J. 594
O'Keefe, Judge 429
Olds, Eliza M. 103
Olds, Martin 109
Oliver, Mrs. George (Kesyiah) 155
Olmstead, Harley 415
Olmstead, Sr., Job 452
Orcutt, Amba 90
Orcutt, Isaac 90
Orison, Deacon 406
Ormsby, C. N. 349
Ormsby, Dr. Caleb N. 562
Orr, Sabra 584
Osband, Edwin R. 94
Osband, D. Gregory 95
Osband, M. D. 2, 8, 96
Osband, Mrs. M. D. (Helen M.) 96
Osband, Wm. 94
Osband, Mrs. Martha (Reeves) 94
Osborn, Alanson 513, 514
Osborn, John 514
Osborn, Mr. 596
Osborn, Milla 584
Osborne, Isaac 582, 583, 584
Osborne, Miss 2
Osgood, J. S. 76
Osgood & Young 76
Otis, James 218
Otis, N. L. 591
Outhwaite, George F. 140
Overhiser, Rev. Geo. C. 638
Overton, Maj. 438, 439
Overton, Philanda 88
Owen, Asa 419
Owen, John 274, 314, 315, 389, 390
Owens, Alonzo H. 1, 2, 9, 162

P.

Packard & Co., B. D. 458
Packard, Mrs. Charles 81
Packard, Dr. 55
Packard, Julia E. 55
Packard, Rebecca 583
Packard, Sheriff 327
Packer, Mrs. Jennie 165
Paille, Calixte 170
Palmer, Alice 156
Palmerton, A. J. 41
Palmer, Clark H. 577, 578, 585, 591
Palmer, Dr. 477
Palmer, J. 372
Palmer, John 307, 403
Palmer, John M. 195
Palmer, Mrs. John M. 195
Palmer, John W. 155, 156
Palmer, Mrs. John W. (Eliza M.) 155
Palmer, Mason 307, 403
Palmer, Dr. Oscar 8
Palmer, Miss S. C. 156
Palmer, Thomas 293, 372, 373, 374
Palmer, Thomas W. 274, 293
Palmer, Walter F. 156
Pandy, Mrs. Eliza Putnam 61
Paris, Henry 171
Paris, Mrs. Malinda (Robinson) 170
Paris, Wm. 171
Parish, Isaac 414
Parke, Dr. Ezra S. 267
Parke, Capt. Hervey 406

Parker, Clarinda 79
Parker, Fred 60
Parker, Mrs. Helen 52
Parker, Miss 364
Parker, Mrs. N. T. 591
Parker, Prof. 475
Parker, Waterman 597
Parker, Wm. 116
Parkhurst, Elias 552
Parkman, —— 285
Parks, Davies 73, 74
Parks, Mrs. Davies 74
Parks, Thomas 550
Parmelee, A. C. 568
Parrish, Judge Isaac H. 123
Parshall, Ezra K. 658
Parsons, Adella 117
Parsons, Allen 118
Parsons, David 2, 9
Parsons, E. C. 117
Parsons, George S. 118
Parsons, Jonathan 23, 116
Parsons, Mrs. Laura 179
Parsons, Philo 196, 274
Parsons, Mrs. Philo (Ann Eliza) 196
Parsons, Mrs. W. H. 183
Partridge, Benj. F. 23
Passage, A. B. 156
Passage, Mrs. A. B. (Harriet) 156
Passage, Hattie 156
Patterson, Mrs. Eliza 74
Patterson, John 71
Patton, Rev. J. L. 645
Patton, Martha 567
Patrick, Capt. 438
Patridge, Jason D. 94
Pawson, John 557
Pawson, Samuel 557
Pawson, Thomas 557
Payne, Col. M. M. 318, 319
Payne, Wm. M. 143
Pease, Chester & Co. 391
Pease, Joshua 567
Pease, Julia 567
Pease, Lorinda 103
Pease, Capt. Wm. T. 363, 364, 391
Pearce, Rev. L. H. 605
Pearson, Rev. Job 645
Peck, Mrs. E. D. 160
Peck, Frances 40
Peck, Wm. W. 19
Peebles, Mrs. Lorenzo R. 46
Pendill, Mrs. James C. 666
Pendleton, Edwin 637
Penniman, Ebenezer 311
Pennock, Ebenezer 608, 610
Pennock, Mrs. Ira 39
Pennock, Sister 611
Penny, Chas. W. 109
Penny, Mrs. Chas. W. (Henrietta C.) 110
Penny, Jessica V. 110
Penticost, Jesse 559
Perdew, Ann Amelia 72
Perkins, Cicely C. 64
Perkins, Capt. Thomas 386, 387
Perkins, Watson 175
Perkins, Mrs. Watson (Martha) 175
Perrin, Ezra Ide 634
Perrin, Jesse 406, 422
Perrin, Jonathan 411
Perrin, Mother 635
Perrin, P. J. 406
Perrine, Rev. W. H. 590, 591
Perrott, M. 245, 246
Perry, Almeron 550
Perry, Amos 20
Perry, Ella 85
Perry, Gen. 400
Perry, George 84
Perry, Mrs. Helen 47
Perry, Horatio 46
Perry, Iretus 84
Perry, John 419
Perry, Joshua K. 85
Perry, Lee 85
Perry, Oliver 85
Perry, Ray 85
Perry, Robert 85
Perry, Seymour 85
Pe-shaw-ba 251
Peters, Charles 52
Peters, James M. 78
Petit, Mrs. M. N. 175
Petrie, Daniel D. 110
Pettibone, L. 414
Pettengill, Roswell 543
Pettit, Warren D. 180
Pfanstiehl, Rev. Albert A. 144
Pfanstiehl, Frederika 144
Pfanstiehl, Peter 144
Pfanstiehl, Pieter Frederick 144
Pfister, Lieut. Francis 28
Phelps, —— 325
Phelps, Calvin 525
Phelps, Mrs. C. M. 117
Phelps, Edwin J. 19
Phelps, Eugene 552
Phelps, Guy 422
Phelps, Horace 71
Phelps, Mrs. Lizzie Cummin 163
Phillips, Capt. Archibald 416
Phillips, Arnold W. 180
Phillips, Mrs. Holden 80
Phillips, John 116
Phillips, Traverse 603, 606, 607, 618, 619
Phillips, Mrs. T. 605, 615, 619
Phillips, Wm. 550
Phipps, Mrs. Mary 165
Pickett, Lucinda 103
Pierce, Benjamin 419
Pierce, Edwin J. 217
Pierce, Mrs. Edwin J. (Lilla L. Stebbins) 217
Pierce, General 280, 394
Pierce, Hezekiah 552
Pierce, Ira 593
Pierce, Rev. John D. 455, 456, 457, 473, 499
Pierce, Sarah 627
Pierson, Dr. 332
Pierson, Henry 46
Pike, Mrs. Elvira A. 47
Pilcher, Prof. 477
Pilkinton, Mrs. Henrietta 100, 637

Pilkinton, Stephen....100, 637
Pinckney, Jonathan....421
Pinckney, Mrs. Maria B....94
Pinckney, Wm. H....94
Pincomb, Robert....71
Pinet, Mrs. Annie....195
Piper, Benjamin S....140
Piper, Mrs. Maria S....140
Piquette, Tousin....663, 664
Pitts, Allie....166
Pitts, A. G....166
Pitts, Moses....165
Pitts, Mrs. Moses (Sally)....165
Pitts, Safford....165
Pixley, Mrs. John....79
Plaisted, Mrs. George....173
Plant, Prof....477
Plough, Albert....116
Plugger, Mr. A....145
Plummer, Chas. H....110, 155
Plummer Logging Company....111
Poindexter, George M....219
Polk, President....363
Pollard, Mrs. John....191
Pomeroy, C. H....455
Pomeroy, Mr....455
Pomeroy, Wm....450
Poppleton, O....273, 277
Poole, Lieut....346, 358
Porter, Augustus....298
Porter, Augustus S....308, 357, 399, 403
Porter, Bridget....71
Porter, Edward L....190
Porter, Mrs. Edward L. (Mary O.)....190
Porter, Frances M....60
Porter, Gov. George B....359
Porter, Ira....268
Porter, John S....416
Porter, Lewis....120
Postal, George....406, 422
Post, Mrs....91
Potter, Allen....117
Potter, Clark....550
Potter, Frances....543
Potter, Ira....543, 544, 551
Potter, Ira T....551
Potter, Ira W....543, 550, 551
Potter, Mrs. Ira W....543
Potter, James A....543
Potter, John....116
Potter, Mrs. John....46
Potter, Mary E....543
Potter, Robert E....543, 545, 550, 551
Potts, Dr....602
Potts, John A....567
Potts, Mrs. John A....567, 568
Powell, O....415
Power, Arthur....413, 416
Power, John....406
Power, Nathan....406
Powers, Dr....243
Powers, Isaac....557
Powers, Mahala....71
Powers, Wm. R....563
Pratt, Eleanor....45
Pratt, John....46
Pratt, Mr....243
Pray, Esek....77
Prentis, Joseph....414
Prentis, N....414
Prentiss, S. S....219
Prescott, Prof....477
Prindle, Brother....573
Prindle, Ebenezer....584
Prindle, Rhoda....584
Prindle, S. C....566, 582, 590, 591, 595, 597, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610
Prindle, Mrs. S. C....590
Prindle, Sherman....584
Price, Capt....438
Price, John R....19
Price, Rev. L. D....267
Price, Mrs. L. D. (Lucy)....267
Priest, A. B....297
Prince of Wales....203
Prindle, David....195
Prindle, John....422
Pringle, Mary J....46
Puffer, Rev. Wm. M....616, 617, 619
Puffer, Mrs. Wm. M....619
Pulcher, Mrs. Mary....188
Purdy, Mrs. Henry E....185
Purdy, Robert....414
Putnam, Charles....61
Putnam, Edwin....61
Putnam, Frank....61
Putnam, Henry....61
Putnam, John....61
Putnam, Lucinda A....127
Putnam, Mrs. Orlin....61

Q.

Quick, Mary....419
Quigley, E. A....554
Quitman, General....219

R.

Raby, Edward....100
Rademacher, John....191
Rademacher, Mrs. John (Theresa)....191
Rall, Jane A....72
Ramsdell, T. J....9
Randall, Caleb D....277
Randall, L. H....127
Randall, Loretta H....143
Rankin, Daniel H....143
Ranney, Anson L....116
Ranney, Dr....477
Ransom, Epaphroditus....326
Ransom, Rev. George....645
Ransom, Loretta Shafter....116
Raven, Wm....103
Ray, Mrs. Eliza....79
Ray, John....552
Ray, Mark L....103
Raymond & Sweet....60
Raymond, Wm....60
Read & Yost....70
Ream, Emanuel....181
Reardon, Mrs. Thomas....45
Reaum, Mr....451
Redmond, Margaret....46

Reed, Addie 613
Reed, Asa W. 61
Reed, Charles M. 338
Reed, Clara A. 140
Reed, Mrs. Fidelia 61
Reed, Rev. James 469
Reed, Mr. 338
Reed, Prof. M. O. 61
Reed, Philo 419
Reed, Mrs. Polly A. 176
Reed, Sister 604
Reeve, Hosea 103
Reeves, Mrs. 189
Reeves, Stephen 411, 413, 420
Reeves, Judge Steven 406
Reib, Mrs. John 154
Reid, Rev. James W. 124
Reigle, John 552
Remington, Philander 111, 124
Remington, Mrs. Philander 111, 124
Remiold, Mary 154
Rench, David G. 69
Rench, Mrs. David G. (Mary E. Tharp) 69
Reynolds & Ashley 60
Reynolds, Mr. 39, 343
Reynolds, Mrs. Susan A. 47
Rexford, Roxwell B. 522
Rhoades, Lyman 175
Rhodes, John 415
Rhines, Riley 72
Rice, Dr. 373
Rice, George C. 142
Rice, Martin E. 600, 601
Rich, Eleanor 581
Rich, Loren 590
Rich, Mrs. Byron 45
Rich, Hampton 276
Rich, John A. 77
Richard, Alexander 135
Richard, Archibald 134
Richard, Father Gabriel 482
Richard, John 134
Richards, Mrs. Mary Ann 191
Richards, M. W. 415
Richards, Rachel 502
Richardson, Amos 157
Richardson, Charles 157
Richardson, Daniel D. 156
Richardson, John 157
Richardson, John W. 156
Riddle & Hathaway 280
Riegge, Mrs. Bertha 149
Riggs, Jeremiah R. 451
Riggs, John 453
Riggs, Judge 444
Riggs, Lauren 453
Riggs, Mr. 453
Riley, Henry H. 277
Riley, James 245
Riley, John 245
Riley, Peter 245
Risdon, Judge 657
Risdon, Orange 452, 462
Rising, E. W. 85, 548, 551, 555
Rising, Henry C. 86
Rising, Sylvester and Sally 85
Rivard, Lewis M. 193
Rix, Thomas 116
Robbins, Richard B. 583
Roberts, Absalom 177
Roberts, Bishop 267
Roberts, Mrs. Clarissa 46
Roberts, Mrs. Elizabeth Everman 177
Roberts, Harry 179
Roberts, Ira 406, 422
Roberts, John 377, 427, 429, 430, 431
Roberts, Mrs. John (Mary Jones) 427
Roberts, Pinny P. 143
Roberts, Prof. 477
Roberts, W. D. 120
Roberts, Wm. 415
Robertson, Capt. 32
Robinson, Addie Silver 70
Robinson, Chas. A. 125
Robinson, Mrs. Clothilde 190
Robinson, David G. 583, 587, 589, 590, 597
Robinson, Dr. 180
Robinson, Eleanor 70
Robinson, James D. 125
Robinson, Rufus R. 416
Robinson, Sarah B. 583
Robinson, Mrs. Susan 46
Robinson, T. B. 588
Robinson, T. V. 588
Robinson, Wm. A. 125
Robins, Mrs. B. P. 106
Robison, Harriet E. 103
Rock, Allie 614
Rock, Julia 616, 618
Rockwell, Nathan 46
Rodd, Charles H. 452
Roeser, Albert 157
Roeser, Charles L. 157
Roeser, Franz 157
Roeser, Fred 157
Roeser, Herman 157
Roeser, Oscar 157
Roeser, Jr., Wm. 157
Roeser, Sr., Wm. 157
Roeser, Sr., Mrs. Wm. 157
Rogers, Mrs. Anna 103
Rogers, James I. 506
Rogers, Louisa 569
Rogers, Lovina 586
Rogers, Major 481
Rogers, Mr. 455
Rogers, Nathan 46
Rogers, Patty 584
Rollins, S. G. 239
Rolston, Mrs. Freegift 116
Romeyn, Theodore 299, 300
Ropes, Julius 666
Rood, Alphens 116
Rook, D. 590
Roost, John 145
Root, Mrs. Arthur 109
Root, Mrs. Francis I. 468
Root, Rev. Henry 638, 639, 640, 641
Root, Mrs. James 86
Root, Rev. Lucius I. 467, 468
Rork, A. D. 611
Rork, Martin V. 598, 599, 601, 603

Rork, Mrs. M. V. 176
Rork, Peter L. 599
Rork, Polly 590
Rork, Wm. 590
Rork, Wm. W. 593, 594
Rose, B. R. 613, 618
Rose, Mrs. B. R. 615, 619
Rose, Eddy 45
Rose, Grace 45
Rose, Lorenzo A. 44
Rose, Lorenzo E. 45
Rose, Mr. 596
Rose, Prof. 477
Rosecrans, Almon 100
Ross, Rev. A. Hastings 172
Ross, Rev. J. H. 603, 604
Ross, Sister 604
Rossman, Alby 37, 38
Rossman, Fite 421
Rossman, George 37
Rossman, Joseph 421
Rossman, Mary A. 38
Rossman, Mary Wood 37
Rossman, Wm. George 38
Roth, Mrs. Emma 161
Rowe, Cynthia 627
Rowe, Mrs. Martin 109
Rowell, A. S. 45
Rowell, Frank 45
Rowland, Capt. Isaac S. 317, 318, 383
Rowland, Mrs. Isaac 400
Rowland, Thomas 410
Rowlater, Michael 584
Roys, Mrs. Frank 175
Rulisan, Sally 605
Rumer, Dr. J. F. 554
Rump, Fred 160
Rump, John 553
Rumsey, Jacob 185
Rumsey, Jacob W. 69
Runyan, Vincent 414
Rush, Mr. 569
Rush, Mrs. 568
Russell & Co. 302
Russell, Capt. 358
Russell, Dr. 41
Russell, Capt. J. B. F. 359
Russell, Mrs. J. M. 41
Russell, Mark 613
Russell, Wm. 423
Rust, Amasa 157
Rust Brothers & Co. 157
Rust, Charles A. 158
Rust & Co., D. W. 157
Rust, Eaton & Co. 157, 159
Rust, Ezra 157
Rust, Ezra G. 158
Rust, John F. 157
Rust, W. A. 158
Rutherford, John 23, 182

S.

Sackett, J. Russell 55
Sackett, Mrs. Sarah L. 47
Sage, Dora 127
Sage, John 135
Sage, Mary E. 136
Sage, Mrs. 75
Salsbury, L. H. 563
Sanborn, James 544
Sanderson, Henry F. 419
Sanford, James Bronson 101
Saph, Sarah 170
Sapp, Rev. Resin 609, 604
Satterlee, Wm. 143
Sawyer, Frank 314, 315, 316, 323, 399
Sayer, Edmund B. 563
Sayles, Scott W. 468
Scammon, Mrs. M. R. 93
Schacker, Rudolph 158
Schantz, Glenna 619
Schantz, Wm. H. 611, 612, 613, 619
Schantz, Mrs. Wm. H. 615, 619
Schieffelin, Jacob 31
Schmid, Simon 145
Schmidt, Paul 158
Schoff, Abijah F. 634
Schoolcraft, Henry R. 10, 248, 253
Schoolcraft, James 10, 248, 249, 250
Schouten, Mrs. Dr. F. J. 144
Schuyler, Anthony Day 57
Schuyler, Caroline 57
Schuyler, Rev. M. 57
Schwarz, Mrs. Catherine 190
Schwartz, Emma 365
Schwartz, Gen. 345
Scoon, Charles 47
Scott, A. B. 553
Scott, David 78
Scott, Catherine 103
Scott, Gen. 318, 319, 320, 360, 400
Scranton, Mrs. M. W. 666
Searl, Mrs. 75
Searles, Daniel 93
Searles, Jonathan 525, 526
Sears, Hubert 45
Seekel, Mrs. Helen 180
Seeley, A. 555
Seeley, Mrs. Betsey 80
Seeley, Daniel H. 86
Seeley, Dr. Frank T. 87
Seeley, Harvey 416
Seeley, Jesse 415
Seeley, Judson 80
Seeley, Marvin L. 87
Seeley, M. D. 80
Seeley, N. J. 515
Seeley, Norris 80
Seeley, Stephen J. 80
Seeley, Theron V. 87
Seelye, Aaron L. S. 543
Seelye, Abel 87
Seelye, Jr., Abel 543, 545, 550
Seelye, Sr., Abel 543, 544, 550, 551
Seelye, Mrs. Abel (Abigal) 543
Seelye, Abner 543
Seelye, Alson 543, 545, 550, 551
Seelye, Andrew V. 543
Seelye, Andrew Jesse 551, 552
Seelye, A. J. S. 553
Seelye, Debby 550
Seelye, Deniza 550

Seil, John L. 410
Seitz, Frederick L. 195
Selkirk, Lord 251, 253
Sellers, Col. 379
Sellers, Ernest 17
Senier, Prof. 478
Senter, A. 594
Sessions, Charles 627
Sessions, Rev. Samuel 624, 641, 643
Setford, Sarah M. 48
Seward, Wm. H. 311
Seymour, Matilda 71
Shackman, Joseph 179
Shafer, W. R. 62
Shafer, Wm. T. 61
Shaffer, Geo. T. 2, 8, 65
Shaft, Elizabeth 586
Shakespeare, A. J. 19
Shank, Mrs. Ella W. 11
Sharer, Wm. 182
Sharp, Cornelius 136
Sharp, Rev. Peter 136
Sharpe, Maynard 113
Sharpe, Mrs. Maynard (Julia M. Stone) 113
Shathuck, Samuel 419
Shaw, Rev. A. C. 567, 576, 580, 581
Shaw, Mrs. A. C. (Emily) 576
Shaw, Mrs. Charles 113
Shaw, Chief Justice 324
Shaw, Eliza Ann 478
Shaw, H. A. 515
Shaw, Rev. James 266
Shaw, Philip B. 103
Sheldon, Allen 382
Sheldon, John 424
Sheldon, Justin 544, 545, 550
Sheldon & Reed 430
Sheldon, Thomas 346, 358
Sheldon, Thomas C. 379, 403, 422
Sheldon, Wm. 550
Sheley, Alanson 194, 314, 315, 386, 387, 390
Sheley, Mr. 389
Shepard, Charles 23, 127
Shepard, Dr. Charles 125, 277, 280
Shepard, Silas 125
Shepard, Mrs. Silas (Anna White) 125
Shepard, Silas E. 127
Shepard, Thos. 634
Sheridan, Gen. 164, 368
Sherman, Elias B. 70
Sherman, Ellen Silver 70
Sherman, Gen. 95, 368
Sherman, Rev. George W. 606, 607, 608, 616
Sherman, Mrs. Mary 56
Sherman, W. L. 227
Sherrard, Elizabeth 134
Shipp, Mrs. Thomas 93
Shippey, John 421
Shoemaker, E. 72
Shoemaker, Col. M. 1, 2, 8, 9, 36, 274
Shoemaker, Joseph 274
Shoemaker, Joseph P. 9
Shores, Joseph 40
Shuart, Mrs. Geo. 137
Shurtz, Mrs. James G. 178
Sibley, Alex. H. 363, 401
Sibley, Chief Justice 357
Sibley, Fred 401
Sibley, Henry 401
Sibley, Lieut. 346
Sibley, Solomon 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 401, 410, 422
Sibley, Mrs. Solomon 401
Sidington, Thomas 552
Sidler, Mrs. Mary Jane 179
Sidnam, W. P. 611, 612, 613, 615
Silliman, Thomas 182
Simmis, Josiah 176
Simmons, Mrs. Charles 180
Simmons, Mrs. Delia 45
Simmons, John 75
Simmons, Mrs. Nancy A. 75
Simmons, Dr. R. 75
Simmons, Simpson 421
Simoneau, L. 149
Simons, Mrs. T. B. 56
Simpson, Bishop M. 63
Simpson, Capt. 438
Simpson, Effie 618
Simpson, Maggie 71
Simpson, Thomas 452
Sinclair, Daniel D. 563
Sinclair, Lieut. Gov. 28
Sinex, Rev. T. H. 596
Sisson, Arnold 41
Sisson, Ellery 137
Sitting Bull 321, 327, 368
Skelding, Samuel 298
Skillman, Samuel 577, 578, 579
Skinner, Triphena 164
Skirvin, Mrs. Mary 175
Slade, ex-Gov. 455
Slafter, Wm. 187
Slater, Agnes 71
Slater, Mr. 567
Slayton, Mrs. Fred 107
Sleeper, Henry S. 92
Slocum, Deacon 537, 539, 540
Slocum, Mrs. 537
Sly, Mrs. Margaret 47
Smart, Robert 349
Smith, Mrs. Abigail 468
Smith, Alfred E. 134
Smith, Alfred W. 563
Smith, Azariel 91
Smith, Catherine B. 91
Smith, Dr. Charles H. 38
Smith, Charles W. 92
Smith, Clement 618
Smith, Mrs. Clement 610, 611, 612, 615, 618, 619
Smith, David 406
Smith, Dewitt Clinton 172
Smith, Dwight 112
Smith, Edgar 112
Smith, E. R. 51
Smith, Esq. 268
Smith, Mrs. Eusebia (Earl) 70
Smith, Frank G. 194
Smith, Frank M. 614
Smith, Frank R. 91
Smith, Franklin 51
Smith, Fred S. 91
Smith, George 46, 360

Smith, Rev. George 266
Smith, Dr. Geo. E. 468
Smith, Rev. Geo. LeGrande 91
Smith, Geo. A. 23, 90
Smith, Gerritt 218
Smith, Glenn D. 38
Smith, Harlo C. 133
Smith, Harris & Co. 123
Smith, Henry H. 112
Smith, Mrs. Henry C. 38
Smith, Hiram H. 112
Smith, Mrs. Hiram H. 112
Smith, Jack 307, 360
Smith, James M. 123
Smith, John 71
Smith, John U. 555
Smith, Job 420
Smith, Rev. L. M. S. 624, 635, 636, 637, 638
Smith, Mrs. Mary 191
Smith, Mary A. 91
Smith, M. S. 194
Smith, Perrin M. 184
Smith, Mrs. Perrin M. (Harriet T.) 184
Smith, Phillip 191
Smith, Samuel D. 634
Smith, Mrs. Seneca 116
Smith, Sidney S. 112
Smith, Stephen 116
Smith, Mrs. Stephen 54
Smith, Stewart K. 91
Smith, Sylvester 134, 187
Smith, Sylvester B. 563
Smith, T. A. 194
Smith, Thomas J. 70
Smith, Trudie 619
Smith, Wm. H. 552
Smith, Mrs. Wm. 155, 156
Smith, Mrs. W. H. 56
Smolk, Abraham 359
Smyth, John 451
Smyth, J. M. 555
Snyder, Mrs. Frank 619
Snyder, Nathan 185
Soles, David S. 637
Solms, Mrs. Enoch 157
Southworth, Constant 415
Spaulding, G. G. 597
Spaulding, Mrs. G. G. 610
Spaulding, John 47
Spaulding, Miss 455
Spaulding, Mrs. 452
Spaulding, O. D. 566, 593, 594, 597, 598, 600, 601, 602, 604, 606, 608, 609, 618
Spaulding, Mrs. O. D. 619
Spaulding, Phineas 452, 525
Spelman, Rev. L. P. 624, 625, 629
Spence, Mrs. E. A. 160
Spencer, Burton 103
Spencer, Capt. 140
Spencer, Geo. W. 514
Spencer, Mrs. Mary C. 21
Spicer, Amos 505, 510, 525
Spicer, E. J. 507
Spicer, Fred 505
Spicer, Hamlin & Darling 510
Spicer, P. E. 505, 506, 507
Spooner, Rev. Chas. 624
Spooner, Sr., Mrs. John 47
Sprague, Dorcas 103
Sprague, F. A. 422
Sprague, P. E. 580
Sprague, Roger 412, 413
Sprague, Silas 406, 422
Sprague, Walter 406
Sprague, Rev. Wm. 580, 581, 582, 583
Spring, Henry 280
Squier, Julius A. 82
Squires, Wait J. 525
Sraft, Mary E. 72
Stacy, Consider A. 563
Stacy, S. C. 2, 9, 129
Stafford, Philo 159
Stafford, Mrs. Philo (Frances) 159
Stage, Jerry 181
Stage, Mrs. Jerry (Mina) 181
Stage, Robert F. 88
Stanard, David 411, 419, 451, 453, 454
Stanley, John H. 89
Stansbury, Judge 270
Stanton, Mrs. R. T. 138
Starks, Mrs. Robert 54
Starr, Isaac 584
St. Clair, Gov. 483
Stead, Benjamin 410
Steadman, Elias 270
Stearns, Alfred 591, 593
Stearns, Thompson 71
Stebbins, Capt. Bliss 214
Stebbins, C. B. 1, 2, 8, 14, 92, 215
Stebbins, Dwight 183, 186
Stebbins, Mrs. Dwight (Elizabeth A.) 186
Stebbins, Edwin J. 217
Stebbins, Ellen C. 217
Stebbins, Francis G. 217
Stebbins, Francis R. 4, 23, 214
Stebbins, Fred B. 217
Stebbins, Henry 538
Stebbins, J. D. 238
Stebbins, John W. 595
Stebbins, Lilla Louisa 217
Stebbins, Mrs. Mary E. 217
Stebbins, Mary L. Colvin 217
Stebbins, M. S. 595
Stebbins & Russell 594
Stebbins, Mrs. Sarah Louise 217
Steele, Geo. E. 20
Steele, Mrs. Jeannette 154
Steele, Rev. Salmon 592
Steere, Joseph H. 10, 246
Stephens, Gillet 103
Stephens, Henry 421
Stephenson, John 182, 557
Sterling, W. D. 618, 619
Stevens, A. C. 88
Stevens, Frederick H. 376
Stevens, Prof. 478
Stevenson, Rev. J. R. 513
Stewart, Alvan 218
Stewart, A. K. 614
Stewart, Charles E. 276
Stewart, Duncan 322, 325
Stewart, Rev. E. I. 468, 469

Stewart, Daman 554
Stewart, James 190
Stickney, Cynthia J. 53
Striker, Hon. Daniel 1, 2, 8, 39, 565, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 609, 615, 618
Striker, Mrs. Daniel 599, 604, 605, 619
Striker, Gilbert 597
Striker, Rebekah 619
Stillson, Fred C. 62
Stillson, Helen 62
Stillson, Maj. 313, 314, 379
Stillson, Wallace W. 62
Stillson, Wallie W. 62
Stilson, Zenas 103
Stirling, David 507, 508, 515
Stirling, Mrs. James 189
Stiver, John 116
St. John, Mrs. E. 155, 156
Stoddard, J. L. 233
Stocking, Alida C. 128
Stocking, Amos 137
Stocking, Mrs. Amos (Theodosia) 137
Stocking, Bilius 127
Stocking, Daniel C. 127
Stocking, Fanny 137
Stocking, T. 415
Stockwell, Dr. C. B. 173
Stockwell, Mrs. C. M. 173
Stockwell, Dr. G. A. 173
Stone, Albert N. 113
Stone, Chas. S. 113
Stone, Dr. James A. B. 276
Stone, Judge 279
Stone, Judge J. W. 120
Stone, Mrs. 79
Stone, Orlando C. 113
Stone, Mrs. Sarah E. 113
Storey, Joseph 325
Stoughton, Dillucena 419
Stouser, George 71
Stout, Byron G. 228
Stow, Mary E. 584
Stowell, Dr. 538
Stowell, Ira 41
Straight, Daniel 95
Straight, Louise F. 95
Straight, Mrs. Marcia (Ferris) 95
Stranaham, George 114
Strasburg, August 159
Strasburg, Mrs. August (Elizabeth Bangester) 159
Strasburg, Edward 159
Strasburg, Herman 159
Strauss, L. 60
Strohawer, John 187
Strong, Mary 359
Strong, Mrs. Mary P. 94
Strong, Roby 79
Stryker, John 301
Stuart, Garrett 116
Stuart, John 342
Stuart, Julia E. 116
Stuart, Mrs. 45
Sturgis, Mrs. Anna 175
Sturges, Wm. 302
Sturtevant, Green & Plummer 111
Sullivan, Mrs. Nancy Ann 637
Sumner, Charles 326
Sunley, Mrs. R. 46
Sutfin, Mrs. M. A. 620, 621
Sutton, N. M. 137
Sutton, Wallace W. 103
Sutton, Wm. 72
Swagart, Sarah 71
Swain, Oliver 238
Swan, Robert T. 21
Swan, Ziba 411, 418, 420
Swart, Mrs. D. W. 150
Swart, Mary 47
Swedenborg, Emanuel 127
Sweet, Lucius 60
Swift, Mrs. Frank 85
Swift, Hannah 59
Swift, Marcus 95
Swin, Mrs. James 39
Sykes, Richard A. 19

T.

Tabor, —— 277
Tabor, Lorenzo 563
Tabor, Moses 71
Taffee, Michael 46
Taft, Pitts 414
Talbott, John 316
Talbott, John L. 323, 349, 361, 399
Tallman, John 592, 593, 594
Talmadge, Nat. 311
Taney, —— 325
Taney, Roger B. 378
Tanner, John 10, 246, 247, 248, 249, 251
Tanner, Martha 247
Tappan, W. M. 416
Tayer, Wm. R. 563
Taylor, Alonzo 46
Taylor, Capt. 318
Taylor, Dr. 478
Taylor, Ebenezer 103
Taylor, Rev. Edward 539
Taylor, Mrs. Hannah 99
Taylor, Julia A. 86
Taylor, Minna E. 609, 610
Taylor, Prof. 477
Taylor, Wm. B. 99
Teachout, Jacob 544, 545, 550, 551
Teachout, Mrs. Lester 72
Tebo, Mrs. George 170
Teesdale, Samuel 178
Telford, John H. 113
Telford & Son, John H. 113
TenEyck, Anthony 361, 363, 399
TenEyck, Conrad 323
TenEyck & Co. 160
TenEyke, Simeon 71
Tenney, Mrs. Philanda 46
Tenny, Alvah 414
Tenny, Rufus 414
TerBeek, Mrs. Jauna 144
Terril, Deborah 91
Terry, Gen. 321, 327
Terry, Joshua 406
Terry, Capt. Joshua 453
Terry, Joshua S. 420
Test, Prof. 478

Tharrett, George 552
Thayer, John E. 302
Thayer, John B. 414
Thayer, Wm. 159
Thomas, Rev. David 592
Thomas, Dr. H. F. 279
Thomas, John 71
Thomas, Sidney 48
Thomas, Wm. 550
Thomason, Mrs. Mary C. 47
Thome, Mrs. Anne 121
Thompson, ——— 325
Thompson, Dr. A. A. 87
Thompson, Mrs. Capt. 400
Thompson, Daniel H. 323
Thompson, E. H. 666
Thompson, Mrs. Henrietta C. 62
Thompson, James 62
Thompson, N. W. 90
Thompson, Capt. Sheldon 337, 338, 339
Thompson, Wm. 410, 411, 413, 422
Thompson, Dr. Wm. 406
Thorn, Major 271
Thorne, Mrs. 167
Throop, Enos 159
Throop, Ira 159
Throop, John D. 596
Throop, Maud 159
Throop, Wm. 159
Thurber, Dr. George 207
Thurber, Horace 151
Thurber, Sarah 151
Thurber, Wm. 411, 418
Thurston, Eleazer 550
Thurston, Mr. 548
Thurston, Mrs. 147
Tichenor, Mrs. Al. 52
Tietsort, Abram 70
Tietsort, Jr., Abram 65
Tietsort, Ira 65
Tietsort, John 65, 70
Tietsort, Julia 65
Tietsort, Perry 65
Tietsort, Ralph 70
Tietsort, Wesley 65
Tiffany, Alex R. 562, 563
Tilden, Lieut. 249, 250
Tillotson, Asahel 573, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 582, 585
Tillotson, Mrs. D. C. 140
Tillotson, Milo 572
Tillotson, Sophia 585
Tilman, Mrs. James W. 313
Tilner, Mr. 596
Tinkham, Mrs. Belle 73
Tinkler, Mrs. John 39
Toan, Wm. 627
Toby, Mrs. Frank 452
Todd, Col. 30
Todd, Maj. Joseph 406, 418, 420
Todd, Mrs. Joseph 420
Todd, Joseph J. 420
Toll, Isaac D. 8
Tolls, Mr. 519
Tomma, Indian 345, 346
Tonen, Oka 463
Toney, Oliver 420
Toole, James 46
Tooley, Albert 2, 9
Torrance, L. A. 93
Toss, Mrs. Henry 46
Touchey, Joseph 582
Tower, Harvey 237, 238
Townsend, Alonzo 160
Townsend, Ambrose 361
Townsend, A. M. 181
Townsend, Charles 159, 160
Townsend, Eliza 550
Townsend, Goodenough 542, 544, 545, 549, 550, 551, 553
Townsend, Mrs. Goodenough (Mary A. Fish) 550, 551
Townsend, John A. 160
Townsend, M. W. 160
Townsend, Thomas O. 550, 551
Townsend, Wm. 160
Townsend, Wm. H. 380
Tracy, Mrs. Eliza Ann 179
Travis, Sylvanus 581, 584
Travis, Zilphia 584
Treadwell, Miss C. T. 554
Tremblee, J. R. 75
Tremblee, Mrs. J. R. 75
Trigg, Col. 30
Triphagen, Mrs. C. H. 72
Tripp, Elder 558, 559
Tripp, Rev. Henry 557
Tripp, John 558
Tripp, Dr. Joseph 558
Tripp, Margaret J. 72
Tripp, Martin 103
Troester, Sr., John 195
Tromble, Benoit 452
Tromble, Leon 455
Tromble, Mrs. Leon 455
Tromble, Mrs. Mary 468
Troop, Abigail 550
Trowbridge, Amozi C. 406
Trowbridge, C. C. 11, 38, 273, 308, 311, 312, 314, 315, 349, 350, 403
Trowbridge, John 198
Trowbridge, Mr. 379
Trowbridge, S. V. R. 406, 413, 422, 424
Trudell, John B. 452
Truesdail, Wesley 363, 365, 390
Trumbull, Rev. Robert 389
Tucker, Jud 549
Turnbull, Mrs. Richard R. 192
Turner, A. B. 239
Turner, Mrs. Augustus 51
Turner, Benjamin 563
Turner, Charles C. 103
Turner, Henry E. 160
Turner, Horace 91
Turner, Josiah 601
Turner, Mrs. Marion 17
Turner, Mrs. Mary L. 125
Turner, Robert 160
Turner, Mrs. Robert 160
Turck, Wm. S. 8
Turney, Mr. 519
Tuttle, A. Clark Z. 79
Tuttle, John W. 79
Tuttle, Miss 455
Tuttle, Stephen 79

Tuttle, Stephen N. 79
Tuttle, Wm. M. 79
Twain, Mark 407
Tyler, Comfort 277
Tyler, Sr., Dean M. 626, 628
Tyler, Mrs. J. H. 554
Tyler, Melissa 569

U.

Ulrich, Peter 76
Ulrich, Mrs. Peter 75
Underhill, John 415
Underwood, Wm. A. 563
Upjohn, Mrs. Dr. 570
Upson, Charles 277
Uptegraff, C. B. 554
Ure, Andrew 451, 452
Utley, Peleg S. 416
Utterwick, Rev. Henry 648

V.

Van Arman, John 575
Van Buren, A. D. P. 2, 16, 23, 116, 217, 277
Van Buren, Ephraim 217
Van Buren, Mrs. Ephriam (Olive Jay) 217
Van Buren, Mrs. Fanny Putman 61
Van Buren, Pres. 311
Vandelere, Henry 116
Vanderbilt, Wm. H. 475
Vanderwalker, Flavia 116
Van Dewalker, Mrs. Flavia 41
Van DeWalker, George 116
Van Dusen, A. J. 63
Van Dusen, Jacob 63
Van Dusen, Jerry 63, 64
Van Dusen, Joseph 64
Van Duzen, Sophia 97
Van Dye, Mrs. James A. 376
Van Dyke, Mrs. James A. 334
Van Dyke, James A. 399
Van Gorden, Abraham 103
Van Horn, Charles 64
Van Horn, John A. 64
Van Horn, John P. 64
Van Horn, John R. 64
Van Horn, Mrs. Mary Ann 64
Vander Meulèn, Mrs. 121
Van Raalte, Rev. 143
Van Sickle, Selah 71
Van Tuyle, Mrs. Catherine W. 84
Van Tuyle, George C. 64
Van Tuyle, Irene 64
Van Tuyle, James C. 64
Van Tuyle, James W. 64
Van Tuyle, Wayne D. 64
Van Tuyle, Willie 64
Van Vleet, E. B. 585, 589
Van Vleet, Mrs. E. B. 584
Van Volkenburg, George 552
Van Wagoner, Mr. 421
Van Winkle, A. J. 137
Van Winkle, Mrs. Esther 47
Vattas, Capt. John 27
Vandreuil, Pierre Francois 27
Vaughn, S. S. 110
Vernet, Horace 6, 7
Vernon, Dr. Ion 184
Vernon, Mrs. Margaret Cooper 193
Vester, Wm. 585
Vester, Deborah 585
Vibber, Sylvester 452
Viger, Mrs. A. E. (Elizabeth Chapoton) 197
Vinton, Grovener 451, 452, 453, 454
Vinton, Sarah 453
Virgil, Ira 41
Vivian, Mrs. J. D. 10
VonVasold, Therese 157
Voorheis, Joseph 415, 416
Voorheis, J. N. 414
Vrooman, David 115
Vrooman, Dr. 478
Vrooman, Mr. 596
Vrooman, Tunis 115
Vrooman, Tunis, Jr. 115

W.

Wackerly, Henry 552
Wackerly, Mrs. Henry (Christina) 552
Wadams, Ralph 268
Waddington, Sarah Ann 181
Wadsworth, Abram S. 638
Wager, O. D. 88
Wagner, Christopher 552
Wagner, Michael 192
Wagner, Nicholas 192
Wagner, Mrs. Nicholas (Annie) 192
Wagner, Jr., Nicholas 192
Wagnor, Anna M. 98
Wagstaff, Capt. Bob 314, 315, 342
Wakefield, Amos 568
Wakefield, Mrs. Amos (Charlotte Haight) 568
Wakefield, Calvis 552
Wakefield, Daniel B. 549
Wakefield, Stephen B. 138
Wakefield, Mrs. Stephen B. (Esther) 138
Wakoff, Wm. 71
Walbridge, Samuel D. 116
Walcot, James 193
Waldron, Dr. C. A. 137
Waldron, Henry 283
Waldron, John 422
Waldron, Mrs. 511
Wales, Austin 360
Wales, E. B. 360
Wales & Co. 361
Walker, Charlotte 110
Walker, C. I. 274, 403
Walker, J. M. 598
Walker, Matthew 551
Walker, Wm. 191
Wallace, Mrs. Jane 192
Wallace, Mrs. Susan F. 103
Wallace, Sir Wm. 162
Wallack, Ruth 103
Walrad, Abraham 415
Walsh, James P. 151
Walsh, John 194
Walsh, Mrs. John (Eliza) 194
Walter, John 185
Walters, Mark 9
Walworth, Mrs. Ellen H. 21
Walworth, Mrs. Hannah 115

Wampler, Col. 423
Wanty & Manning 142
Ward, E. B. 11
Ward, Capt. E. B. 283, 289, 290, 291, 302
Ward, Capt. Eber 268
Ward, Josiah 563
Ward, Capt. Sam 268, 289
Warner, Mrs. Caroline 40
Warner, Chloa 584
Warner, Mrs. Emily 101
Warner, Harvey 277
Warner, James 552
Warner, John 552
Warner, Mrs. 619
Warner, Wm. 552
Warren, Mrs. Frederic 113
Warren, Leroy 638
Warring, Rev. Hart E. 638
Washburn, Miles 552
Washington, Gen. 13, 33
Washington, George 73, 365
Waterloo, Burke 174
Waterloo, Charlie 174
Waterloo, Chas. H. 174
Waterloo, Mrs. Chas. H. (Mary J. Beebe) 173
Waterloo, Hattie 174
Waterloo, Lucy 174
Waterloo, Stanley 174
Waterman, Ira 563
Waterman, Joshua W. 188
Waters, Dan. 379
Watkins, L. D. 3, 8, 10, 17, 262
Watrous, Mrs. James 51
Watson, Eugene 193, 314
Watson, Mrs. Eugene (Matilda St. Aubin) 193
Watson, George 191
Watson, James 392, 393
Watson, John 392, 393
Watson, Major 280
Watson, Mr. 442
Watson, Ralph 1, 2, 8, 18, 19, 71
Watson, Samuel 552
Watson, Wm. 47
Wattles, S. H. 19
Wattles, V. C. 61
Watts, Q. A. 563
Way, Mrs. Mary 72
Wayne, Gen. Anthony 29, 33, 34, 409, 483
Weatherby, Amanda 44
Weatherby, Perry 103
Weaver, C. E. 563
Weaver, Elizabeth M. 150
Weaver, George 150
Weaver, Mrs. Proctor 189
Webb, Benj. L. 339
Webb, Chester & Co. 390, 391
Webb, Douglass & Co. 360, 390
Webb, Henry L. 390
Webb, John 114
Webber, Mrs. Betsey 21
Webber, George 276
Webber, Jack 276
Webster, Aaron 406, 422
Webster, Daniel, 13, 311, 312, 325, 359, 361, 388, 591, 661
Webster, Daniel Fletcher 399
Webster, Fletcher 361
Webster, U. B. 17, 255
Weeks, Edmund S. 116
Weeks, Smith 406, 411, 422
Wegst, Adam 160
Wegst, John 161
Wegst & Mark 160
Wegst, Minnie 161
Welborn, Thomas 183
Welch, George 552
Welch, John 45
Weld, Theodore 218
Welden, Nathan 93
Weller, Ferdinand 141
Wellington, Mrs. James H. 156
Wellman, A. W. 406, 422
Wellman, Joel 422
Wellman, John 421
Wellman, Wm. 406, 422
Wells, Col. 437, 438
Wells, Hezekiah G. 276, 311
Wells, Hiram 176
Wells, Mrs. Hiram (Hannah Gilbert) 176
Wells, John A. 308, 346, 361, 380
Wells, Samuel D. 423
Welsh, Nelson N. 552
Welter, Porter 72
Wendell, Tunis S. 375
Wendell, Capt. Charles E. 376
West, Anna 176
West, Francis R. 92
West, Fred 173
West, Josiah 173
Westcott, Charles 93
Westerman, George W. 563
Weston, Mr. 443, 444
Wetmore, John 419, 420
Whapples, Anna 55
Wheaton, Levi 525
Wheaton, Robert M. 525
Wheaton, Thomas 103
Wheaton, Wm. 389
Whedon, Mrs. W. W. 160
Wheeler, Amos R. 237, 238
Wheeler, Asa 586
Wheeler, Estella 609, 610, 611
Wheeler & Co., J. B. 162
Wheeler, L. J. 586
Wheeler, Milo T. 606, 610
Wheeler, Mr. 243
Wheeler, Mrs. 243
Wheeler, N. S. 557
Wheeler, Talman 348
Wheelock, Sarah W. 47
Whitcomb, C. S. 602, 616, 618, 619
Whitcomb, Mrs. C. S. 605, 619
Whitcomb, Mary 609, 614
Whitcomb, Mrs. 619
White, Mrs. C. P. 45
White, Clarissa 103
White, I. M. 116
White, Mrs. Julia 114
White, Martha 103
White, Mr. 240, 241, 242
White, Mrs. Nancy B. 240
White, Peter 9
White, Reuben 103

White, Tenny 114
White, Thomas 634
Whiting, Col. 379
Whiting, Dr. 397
Whiting, Gen. 360
Whiting, Maj. Henry 349
Whiting, John L. 410
Whiting, J. T. 666
Whitmore, Ancel K. 563
Whitmore, Jabez 177
Whitney, Abram 451, 453
Whitney, A. G. 410
Whitney, Asa 451
Whitney, Asa L. 453
Whitney, Harriet 453
Whitney, Wm. A. 563
Whipple, Charles L. 400
Whipple, John 410
Whipple, Judge 446, 447
Whipple, Lawyer 270
Whistler, Aunt Cad 307, 308
Whittemore, Gideon O. 411
Whittemore, J. P. 42
Wicker, Lorenza 550
Wicker, Seth J. 550, 552, 553
Wicker, Jr., S. J. 553
Wicker, Sr., S. J. 553
Wickham, Caroline 569
Wickwire, Rosina 103
Widdicomb, Mrs. John 128
Wiggins, Wm. H. 563
Wight, Rev. J. Ambrose 464, 466, 469, 470
Wight, Buckminster 306, 310
Wightman, Rev. Ira B. A. 63
Wightman, Henry 553
Wightman, Julia 600, 605
Wilbur, M. A. 164
Wilcox, Belinda 147
Wilcox, Daniel 560
Wilcox, Mrs. Daniel 560
Wilcox, Mrs. Eliza (McMahon) 39
Wilcox, G. B. 39
Wilcox, Lucy 72
Wilcox, Mr. 591
Wilcox, Naomi 585
Wilcox, Roswell 585
Wilder, Hamilton S. 552
Wilder, Prof. 478
Wilder, Warren 238
Wiley, Aristarchus 423
Wilkinson, Reid & Cahill 124
Wilkins, Judge Ross 274, 322, 323, 326, 327, 328, 346, 357, 358
Wilkinson, Smith S. 563
Wilkinson, Wm. 326
Willcox, Frederick W. 19
Willett, Elijah 411, 420
Willett, Isaac 422
Willett, Richard 414
Willey, Seth 444, 445
Williams, Albert 276
Williams, Alfred 269
Williams, Alpheus 411, 416
Williams, Mrs. Alpheus 413
Williams, Gen. Alpheus S. 317, 318, 363
Williams, B. O. 269
Williams, Charles S. 20
Williams, David 421
Williams, Edwin 63
Williams, Ephriam S. 451, 453
Williams, Erastus 63
Williams, Gardner D. 451, 453
Williams, Mrs. Gen. 313
Williams, Gen. 334
Williams, G. Mott 359, 366
Williams, Mrs. G. Mott (Emily Strong) 155
Williams, Geo. W. 601
Williams, Gordon 361
Williams, Harvey 425, 525
Williams, Mrs. Henry 51
Williams, James 307
Williams, John R. 345, 371
Williams, Gen. John R. 349
Williams, Joseph R. 208
Williams, Judge 279
Williams, L. D. 609
Williams, Mary 97, 331
Williams, Mary J. 40
Williams, O. F. 71
Williams, Maj. Oliver 406, 411, 416, 417, 418, 424
Williams, Mrs. Oliver 418
Williams, Peter 78
Williams, Mrs. Sally A. 93
William, Salt 361
Williams, Sister 604
Williams, Truman W. 47
Williams, Willard 63
Williams, Rev. W. B. 1, 2, 5, 77, 526
Williams, Wm. 422
Willison, Wm. 41
Wilmore, Thomas 114
Wilmore, Mrs. Thomas (Ellen) 114
Wilson, Mrs. David E. 154
Wilson, Mrs. J. J. (Francina Adams) 130
Wilson, J. M. 240
Wilson, John 116
Wilson, Mrs. 242, 243
Wilson, Wm. 535
Wilson, Wm. B. 236
Winans, Brother 550
Winans, Edwin B. 19
Winchester, Gen. 437, 438, 439, 442
Winder, Col. John 317, 325, 363
Wing, Austin E. 410, 422
Winn, Wm. 511
Winter, E. C. 562
Winters, Mr. 60
Wirt, Rev. David 624, 642, 643
Wirt, Rev. Loyal Lincoln 643
Wisner, Mrs. Chauncey 33
Wisner & Draper 151
Wisner, Governor 163
Wisner, O. F. 151
Witherell, B. F. H. 308, 323
Witherell, Gen. 345
Witherell, Judge 345, 430
Witherell, Mrs. Judge 400
Witherell, Mr. 425
Witherell, Mrs. 430
Witherell, Richard 571, 572
Withey & Eggleston 122
Withey, Solomon L. 122, 225

Wixom, Benjamin 416
Wolf, Gen. 18
Wolf, John 277
Wolf, Mrs. Josiah 179
Wood, Alonzo R. 414
Wood, Arthur 128
Wood, C. W. 129
Wood, Elizabeth 585
Wood, F. B. 563
Wood, Henry 117
Wood, Hezekiah 585
Wood, James 543
Wood, Wm. A. 117, 277
Wool, Gen. 318, 340, 360, 400
Wooley, Monroe 552
Woolsey, Smith 46
Wooten, Ralph 617
Worden, Chas. L. 554
Worden, Robert 91
Worden, Walter W. 552
Workman, Benjamin 557, 559
Worth, Gen. 318, 340, 360, 400
Worthington, Rev. Henry 575, 576
Worthington, Wm. 116
Woodbridge, Gov. 308
Woodbridge, Judge 357, 403
Woodbridge, Wm. 283, 287, 288, 289, 328, 410, 428
Woodbridge, Mrs Wm. 187
Woodbury, Caleb 525
Woodbury, Edward 19
Woodbury, J. P. 117
Woodbury, Mrs. 82
Woodhams, Frederick 116
Woodhull, Geo. S. 88
Woodliff, Thomas 103
Woodruff, Henry 8
Woods, Caroline 103
Woods, Mrs. L. Louette 54
Woods, Prof. 477
Woodward, Mr. 428
Woodworth, Ben. 253, 427
Woodworth, Benjamin 423
Woodworth, Uncle Ben. 354, 356
Woodworth & Co. 355
Woodworth, Sam. 355, 359
Wright, ——— 325
Wright, Etta 89
Wright, Mrs. Fred 168
Wright, Ira D. 88
Wright, James 116
Wright, John 9
Wright, Mrs. Mary 192
Wright, Melvin W. 89
Wright, Silas 359
Wright, Wm. 616
Wunderlich, Anna 115
Wunderlich, Lewis 115
Wunderlich, Michael 115
Wyckoff, C. C. 415
Wyckoff, Mrs. Francis 73
Wyman, Prof. 478
Wymer, Elizabeth 72

Y.

Yale, Joseph 414
Yancey, Mr. 522
Yeomans, Erastus 101
Yeomans, Maria 101
Yeomans, Sanford 276
Yerkes, Wm. 414
Young, Brigham 346, 388
Young, Mrs. Catherine 175
Young, Elizabeth 584
Young, Isaiah 634
Young, James 175
Young, John M. 175
Young, Mrs. 113
Young, Robert 76
Young, Sarah 103
Young, Wm. M. 175

Z.

Ziegler, Albert 161
Zeigler, Augusta 161
Zeigler, Charles 161
Zeigler, Clara 161
Zeigler, Helen 161
Ziegler, John C. 161
Ziegler, Louis 161
Zittel, George 195
Zittel, Mrs. George (Margaret) 195
Zittel, Jr., George 195
Zittel, Henry D. 195
Zittel, Wadsworth J. 195

ERRATA.

Page 6, Jesse Monroe should read Jesse *Munro*.
222, eighth line from bottom, chord should read *chords*.
223, last line, the word *an* should be inserted before art.
224, fifth line from bottom, the word in should read *to*.
225, in paragraph beginning "Six days ago," strike out that, and insert comma after *knew* and after *preserved* in next line.

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